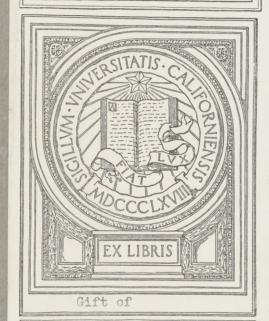
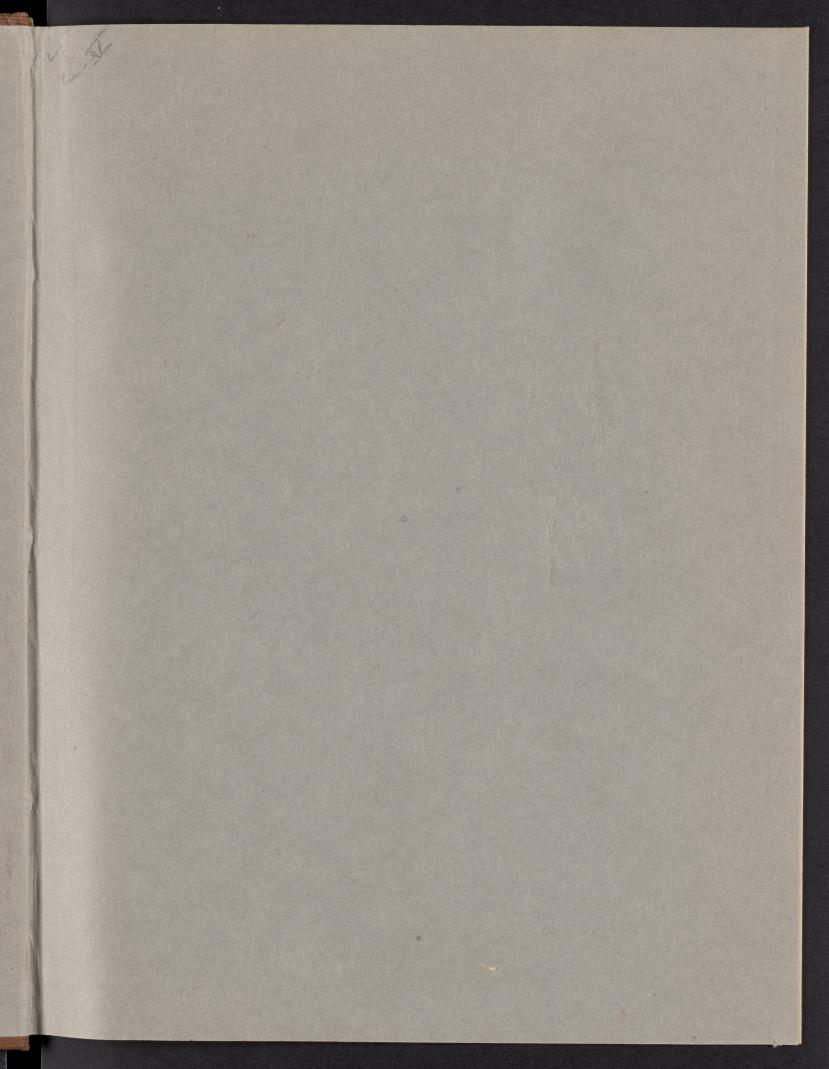
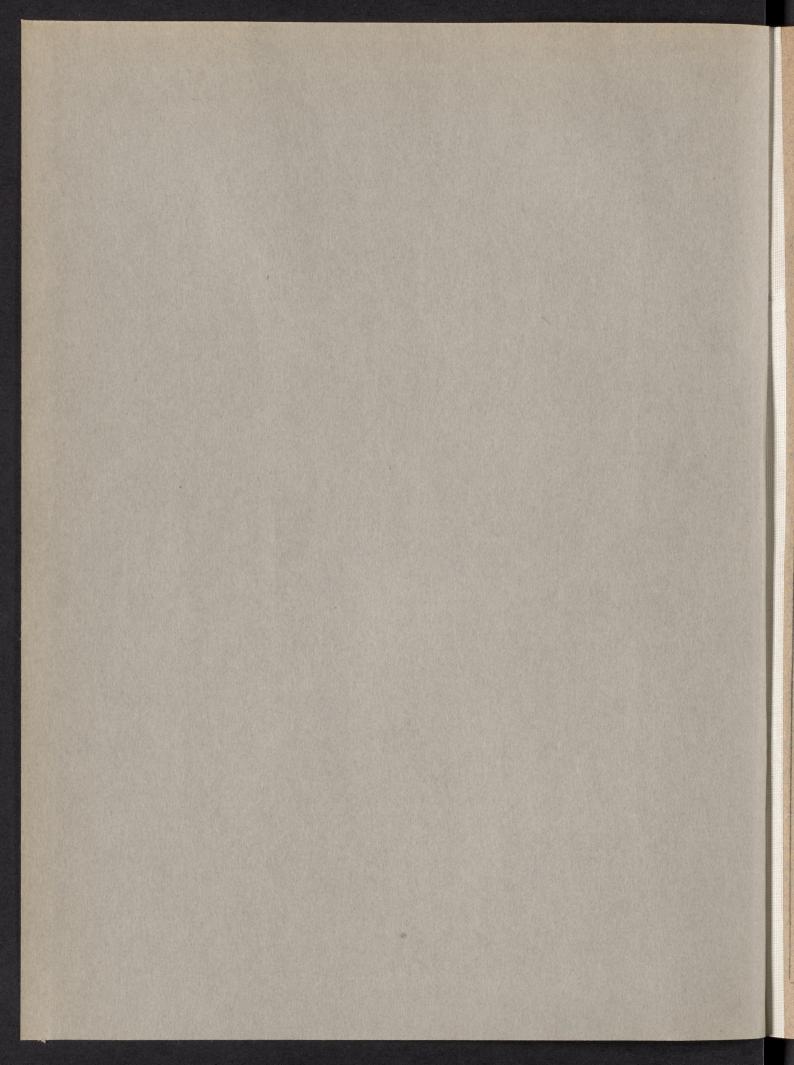


MEDICAL SCHOOL LIBRARY



S. F. Hospital Tuberculosis Division *





FRANCISCO HOSPITAL TUBERCULOSIS DIVISION HASSLER HEALTH HOME · VOLUME 

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YOLUME II

JANUARY 1941

NUMBER

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THE KNITTER @-

An OLD LADY sits in a tall rocking-chair; And knits with her colors - now somber, now fair. Her name is YOUR CONSCIENCE. With hands frail and old, The story of you and your actions is told.

She smiles as so quickly the needle she feeds;
Her fingers fly swiftly to tell of your deeds.
In colors of gold or of heavenly blue,
Is knitted your record of acts that are true:
A willing coin placed in the cup of the poor,
A prayer for a sinner who followed the lure,
Unselfishness, kindness, the courage to fight
Temptation that comes like a thief in the night.

But now and again the OLD LADY is sad;
She whispers, "Oh dear, what's come over the lad?"
The bright wool she changes for some duller shade
And knits on the pattern, while lights slowly fade,
Your record of misdeeds: dishonesty, lies,
Hot words and the truculent pose that defies
The cheeriest words from the lips of your friends,
Refusal to listen or make your amends.

And now and again the OLD LADY is sly;
She looks at her work with a humorous eye;
And says, "Well, now it can be seen at a glance
That the poor lad was caught by a cruel circumstance.
He's hardly to blame that he strayed a bit, there,
From the straight path of virtue; so I think it fair
That I keep right on knitting with this brighter shade.
I'll not change my yarn for the error he made!"

An OLD LADY sits in a tall rocking-chair; And knits with her colors - now somber, now fair. May GOD in HIS goodness sustain her the while; And keep on her lips the continual smile!

Bernard Barnes.





ISOLATION OF THE TUBERCULOUS

By E. A. SCHAPER, M.D.

n the November issue of the CLARION I discussed case finding and promised to say something in future articles about the isolation, the treatment and the rehabilitation of the tuberculous. Today I wish to say something about the isolation of the patient who has tuberculosis.

First of all we must keep in mind at all times that tuberculosis is a communicable disease. By that I mean that tuberculosis can be contracted only by coming in contact with a source of infection, the most common of which is another human being who has tuberculosis. In this country we deal with many diseases which are communicable in character. I have in my hand the weekly bulletin issued by the California State Department of Public Health. This week twenty different communicable diseases have been reported from chicken pox to rabies. Some of these diseases are much more easily communicated than others. One exposure to some of them, for instance small pox, may result in the contracting of the disease in an unvaccinated person. On the other hand there is leprosy which may require continuous and intimate contact with an open case for years before the disease develops. When a highly infectious disease invades a community one of the first steps taken by the Public Health authorities is to isolate as thoroughly as possible every known case of this disease. The more virulent the disease the more carefully are the isolation procedures carried out. The more spectacular the symptoms and outward manifestations of the disease the more it is feared by the general public and the more strenuous are the efforts made by our Public Health authorities to isolate and eradicate it. Because tuberculosis is a slow, insidious disease coming "as a thief in the night", very little attention is paid to it although tuberculosis takes twice as many lives each year as do automobile accidents in this country. It is not considered seriously enough by our Public Health authorities. In the whole history of the United States not more than four hundred people have died of plague whereas four hundred die every year in San Francisco of tuberculosis. If a case of plague should break out in the city all the efforts of our Department Of Public Health and that of the State Of California and of the Federal Government, for that matter, would be brought into play and every possible effort would be made, with no expense spared, to isolate and eradicate every known case. Every possible focus of infection would be investigated and nothing that could be done would be left undone until every evidence of the plague had been eliminated. Why is this true? Because the plague strikes quickly and spreads rapidly and kills promptly and horribly and is no respector of persons. If uncontrolled it might, in a few weeks, decimate our population. If we could do the same thing with a case of tuberculosis that we do with one of plague it would be only a short time until this disease would no longer be much of a menace to our people.

The question of the compulsory isolation of the tuberculous has often been discussed and many times it has been suggested by enthusiastic Public Health workers and legislators. In some of our communities a modified, compulsory, isolation law is in effect and is sometimes used to compel some obstreperous person to remain isolated from normal people. But in most communities we have the situation which exists in

San Francisco. Here, a patient may leave the hospital or sanatorium at will, whether his sputum is positive or negative, and wander about the city streets, in and out of places of amusement without let or hindrance. He eats in our restaurants and, with sputum contaminated fingers, pushes his way through our revolving doors. He handles the door knobs of public lavatories, uses the faucets of the wash bowls, takes hold of the hand-grips of our street cars and holds on to the straps with the other passengers. He coughs and sneezes in the motion picture theatres and, perhaps, some sit in the pews of the churches of the city with non-tuberculous citizens. Nothing is done to change this situation. As long as this condition exists tuberculosis will continue to develop and to spread among people.

Of course it is true that in spite of this situation we are gradually reducing the death rate from tuberculosis and, perhaps, in the course of time, in twenty, forty or possibly, sixty years from now we may have reduced tuberculosis to the status of a minor disease.

On the other hand, should some disaster overtake our country such as that which has happened to France, Belgium, Scandinavia and other countries of Europe, we may find again that tuberculosis will be entitled to the name "The Captain Of The Hosts Of Death."

The fact that the problem of the isolation of the tuberculous has not been solved after more than fifty years of attempts to do so by all those interested in the prevention and treatment of the disease, makes one conclude that the problem is a difficult one to solve. Why is it so difficult? First, because of the nature of the disease itself. Its approach is so quiet, so insidious that few people realize that they have it until it is quite far-advanced. Secondly, its manifestations are not terrifying nor horrifying nor discouraging. Outwardly, the patient looks very much the same as when he was well until he reaches the terminal stage. Thirdly, tuberculosis is not a respector of persons. It attacks the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the influential and those without influence. A compulsory isolation law would affect the high, the rich and those with influence.

The tuberculosis problem is rarely a pressing one. Tuberculosis, except in cases of severe hemorrhage, is never an emergency. The general public has little fear of the disease. It is human nature to put off the thing that does not press us much. We do not look our problems squarely in the face and make decisions. We like to wait until we are forced to decide and, since we are not likely to be forced to decide, the chances are that there will never be a compulsory, universal isolation law for the tuberculous. Perhaps, after all, it is unnecessary. Maybe some sort of a compromise will suffice that will be a sufficient solution of the problem. In case we should have a compulsory, isolation law we would immediately run into the difficulty of formulating a criterion by which to decide whether or not a patient is a menace from the standpoint of the communicability of his disease. We assume that a negative sputum means the patient is non-infectious or, in other words, incapable of communicating the disease to another but, immediately we are under the difficulty of deciding what we mean by a negative sputum. What should it be?--a negative smear, a negative culture or, a negative guinea pig inoculation? We know too, that a patient may be negative on these tests today and a month from now he may be positive again. We know that an individual must receive more or less massive and continuous doses of infection before he contracts the disese. In other words, if the average person has only casual exposure to the tubercle bacillus he will not contract the disease but, on the other hand, may be benefitted by this exposure to the extent that his immunity to the disease may be strengthened. If all this is true then some middle-of-the-road ground should be taken, perhaps somewhat along the following lines:

1. Every active case of tuberculosis, and especially those having positive sputa, should be isolated until they become apparently arrested cases. This isolation should take place in hospitals or sanatoria designed for the care of the tuber-

culous or, in the home of the patient under proper supervision by a competent physician. After leaving the institution the patient should be followed carefully over a period of time long enough to be fairly certain that the patient will remain well. In case of a recurrence of symptoms he should be isolated again. The obstreperous, recalcitrant, uncooperative individual is usually far-advanced and comes into the hospital only long enough to regain his strength to the extent that he may be able to go out and wander around again. He should be compelled to remain in the instituwe Theoretically blood sediments in proportion

2. If he cannot be properly kept and controlled in the regular hospital or sanatorium, special, compulsory, isolation wards should be provided where the patient may be kept under police supervision, if necessary, until he ceases to be a menace to the general public. If such a policy were in existence and should be put into practice from time to time, it would have a most wholesome effect upon the recalcitrant patient, upon the general public as a whole and, would no doubt result in a saving of millions of dollars to the taxpayer and thousands of lives to the community. It would not be necessary to utilize this power very often. They have such a system in Detroit, Michigan. I asked Dr. Douglas, when he was here, how often it was necessary to use police power to compel the isolation of a recalcitrant patient. He said, "Not more than two or three times a year."

In conclusion, I will say that it seems perfectly evident that, in order to prevent and ultimately eradicate tuberculosis it will be necessary for us to completely. isolate the open, active case of tuberculosis. Therefore, the sooner we realize this and put this principle into practice the better. It is especially important that we should compel far-advanced, uncooperative patients to be isolated, for it seems foolish for us to go on devising newer and better ways for finding cases of tuberculosis if we do not, at the same time, aid in the prevention of the development of new cases by doing a proper job of isolating the cases we find.

0. - What severe finide D FOR THOUGHT

There recently appeared in one of our local publications an article on the asking of questions. The writer said, "Asking questions is a bad habit and does much to cause domestic strife and unpopularity".

The article did not refer to the necessary and commonplace questions we meet with in everyday life but to the unwelcome kind we are all familiar with -- you know, the nosey, snoopy kind! Certainly none of us cares for this sort of thing. We dislike it in ourselves and we are sure to hate this trait in the other fellow.

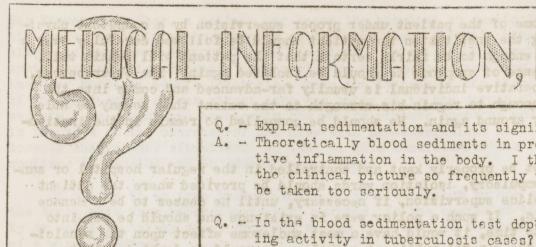
Of course we recognize that there are individuals who do their questioning unwittingly but this does not alter the fact that most folks dislike being grilled in a searching manner about something they consider to be no one's business but their own. black to approad and

Just notice how some people suddenly clam-up when someone starts asking questions. This is not always a definite indication that they have something to conceal. It may simply mean they are not in a confidential frame of mind. Information that might have been agreeable offered is often kept in reserve under premature questioning. alba evana ovad Azarag bee

Apparently the way to be popular with the other fellow is to stop asking embarrassing questions. To stop the interrogation habit would presumably solve one of the problems that often lead to dissention and unnecessary wrangling.

Barney Sands.

Think posses tedy - .0



Q. - Explain sedimentation and its significance.

A. - Theoretically blood sediments in proportion to destructive inflammation in the body. I think it varies from the clinical picture so frequently that it should not

Q. - Is the blood sedimentation test dependable in determin-

A. - It may be a minor aid but it is not a specific test and many things may influence the rate of sedimenta-

tion thereby making its interpretation difficult.

Q. - Can a hardened cavity prevent a complete collapse by thoracoplasty?

A. - It can, but if the bronchus leading to the cavity is open, very firm cavities gradually relax and heal.

Q. - What is the purpose of introducing the bronchoscope into the bronchial tubes? Is it for exploratory purpose only or are some treatments given in this way?

- Occasionally the bronchoscope is used to treat. Generally to get information.

Q. - Why is fluid, when it develops, removed from some patients and not from others? A. - Sometimes a small amount of fluid is withdrawn for examination. At times to relieve respiratory embarrassment or prevent pleural thickening.

Q. - What causes fluid?

A. - Stretching or tearing adhesions, high negative or positive pressures, or any irritant introduced into the pleural cavity.

Q. - Could a person have a negative sputum test and still be positive? Is there any way for a person to be absolutely certain as to whether or not he is negative?

A. - Yes. A patient's sputum may be negative to the ordinary smear and yet be positive to more refined tests such as guinea pig inoculation or the culturing of gastric washings. If the sputum is negative to these tests he can be considered to all intents and purposes negative.

Q. - In a spontaneous collapse produced by pneumothorax does the lung re-expand, assuming that pneumothorax treatments have been discontinued?

A. - Generally it does. If the lung is torn badly it may not expand for a long time.

Q. - Should a room re fumigated after occupancy by a tuberculous person, or would a thorough cleaning suffice?

- A thorough cleaning suffices. Tubercle bacilli are not killed by ordinary fumigation.

Q. - Is it possible to have pain in the lungs?

A. - The lungs are insensible to pain, but the bronchi and pleura have nerve endings which cause pain.

. (Questions answered by Phillip H. Pierson, M.D.) (Chief of Stanford Tuberculosis Service)

THE NATIONAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATION

By CHESLEY BUSH, M.D.

the turn of the century, 1900, tuberculosis was known as the Great White Plague. It was the leading cause of death. It was the much dreaded disease just as it had been the curse of the pioneers of America. It was wiping out many in each generation of the families of America.

In 1904 some of the medical leaders of America began to group together to study and develop prevention methods. These early groups were brought together into one organization called the National Association For The Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

About this time also, a Danish postmaster originated the idea for a Christmas stamp to be sold during the holiday season to obtain funds for carrying on tuberculosis work. This idea was introduced into America by Miss Emily Bissell of Delaware and ultimately adopted on a national scale by the American Red Cross, the first national sale netting about \$135,000. Later, the Christmas Seal was jointly sponsored by the American Red Cross and the newly formed National Tuberculosis Association. In 1920, the National Tuberculosis Association became the sole sponsor of the Christmas Seal, adopting the double-barred cross which replaced the familiar red cross. The development of this idea and the universal approval of anti-tuberculosis work in this country resulted in a National Seal Sale in 1938 netting \$5,000,000.

In the meantime, working westward from the Atlantic Coast, the National Tuberculosis Association has organized state and local associations until now, the nation is covered with forty-eight state and over two thousand local associations, all working with funds obtained from the sale of Christmas Seals to help solve the problem of buberculosis in their communities.

The National Tuberculosis Association, with headquarters in New York, is supported by a 5% tax on the gross sale of the country just as the state associations are supported by a 25% tax on the proceeds of the local sales of their respective states.

The work of the National Tuberculosis Association is necessarily that of leader-ship, research, education and organization, consisting of a combined group of medical and lay workers interested in tuberculosis. The membership needs to be diverse and varied because tuberculosis itself is such a protean disease that its problems enter into all walks of life.

The research committee of the National Tuberculosis Association conducts a continuous program of research in connection with many university and college laboratories. It has sponsored the development and production of a new type of tuberculin known as P.P.D. It has sponsored studies which have broken down the chemical structure of the tubercle bacillus and the effects on animals of each of its constituents are studied. It has sponsored studies in the blood and cellular structure of the body. At the present moment, many other studies of this nature are being carried on which are of great importance in tuberculosis work. When one considers that the tubercle bacillus is so small that it has to be magnified one thousand times before it is not the case. The comparatively small budget of the research committee is so much enlarged by the grants of colleges and research foundations that it is safe to say a quarter of a million dollars is spent yearly on tuberculosis research.

The negro race presents one of the most serious tuberculosis problems in this

country, the death rate being from four to eight times greater than it is in the white race. The problem of public health education for the negro is one of the most difficult national problems that we have. The negro committee of the National Tuberculosis Association works continuously to spread the facts and information about tuberculosis. The committee works in conjunction with some of the southern states associations' public health institutes for negro doctors and workers and these send negro instructors throughout the South sponsoring negro clubs in large industrial cities of the Middle West, carrying on essay contests in negro high schools and colleges, etc. Some of the many forms of work done by the National Tuberculosis Associa-

The production of general literature, concerning tuberculosis, that can be scattered about the country by local associations, production of moving picture reels, publication of the best scientific tuberculosis journal in the world, the American Review Of Tuberculosis and, the keeping of national tuberculosis statistics.

Each year the interested people of the country gather in national meeting to discuss and consider the new developments of the year and to study the problems of tuberculosis. This year the meeting is to be held in Cleveland, Ohio. The reason I am not talking to you personally today is because I am on my way to Cleveland. There, beginning June 2, will be held the meetings of the American Trudeau Society, (the medical group of the National Tuberculosis Association), the National Tuberculosis and the American Associations of Thoracic Surgery. This week will be devoted almost entirely to a study and discussion of your problems. Some development which may come out of this meeting may actually assist you as an individual to get well from tuberculosis. Years ago as a young man I, too, suffered from tuberculosis and the practice and principles of treatment used then were taught my doctor by yearly visits to meetings of the National Tuberculosis Association. To these principles I feel I owe my life. Lamelic Comet, the Metlonal

Today, here in the United States, tuberculosis is not the menace it was at the turn of the century. Many factors have produced this result. In our county of Alameda, during the last twenty years, the death rate has been reduced to one-fourth its former size. Tuberculosis associations can be proud that they have had some hand in the control of this terrific problem, that they have continually increased public stimulation and education toward this end and, brought about the recognition of public health work as a potent factor in the life of a community. The Great White Plague bids fare to be further reduced in importance so that your children can be brought up to live a full life without undergoing the trials and tribulations which at the present moment assail you.

And now, let me leave a little personal message with you. Let me speak to each one of you as a separate person. Are you listening? I am going to ask each and eve ery one of you some questions;

- Are you very sorry for yourself? fut to entry wen a to not toutorquare the transployed and herospoon one el
- 2. Are you very discouraged?
- to an the tree typerals backling and the effects on animals of came of 3. Does time hang heavy on your hands? surfor ear printen and the colliste names when the contract of the collision is
- What are you going to do when you get well? asport exc. bold agree of or year thereof y forth on or are arrived.

If you are sorry for yourself you must remember that this tuberculosis from which you are suffering is not your fault but you must take it on the chin as does the soldier or the bombed civilian and realize that it is the way you take it and not the thing itself that makes you feel badly.

If you are discouraged, remember that you may be worrying about something that

will never happen. Learn to live each day for the best in it and forget to worry about the future. You may be killed by a Ford truck and not by the tubercle bacillus and all your worrying is wasted.

If time hangs heavy on your hands, do some constructive thinking and occupy your mind or hands with some productive labor, some reading or studying which will help you make a living when you get well. Do not waste the bed-rest time which can be made a privilege rather than a sacrifice.

Remember, that once upon a time there was a young man who was very sick with tuberculosis, and who was very despondent. If anyone told him that some day he would get well and be able to work for many years he wouldn't have believed it. If anyone had told him that he would some day be president of the National Tuberculosis Association he would have shouted in derision. And yet, that very thing came true.

There is no reason to believe that, if you work hard and conscientiously to get well, you too may not reach your heart's desire.

WANTED - A WOODEN LEG

A Chicago executive of the high-power, instant-decision type, forceful yet kindly, told his office boy, a lounging, overgrown youth of eighteen, to mail a handful of letters, buy a dollar's worth of stamps and make a reservation for New York on the Twentieth Century.

"Huh?" ejaculated the youth, shuffling his feet.

The message was repeated, carefully.

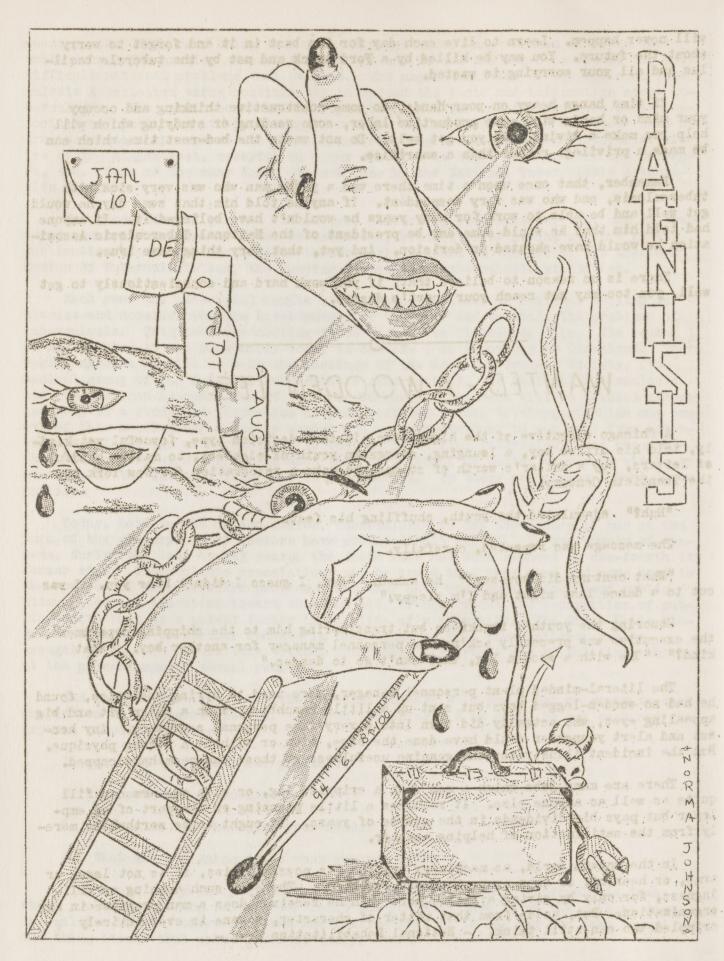
"What century did you say?" he asked. "Naw, I guess I didn't hear you. I was out to a dance last night and I'm sleepy."

Honoring the youth's frankness but transferring him to the shipping department, the executive was presently asking the personnel manager for another boy. "What kind?" "One with a wooden leg, that can't go to dances."

The literal-minded plant personnel manager, more used to hiring mechanics, found he had no wooden-legged boys but sent up a little hunchback, with a sharp wit and big appealing eyes, who actually did turn into a very fine personal secretary. Any hone est and alert youngster could have done the same, with or without a strong physique. But the incident illustrates the genuine usefulness of those who seem handicapped.

There are many jobs which a man with a crippled leg, or with one arm can fill quite as well as anyone else. It requires a little planning on the part of an emptoyer but pays big dividends in the course of years. It ought to be worthwhile merely from the satisfaction of helping another.

In the modern world, as machinery unfolds its possibilities, it is not legs, or arms, or hearing, or even eyes, that are essential. There is such a thing as will-ingness, for only by giving a little more than he receives does a man progress in any organization. But, aside from that matter of character, no one is ever entirely crippled who can still think. - National Rehabilitation News -





ROUDD THE MARDS

--AT S.F. HOSPITAL

WARD 19

Christmas having come and gone, as Christmas' will, the glo is still with us as well as the urge to share the holiday's happenings. The ward looked very much like a bee-hive. The business of fixing windows and doors with all sorts of clever designs and decorations, colored lights and Christmas trees, the make-believe snow and one gal's tree in particular all added to a very enjoyable season. The hustle and bustle of trying to get all the

lovely sweaters done on time . . . the flying needles of such experts as Mary Ruck, "Johnnie" Johnson, Gertrude Haucke, Mildred McQuillan, Dotty Hinman, Mildred Betties, Loretta Eoley and many others. They all have scholarships in the "Knits and Purl Club." Agnes Hofen spent her time making dainty pot-holders for her friends and relatives. Carmen Santiago, Gertrude Haucke and Mary Lemcke stuffed a variety of little elephants.

Gertrude must also be classed as one of the institution's better horticulturists. She has been feeding the plants on the upper east porch on a special formula and has them thriving in no uncertain manner.

Ward 19 adds its contribution to the ever growing "Liar's Club" in the person of June (always an excuse) Roberts. Her tales top the Empire State Building with enough left over to cap Pike's Peak. And you should see her hokus-pokus with cards. Your reporter is yet to be convinced that they can get up and walk without a nudge from somebody.

One of the best liked girls on the ward, Marie Mathewson, went merry-waying to the Triple H a short while back. Sounds like a dude ranch - no? All were happy to see her make one more step toward home but we miss her.

Yes; you guessed it! That tall, good looking person you see swing along to Physio-Therapy is none other than our own Zelma Johnson. Don't be deceived by any rumors you may have heard to the contrary.

We still think that the funniest thing to happen down our way was Etta Foley's bout with the hamburger sandwich. She was just taking the second bite when the guerney arrived to take her upstairs for her initial pneumo. To eat or not to eat that was the question. But the temptation was too great and the sandwich won out. In fluoroscopy the good doctor became conscious of an odor that was slightly, shall we say, "onionish". Came the query, "Who's eating in here?". Answered a small voice belonging to our heroine, "I am. I was hungry." To which our doctor added, "All we need now is a good ball game to make it perfect."

WARD 23

"Doc" Spalding, whose office hours are from 9:00 a.m. until...is showing the makings of a real checker player by repeatedly defeating a supposed-to-be champion -

name not mentioned by request ... "Tin Pan Alley" Borini, whose lyric writing ability is of the best, claims he strained his voice singing through a screen door thereby barring him from a rendition now and then ... Alexis, the Mad Russian, has trimmed and curled his mustachio until it is at about the proper stage to put to shame the old handle bars that one sees in Aunt Emma's Album... "Deeny" Landini and "Sleepy" Gus (the Solarium Duo) have harmonized their snoring act much to the delight of their audience who didn't appreciate their solo efforts. The old adage, "practice makes perfect", has proved true in their case - diligence twenty-four hours a day of work, on their part, has made them the pride of the ward ... "Prof" Ming is getting along so well with photography that we are planning on having our tintype "took".... The ever-increasing waistbands of "Sir" Powell and "King" Kelly have gained them the title of the Bulgy Twins - 'tis really an eyefull to watch them promenading the court on a sunny a.m. ... "Kid" Buck, that swashbuckling caballero from down yonder in the solarium, is showing the boys the way in the current attraction, playing Pedro. "Shootin' the moon" is nothing for him ... "Pres" Giannini has returned to our midst after a rib sojourn in "26". Well known by all for his jovial wit and repartee, he received a royal welcome. He has planned a two, three week stay with us this time.

INDOOR SPORTS . . . Football has enriched some of the lucky gamboliers to the point of starting the New Year out by buying a railroad or perhaps some store-bought cigarettes. One enthusiastic wagerer evolved a betting system whereby it was feared by many that he would put those on the opposite side of the fence in the house over the hill. The first day the system netted him four dollars profit (on paper, of course); the next day showed an eighty-eight dollar loss. Needless to say the system was carded for something more lucrative - maybe knitting. В. В.

WARD 24

Elia Catelli claims to have "siphoned" 172 gallons of "red ink" in seven days flat. If it's true, and who are we to doubt it, that's really a large job of inhaling and should call out the Fire Department or somebody.

When it comes to putting on weight we think top honors must go to Andrew Luchi (pronounced "looky", believe it or not) who, in less than three months has fattened himself 27 pounds. Paging Moffet and Company - Manteca fed beef a la San Francisco Hospital.

Andy Anderson, the steel magnet, claims that he shot and killed a duck with a 22 caliber revolver, said duck being a half mile away. That's either a lot of shootin' or a story that fits in with some others that we've heard. There are stories and stories, you know.

SUPERLATIVES . . . Most consistent bed-patient is still Pete Balestrieri, the erstwhile fish-grappler; most reticent and aloof patient, Bill Turner, the bald eagle; most loguacious is Ray Dennison, the sturdy oak; and most jittery Ed Alexander; and Tony Bianoza is the Leonardo Da Vinci; as an afterthought - why does Mike Romano; WARD 25 disheveled hair and all, dislike being called "Romero"?

Well friends, compliments of the season to everybody - atmosphere was very cheerful in the ward during the festive season and most of the news seems to be good. Even "Pop" Murray, who tips the scales at one hundred flat, says he gained two pounds last week. It's still one of life's biggest mysteries as to just where he is hiding it. I wo pounds ought to show a little bulge somewhere, somehow.

We're pondering over the strange kind of insomnia from which Frank Morris suffers. What with rest hour, night time and a few cat-naps at other times during the day he still insists that he doesn't get any sleep. We're beginning to think that he

is worn to a frazzle from too much sleep or else he works too hard at his "vittles" in the dining room. Anyway Frank and food aren't strangers even though he claims to know so little about sleep.

THINGS GOOD TO SEE . . . Louis Gregoire back in his old cot after five months of private-rooming. A new man no less...Larry Flynn putting on that school girl complexion since moving his bunk to the east porch. Having answered the call of the great outdoors he's now making the most of it...John Fisher soaking up titles. He's been the "Colonel", "Senator", and how it's "El Capitan", and he likes it:...Dan O'Keefe well enough to help with the mail at Yuletide...My roommates chipper and chattering.

WARD 26. On company to the ball a ment to the A. I

MEMORIES . . . Today's gardenias and the gratitude of all the ward to Mrs. Claire Snyder for a delicious breakfast of "ham what am" - and to "Mama" Christian, the dextrous egg flipper, - and to all the staff for their part in making it a very merry Christmas. And, lest we forget, a bouquet to Mrs. Michelsen for providing the laugh of the day with her gifts for the "bearded ladies" - and ditto for the person unknown who "gifted" a certain robust gent with a pink whatchacallit, thereby reminding us that the equator girdles the earth.

BONE HEADLIGHTS . . . "Superman" Berg received a couple of birthday picture cards this month for which he claims he did not pose. He suggests that Joe Donlin's nickname be changed to "X-ray Eyes"... Swenson is a new member of the gang and a leading aspirant for snoring honors... Owen "Omadon" Hughes, recently exiled to the Arctic, returns regularly to remove the chill and take his drubbing at "Coon Can"... The boys are laying even money that Ray Tuttle's shoe leather outlasts the corridor linoleum; and the odds are two to one that the Army will soon draft him to instruct its rookies in the science of wig-wag.

STOPLIGHTS . . . Ed "Poppacostas" Shaw wishes to deny the rumor that he is a secret agent from the Isles of Grease. "I wax my mustache merely as a personal whim not a patriotic gesture," sez he. . . Hammons and Sabura continue the pantomime, "Me and My Shadow". . . . Orderly Bill Ingram returns after a short bout with N. Fluenza. . . Pommer wonders about the bones from that duck dinner. . . . Senor Gastesi wonders about that Christmas card. . . . Everyone wonders about New Year's resolutions and whether the porchites will sprout fins. . . and, we wonder if this isn't enough until next month. . .

WARD 28 __J. G.

We challenge Ward 24 as to talent. Pete (Fog Horn) Basuino claims that he can make more noise about nothing than anybody else in the hospital; Mike Smith, alias Steady Smith, alias Water-Cure Smith, can drink more water than anybody in the house, present record $l\frac{1}{2}$ gallons in $l\frac{1}{2}$ hours; there's McDaniel, recipient of enormous quantities of fan mail; the popularity twins, Ray (Brown Eyes) Winrott and Bud O'Ferrel; Hall is without a peer; and there's always the knitting champ, Miss Jimmy Jung; how our well decorated ward at Christmas time; Weight-Tifter (Killer) Coil and Danny Lee who claims to have hot air in his chest or is it just heart-burn?

Miss Linette recently flu-United to Los Angeles. The stewardess aboard was an old friend adding immensely to the trip's enjoyment. We wonder if she really means that she prefers nursing to stewardessing, claiming that the latter is too monotonous.

THIS AND THAT . . . Iron man Ernie Crueger is recovering from a major, major, superfine bit of surgery.... The Bone Yard is quiet now that the John, the Bull of the

Woods, has left and Tom Burke rules the roost...Charley Greenlund doesn't like pie very much since he left the solarium after that pie accident...Otto Remle, the checker champ, and Blimp Herbert Burkhardt, a whiz at marbles, are farmers now and Sam Baker, Al Lenahan, Ray Cadeno and John Cheso are on the outside being good boys, we hope...Enjoyed the colored movies that Doctor Gibbons showed us of the Mono Creek region and of Huntington Lake. Really very beautiful...Liberty Lane, the hall to you, always affords us a chuckle come the busy morning. The efficient Mrs. Johnson answering the phone, Miss Linette and her dressing guerney, the traffic jam of wheelchairs, etc., all the hustle and bustle of a hospital awakening. Frank (Boomer) Brennan laughing and talking to himself either because he has money in the bank or because he caught on to the joke that he heard last month. Felix (Doc Kildare) Mc-Manus leaves for Ward 25 - a break for them...And the boys at pneumo who are improving so rapidly that they have a hard time remembering that haste makes waste or something of the sort.

WARD 31

_ G. S.

While everyone is recuperating from the holidays we look back and remember all the pleasures we enjoyed. Most of the ward was decorated, which helped give one the Yuletide spirit. To make our Xmas more enjoyable each patient drew a name and then bought a gift for the person whose name he had drawn. The gift was then placed under the big tree in the solarium — and a lovely tree it was. Speaking of trees many of the girls had trees of their own. Some of us were fortunate enough to have passes for the day but those who stayed in also had a pleasant time. Many thanks to the staff for their kindness and especially to Ollie for our Christmas breakfast.

It was discovered that Dr. Welles has a weakness for gaudy sox. So under the tree in Room 5 & 6 the loudest pair in town was found. When and if he has the courage to wear them you will most certainly hear them coming.

The solarium has four new pets - Panda Bears. On Christmas Day, Beryll Hampton surprised Rose Dias, Ruth Davis, Marie Bencich and Claire Constantini with the new enimals. Very tricky,

"BEAUTICIAN VISITS WARD" . . . Result - Marie Byrne and Shirley Chan are parading around with curley locks....And we seem to have acquired a few "Roses" - Rose Dias, Rose Ferrari and Rose Strachan. Having two Roses in one room rather complicated matters so we've renamed Rose Strachan - "Babs". Certain parties will please note that it's "Babs" and not "Babe".

Because of the variety of gifts turned out by the girls of the ward our recreational worker, Miss Marion Back and Mrs. McLaughlin, exhibited our handiwork. Some of the things shown were: loomette weaving, daisy-knit bed jackets, scrapbooks, plaques, autograph books, sweaters, water color paintings, elephants, leather work, Hawaiian leis, crocheted pot-holders, Swedish weaving and boutonnieres made of pine cones and eucalyptus buds.

Most of the girls are anxious to put on weight but there are always a few who insist upon being different. Vivian Francisco is a shining example - she has gone on a diet per the doctor's orders. Most of the girls in the room liked the looks of her tray and thought they might follow suit. They were informed that as soon as they could get up around the 175 pound mark the diet was theirs. Well it was a good idea, anyway, even if it came to naught.

WARD 32

H. R.

RAMBLINGS . . . Ward 31's loss is our gain in the person of "golden voiced" Edna Larsen, nightingale of KSFH's airlanes. Her performance of some months ago is still one of the talks of the hospital...Claire Winters is walking around these days

but still totes her cast with her. She's a little bit slow on the get-up but once she gets under way she does a right swell job... Frances Kelly is doing finerafter her surgery and each day looks brighter for her . . And a welcome to Claire Tracey . . . Often wonder what we would have done without Fern Chandler to help us during the holidays. Made the holidays more like holidays. . Looks like good-bye and good luck to Jenny Del Porte and to Pat Perry. Pat should be a source of encouragement to all. An example of the skill of surgeons and persistent effort of the patient and what it can accomplish. . . Most talked of Christmas pines were Rose Holland's and Dorothy Perry's.

Tanned and blistered Miss Clubner, our morning nurse, returned from her vacation on a Dude ranch. Miss Savage, who took her place, now caters to our needs on the four to twelve shift.

Because we're quite certain that everybody else has written about their Christmas decorations we'll just pen our thanks to Mrs. Hill and Miss Waters, our recreation workers, who made small individual trees possible for all of us.

--AT HASSLER

WARDS V & VI

"Where or When" ... (Adaptation from the Radio Program) . . .

25,000, 50,000 or even 60,000 feet up in the sky in the "Seeing Tower" we find ourselves alone. The wind howls madly as it races to and fro; clouds pass us one after another, so white and silent. We won't stay but a minute as it is getting cold - - just long enough to see what is going on below....Anyone we know?

Why, yes! See Rena Marr over there, still puzzling as to who insistently moves her slippers during the night! See her reach every morning way under her bed? Too bad we can't stay long enough to see who sleep-walks or, maybe her ancestors are just paying her a visit!!! Well, we must move on and leave her wandering her sleepy way.

Oh, quickly! Look over there where someone is finishing another elephant! If that cloud would pass we could see who is making it. Why, of course; we should have known! Marie Waraner!!! Colorful, aren't they? How many she has made!!!

Handshakes of praise go to Norma Johnson for her excellent cooperation in writing the play "The Perfect Crime", which was recently featured on the girls' program. The participants in the presentation over the radio were as follows: Dedications, Nancy Ruck; General Nuisance, Olga Galvan; Flash Announcer, Barbara Freeman; Swell Introductioner, Joy Flynn; Cobina, Jean Brandon; Yodeling Cowgirl, Mae Shianini; Public Screamer No. 1, Dorothea Kuhn; Perfect Sound-Effecter, Chiquita.

What can we do for little Miss Helen who keeps sighing, "O-o-h-h-h, my one and only!!!" And with this comes a very puzzled and dubious expression. Could it be some elephant, or what? Oh, you siren - you siren! And I DON'T mean you, ficad!! (Well, perhaps we had better leave our roaming reporter for awhile because . . well, we just better.)

Let's look back a couple of weeks. See the girls Leaving? Going home!!!!!
There's Olga Galvan, Carmen Olea and her mother, Margery Harada, Lillian Stinger,
Elsie Spetfiet and—they say more to go very soon! The best of everything, girls.

15,

(Before we leave the tower let's go back to our reporter and see if there is any more gossip. M-m-m-m, listen to this ...) Bubbling over with youthful well-being and a sense of great contentment, Ella Lowe sings quite merrily these days. Blithely she walks here and there. Apparently Santa whispered a little-big something in her ear. But Ella won't talk. C'mon, 'fess up!

Regarding the statement made by somebody in last month's CLARION that there was nothing interesting about Barbara Freeman except her raven black hair and flowing robes, she says, "I'd like to state in self-defense that I collect stamps, I can cook, I don't cut out animals and I can add!"

Well that's telling us. We must go now. Maybe we'll meet up here again some day. It's so quiet and how well we can see everything....quite unnoticed; too. We'll be back next month with more secrets of our guys and gals. Be careful going down all those stairs now and cover up as it is mighty cold. Goodbye!!

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Ward I

The committee for "Patient Participation" is very busy preparing another longwave radio program. The last one was fun but proved to be quite nerve-sracking for some members of the cast who suffered from "mike fright".

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It has been discovered that George "Mahatma" Condi is interested in horticulture. He can grow geraniums with the best of them - - but then, who can't grow geraniums?

"Rosie" Bassil created something out of pink yarn, sans pattern, for "Mama's" Christmas. Poor "Mama"!

Our illustrious poet, "Keats" Finnigan, assembled some "pomes" of wondrous sentiment. These were given to Cal Lee who worked patiently incorporating them into Christmas cards of original design. Pretty slick too, some say.

It seems that two (or three) Romeos, who live in a vine-covered cottage, have been robbing those vines to supply roses for a certain beauteous brunette in Ward 6. Too bad that they didn't influence her enough to choose them as escorts for Christmas dinner! Some rodent chiselled -- whozzit?

"Holy Schmoke" Barkman recently became a grandpappy. Giffs it now a third generation of jitterbugs! Congratulations, Ernie.

The somnambulistic disturbances of Joe Novkovich are secondary only to those horrifying noises that are made by Jim Malone's molars!

Ward II

They say the solarium is as silent as a morgue since noisy "Screeno" left but the boys are so grateful they have decided to wish him happiness in his new quarters in Ward VII.

Father Daugherty's talk seems to have merited the same popular appreciation here as it did up at the hospital. We all join in extending to him our best wishes for success on his next trip and hope he returns soon with another one of his interesting travel talks.

Fitzgerald was gloomily but anxiously walking up and down the porch last evening looking for a dollar he thought he had lost. We suggested that he consult "Bring

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'Em Back Alive" Mattiali. Perhaps he can train his pet coon to do a little blood-hound reconncitering.

It has been suggested that Ward II be known, henceforth, as "coon hollow". We think it is an excellent idea as it is way down the hill here and nearest the vicinity of the caged coon.

We, of Ward II, wish to welcome all the newcomers and hope their stay here at Hassler's will be a brief and happy one. And speaking of newcomers—Ed Stern and myself are wondering if all the girls are as pretty as the four who came down in the ambulance with us. Girls, please take note.

Ever since Mullen's favorite horse failed to come in the other day he has been hearing geese at night. We would appreciate it if anyone here can assure us that there really are geese flying around here or if he is just...well, we're just curious is all.



THE CLARION'S ALL-AMERICAN CHOICE

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Peacefully I sat in bed, unaware of the tempest which was about to break around me. Knit one, purl one, drop a stitch, etc., for I was knitting and quite pleased with life in general.

Suddenly I heard a sugar-coated voice calling my name. In great surprise I looked up and of course was instantly suspicious when SHE arrived at my bed and started to admire my knitting.

"Darling?"

"Yes. "

"You know the deadline for the CLARION is the fifteenth " (pause)

"Well, remember that a month ago you said that you MIGHT write an article some-... tow, at on it to tren known satvil been one vileer ered time?"

"What ?! ?"

"Well, I told the editor to save you some space."

Silence !! (By now I am speechless so she continues)

"Just a little article - you know - about anything - just anything at all."

By now I have recovered myself enough to gasp, "But ... "

But the super salesman goes blithely on: "Now, we'll type it for you and get it all ready and attend to everything. Don't forget now - the deadline is the fifteen-That gives you four whole days to get your article finished."

Again I am speechless and before I realize it the enthusiastic CLARION worker

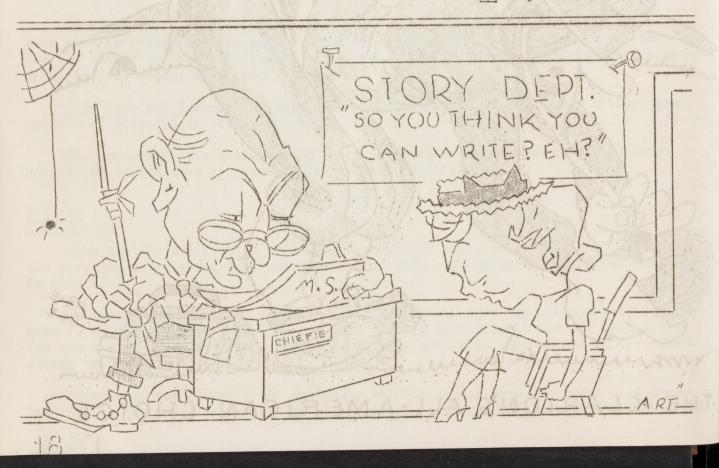
has fled.

In terror I rush to Norma Johnson who consoles me with the wise words of the CLARION'S editor to the effect that everyone should write for the CLARION and if it is accepted then all is well and good. If it is returned then the editor can be cursed for being stupid and not recognizing a budding genius when he has one in hand.

As indicated, I have chosen just any subject at all and treated it in my own pe-

culiar style, hoping that I will escape from all concerned.

Nancy Ruck.





On a starry night as we view the wide expanse of the sky, we linger in contemplation of the immensity of the scene which stretches above us. What emotions rush uppermost in our souls? We are filled first with wonder and awe and then the desire to know the riddle of the universe.

The scale of the heavenly domain is such that it is difficult for human faculties to grasp its full significance. But the gain derived from astronomical studies is in an intellectual and moral sense incalculable. It inspires with profound regard our whole outlook. It fills us with a feeling of modesty at the small part we play on the universal stage.

For the layman an elaborate array of astronomical instruments is quite unnecessary. A considerable amount of knowledge and pleasure can be derived by celestial observation with the unaided eye, but those in possession of a pair of binoculars or a small telescope are fortunate and will find them helpful.

The aspect of the heavens at this season is especially interesting. The exquisite beauty of the winter constellations is unsurpassed. The most spectacular of them is Orion with his jeweled belt of three stars, easily discernable in that they are in the center of a huge quadrilateral formed by four stars. In the northeast a red star - Betelguese; in the northwest a pale yellow star - Bellatrix; in the southwest a magnificent blue-white star - Rigel; and by a fain star - Saiph, in the southeast.

Beltlguese belongs to a group called "super giants", so named as they are the largest of suns. It is approximately 200 million miles in diameter, whereas our own sun is about 865,000 miles in diameter. If a rifle bullet could be fired on this huge body and could maintain its velocity it would take fifty six years to circumnavigate it. Light leaving Betelguese at the rate of 86,325 miles a second takes 190 years to reach the earth. We are not looking at the Betelguese of today but seeing the way it appeared 190 years ago. Were some unforeseen cataclysm to extinguish this gigantic ball of incandescent gas we would not be aware of it for almost two centuries.

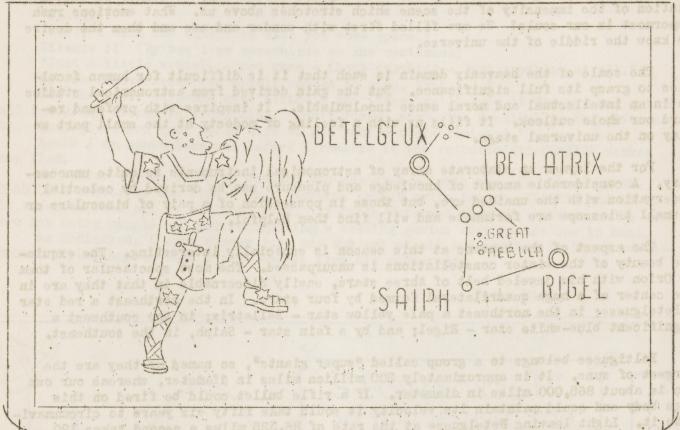
Regal is so remote that the light now received by us was emitted some 600 years ago. This light, regardless of the distance can be measured and found to be 17,000 times greater than that of our sun.

The distance of Bellatrix is even greater. It is also classed as a "super giant" but due to its great distance it is surpassed in brilliancy by many of the lesser

The three stars forming Orion's belt are the hottest suns known. A little below the middle star of this group, in the sword of Orion, is a famous cloud of glowing gas which to ordinary telescopic vision is perhaps the most mysterious object at which the observer can look the great Orion Nebula. To the unaided eye it appears as a hazy diffused star, but with the use of a powerful telescope its appearance is indescrib-

A short distance to the south and east of Orion we find the star, Sirius. This being the most brilliant star in the heavens we have no difficulty in ascertaining its position. This is one of the nearest neighbors to our solar system, the interjacent distance being about eight and one half light years. Sirius has 26.3 times the candle power of our sun and far outranks it in heat-giving power.

Undoubtedly most of you have seen the nightly parade of our friendly neighbors, Jupiter and Saturn, across the winter sky. Pages could be written describing these members of our solar system but due to lack of space we will omit their description in favor of a phenomenon which is rarely seen by man, a comet.



Showing Orion, the mighty hunter of Greek mythology, with his jeweled belt and diamond-studded sword. And on the right an astronomical line-drawing showing the position of the major stars and nebula.

At the present time we are favored by an unusual display on nature's great stage, of the Cunningham Comet. This object is expected to exceed in size, beauty and brilliance the comet named after the noted British astronomer, Edmund Halley. This new visitor from outer space was recently discovered by Leland Cunningham, a member of the Harvard Observatory staff. At the time of discovery it appeared as the merest pinpoint of light in large observatory telescopes. It will gradually develop in apparent size and brilliancy until reaching its peak on January 14, 1941, outrivaling in brightness the star Sirius. At that time the comet will be 58 million miles from the earth and 35 million miles away from the sun. Later in January it will reach its perihelion, an astronomical term meaning the closest point in the orbit of a heavenly body to the sun. After reaching this point the comet will start its return journey back into the depths of outer space, gradually diminishing until it is no longer visible.

Those living in the southern hamisphere will be more fortunate than we in viewing this object after January 1, as it will be very low in the western sky soon after sunset.

Comets of as large a magnitude as the one mentioned consist of three distinct parts: the nucleus, the coma and the tail. The nucleus is the brightest part and is believed to be made up of a group of meteor-like bodies. Surrounding this and completing the head is the coma, consisting of gas and dust. Streaming from the coma and away from the sun is the tail.

Most people picture the tail of a comet flowing out behind it in the path already traversed like the emission from a rocket. However this is not so. Some repulsive agency, believed to be light-pressure, forces some of the dust particles from the coma dragging a good deal of gas with them, thus forming the tail which is always pushed out from the head, away from the sun. The closer to the sun the greater this light-pressure. Therefore, the tail gradually lengthens at the comet's approach and diminishes as it recedes.

When the Cunningham comet is in proximity to the earth, there is a possibility that we will pass through its tail. But no ill effects are anticipated.

At one time it was the common consensus of opinion that these visitants, once seen, were never to return. But after years of extensive observation and mathematical calculation, astronomers have been able to compute their orbits and predict their return. Halley was the first man to successfully foretell the return of one of these wanderers of space. Staking his whole scientific reputation on his calculations, he predicted that the comet of 1681 would again return in 1758. He never lived to see the return of this comet, later named after him, but his forecast proved correct. It it will reappear in 1986. One can readily see that these phenomena are seldom seen by the casual observer.

Correct computations of the Cunningham Comet cannot be ascertained until it has reached its perehelion and started its regress to the unfathomable expanse of space.

How insignificant man and his petty troubles become when we gaze into the boundless space at nature's greatest masterpieces!

__Ray Jahnigen.



GOD'S CATHEDRAL

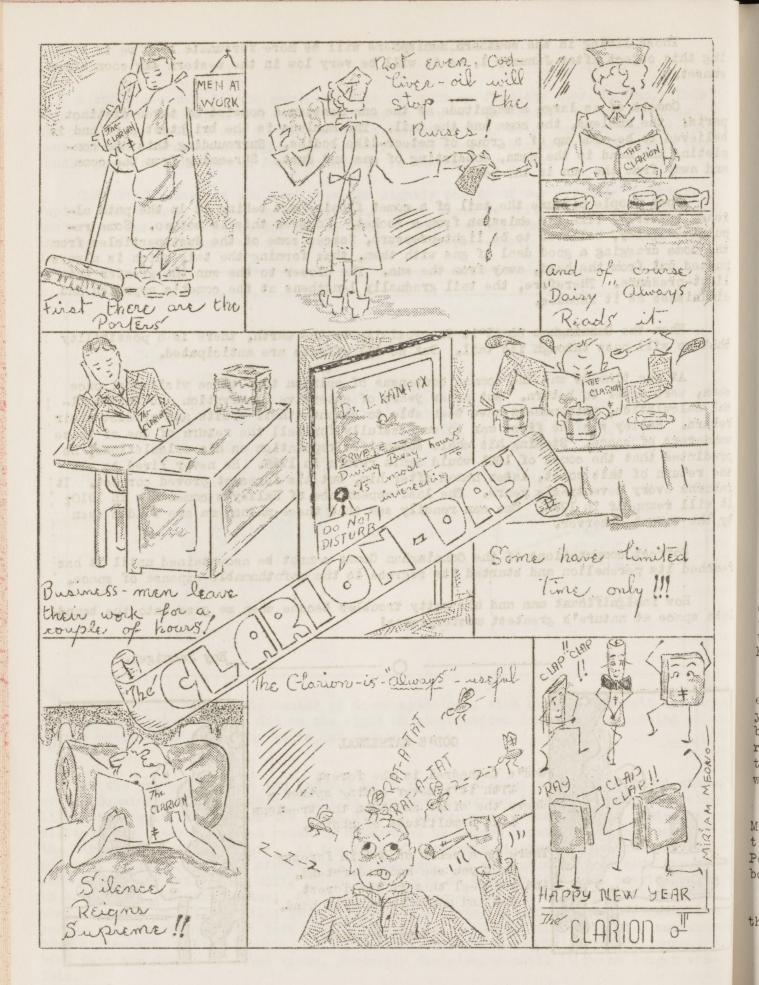
God's Cathedral is the forest
With it's never ending spires Where the winds chant in the treetops
Like a multitude of choirs.

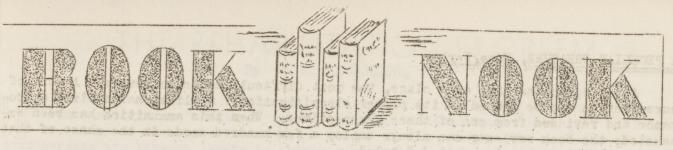
There is a sense of God in forests.

That you see and understand,
And you feel that in the forest
God and man walk hand in hand.

Norma Johnson







THE BOOK CATALOGUE

After several weeks of continuous effort by the library staff, we are pleased to announce that the catalogue of library books is just about completed. It is our sincere hope that the patients will avail themselves of this catalogue. It is intended to facilitate the selection of all types of literature and add still further to the individual's growing interest in the library which has made the catalogue plan both feasible and necessary.

To you, who have never had the doubtful pleasure of making a catalogue, this might mean simply listing the names of books and authors and calling the job completed. Well, that's all we thought it amounted to until we got started. Little did we know of all the doubts that would assail and the discussions arise before we finished.

Many of our books, in fact the bulk of them are "discards" from the City library and most of them have been rebound. For some reason the title leaf is always removed and merely the author's last name appears on the back of the binding. That would be just fine if there were only one author with that name but when there were a number of books all with the same name on the back and you just knew one person didn't write the whole lot, it made trouble. For example, the Norris family gave us a bad time. There are a whole shelf of Norris books. The Norris family are prolific producers of literature, so we played guessing games trying to decide which Norris wrote which book. Then there were the Rinehart books--lots of them. Obviously the bookbinder varied the spelling when he felt like it, much to our confusion -- the Thayers and Robertsons and also Roberts, to say nothing of the Baileys and Bucks and Aldriches and a number of others all sporting the same surname and no given name to guide us in our listing. In view of the fact that we don't get out a new catalogue every week we wanted this, our maiden effort, to be perfect, at least as correct as we could make it. So we checked with the listings at the City library. This meant hours on end because our books number between three and four thousand.

We have listed them alphabetically according to authors, then made a cross reference alphabetically according to titles. This makes it easier to find the book you want. If you admire the literary style of a certain writer you'll find whatever books we possess listed under his name. On the other hand, if you are one of the readers who pay no particular attention to the name of an author but remember the title of a book, you have only to look up the alphabetical listing of titles to find what you want.

We have also made an effort to classify fiction in the following divisions:

Mystery - Adventure - Westerns - Humor - Short Story and merely, Fiction. Non-Fiction comprises History - Biography - Travel - Psychology - Philosophy and English.

Poetry we have in a class by itself, so we feel sure that with the catalogue on the book-cart you will be in a position to ask for what you want if you don't see it.

With luck and our typist willing, we should have the catalogue before the end of the month.

A PECULIAR TREASURE, Edna Ferber

Autobiographies are, as a class, the most difficult books to review. A work of pure fiction can be placed in its proper classification: realism, naturalism, or romance and reviewed from one of these perspectives. When this ammunition has been exhausted, the book reviewer can always employ a few hundred words in the chase of that fictional will-o-the-wisp called "style".

But what can one write about an autobiography? If the author states that his paternal grandfather had red hair or lays claim to having been in New York on a certain date, what can be added? Obviously, the reviewer's only "out" is to compare the book under discussion with other books of the same type.

As a literary work, "A Peculiar Treasure" is no better or no worse than the usual run of autobiographies. It has an added interest, perhaps, to those who are writing or who, someday, intend to do so.

Miss Ferber's has been the life of a talented, prolific author and her experiences with her various labors lose nothing in the telling. The persistence and energy required to conceive and create "So Big", "Cimarron" and many other works is given to few contemporary writers. For this reason, "A Peculiar Treasure" is as interesting an autobiography as any that has come to this reviewer's attention in many of our books, in fact the years.

Barney Sands.

STRANGE HOUSES, Cora Jarrett

This is definitely a book for women. To the psychological and psychiatrical problems in an extremely involved plot is applied, not the cold logical reasoning commonly attributed to the masculine mind but the purely feminine, semi-occult reaction known as intuition.

The tale is written in the first person singular. It touches everything from psychological sex symbols to the black magic into which a Faustian psychiatrist presumes to delve. The reader catches a fleeting glimpse, now and then, of that fourth dimensional "outer darkness" but, to the end, the one major problem remains unsolved.

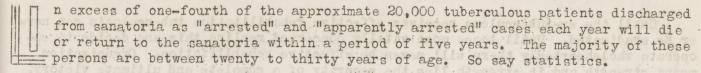
"Strange Houses" has a sustaining interest. It is a book that must be read slowly, word by word, to be fully appreciated. The reader will be tempted to skip ahead in order to uncover the theme but he will probably find his curiosity leashed, as this reader did, by the simple beauty and rhythm of the prose. We cannot recall a masculine author, excepting Hawthorne or Byrne, who might have written a tale so delicate or who might have been so meticulous in his selection of metaphors.

"A writer whose inquiring imagination leads him to explore the supernormal-a fine and rugged country of great riches; but nowadays sadly neglected -- does well to remember, as he travels, how honorable are its traditions." Thus does the author's foreword introduce her theme and we incline to agree--certainly with the words, "nowadays sadly neglected." We are becoming a bit nauseated by the stench of so-called realism and a bit disgusted with writers who will not believe that fancy and imagination are, also, integral parts of the "real" human existence.

In "Strange Houses" Oora Jarrett neither presents nor solves any large problem. Shorn of its weird, uncanny twists, the story is a clear cross-section of emotions against the back-drop of throbbing, brooding Manhattan. To those whose attitudes are not too impeded by skepticism, this tale is freely recommended.

THE REHABILITATION PROBLEM

By W. W. SCHWABLAND, M.D.



Although tuberculosis is not confined to the low income groups, it is essentially the poor man's disease. This is due largely to improper living and working conditions so often found among industrial workers who perform hard manual labor at a minimum wage. These persons must learn a new trade to fit them for other employment that will not prove detrimental to the health they have striven so patiently to acquire. This training can be started in the sanatorium.

During his stay in the sanatorium the patient requires carefully supervised training to aid in his physical recovery through the stimulation of the mental processes, and help prepare him for work more fitting to his physical status upon discharge. The Occupational Therapy program deals with the first phases of his illness by keeping the actively tuberculous occupied according to his physical condition. Vocational Training deals with the second phase and is a program of supervised teaching or reteaching.

Upon discharge the patient should graduate quite naturally from these sanatorium procedures to a more complete phase of rehabilitation embracing the following three aids: (1) Provision should be made for a scientifically conducted program whereby the patient could undergo a "hardening up" process—one more complete than is possible in the sanatorium. (2) The patient's temperament and physical condition should be carefully considered to determine the type of vocational training most suitable. (3) Work should be chosen that is most suitable to the patient's physical condition and training.

Having given careful consideration to this problem of rehabilitation and having read a great deal relative to it, the following points suggested in two former COURAGE articles would appear excellent expedients toward ultimate success: (1) Every sanatorium throughout the country to inaugurate a "Rehabilitation Committee" consisting of representatives from the patient body and the medical staff with round-table discussions to be held at regular intervals. (2) The resulting ideas from the meetings and discussions to be printed in sanatoria magazines and other reputable periodicals, regularly, to stimulate continued public interest and to promote the idea of forming the individual committees into a "National Rehabilitation League".

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The above suggestions can become a very definite and concrete reality through close cooperation between those vitally concerned. But, do we find this cooperation? Frankly, we do not -- this is our weakness and these the three salient points of error to be conscientiously considered and equally carefully rectified: (a) Nurses' and social workers' only concern is in the discovery of tuberculosis and getting patients admitted to sanatoria. These two groups, so closely interwoven in their objectives, are carefully schooled and deeply impressed with the great necessity of discovering and preventing tuberculosis but they are taught nothing of the equally great necessity of rehabilitating the ex-tuberculous to preserve health. The most vital chapter of their text book is missing. (b) Sanatoria officials feel they have performed their duty in getting the patient well. This is only too evident when records examined divulge the number of persons readmitted to sanatoria in the course of a year. Every effort is expended to get the patient well but little or none to keep him well. (c) Doctors and patients fail to meet on common, ground to discuss important fundamental questions. In most sanatoria no attempt is made to formulate some plan for periodic, frank interchange of ideas between patients and doctors regarding the problems

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to be faced by the patient after discharge. A deeper understanding between these two groups would be the solid foundation on which to build a program powerful enough to insure adequate rehabilitation legislation.

Until the ex-tuberculous receives effective rehabilitation tuberculosis can never be eradicated. Until those most vitally concerned realize this and decide to cooperate wholeheartedly there will never be effective rehabilitation. Organization means strength and in strength lies the security of a complete and ultimate victory.

(Editor's Note: The above article was written by W. W. Schwabland, M.D., Superintendent of the King County Tuberculosis Hospital at Seattle and was published in the December, 1940, issue of COURAGE, the magazine published by the patients of that institution. It is reprinted to give our readers some idea as to how the rehabilitation problem is being handled in other localities.)

The CLARID N

During his stay in the sanatorium the patient requires carefully supervised training to sid in his physical recovery through the stimulation of the mental pro-

Published by the patients of the Tuberculosis Division of dosester to the San Francisco Hospital and the Hassler Health Home trotenes exect mont viles on the 10th of each month and the each same to accomp

procedures to a more complete phase STAFESTAFE and the store of conducted program Harvey Hansen og det gelege Associate Editor Bernard Barnes Associate Staff Artist Art Baker
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HASSLER HEALTH HOME Editor Nathan Siegel Ager in the Associate Editor Miriam Méono Editorial Assistants: Dorothea Kuhn, Barbara Freeman Charles Racine, Leon Bradley, Frank Remele e dooperation between those vitally concerned. But, do we find this dooperation kiy, we do not -- thin is our weakness and there the three salient points of error.

The C L A R I O N welcomes all original literary and art contributions from patients and former patients of the Tuberculosis Division, San Francisco Hospital and the Hassler Health Home Deadline for each issue: 15th of the preceding month of rehabilitating the ex-tuber oulous to

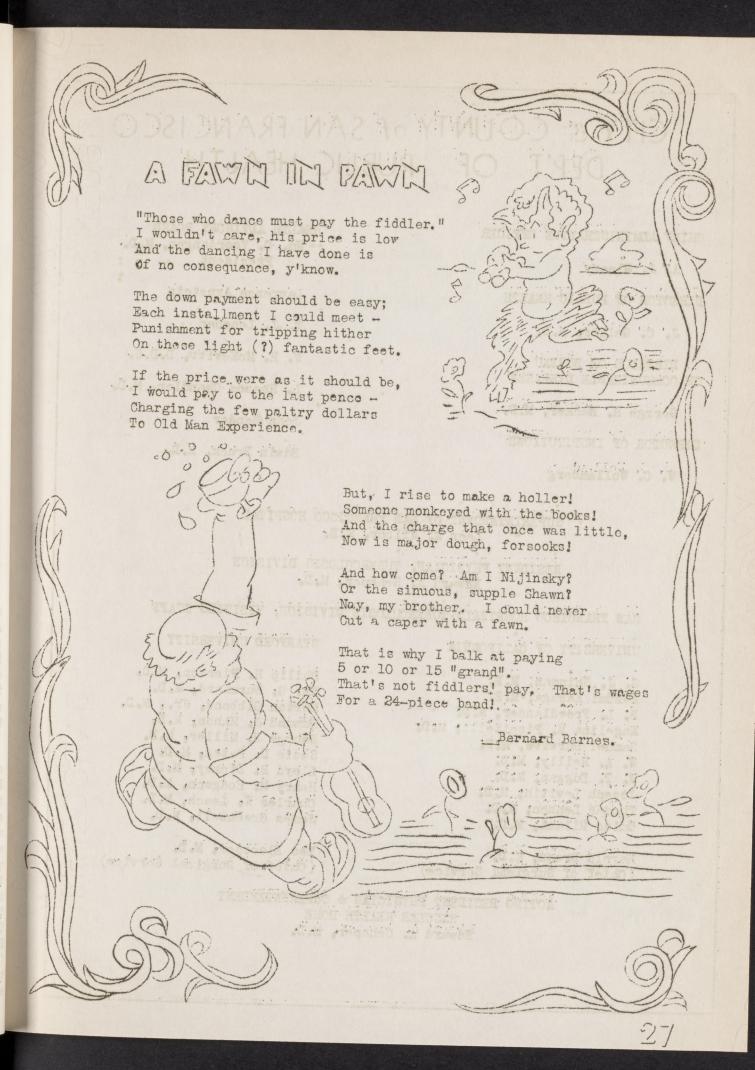
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San Francisco Hospital San Francisco, California



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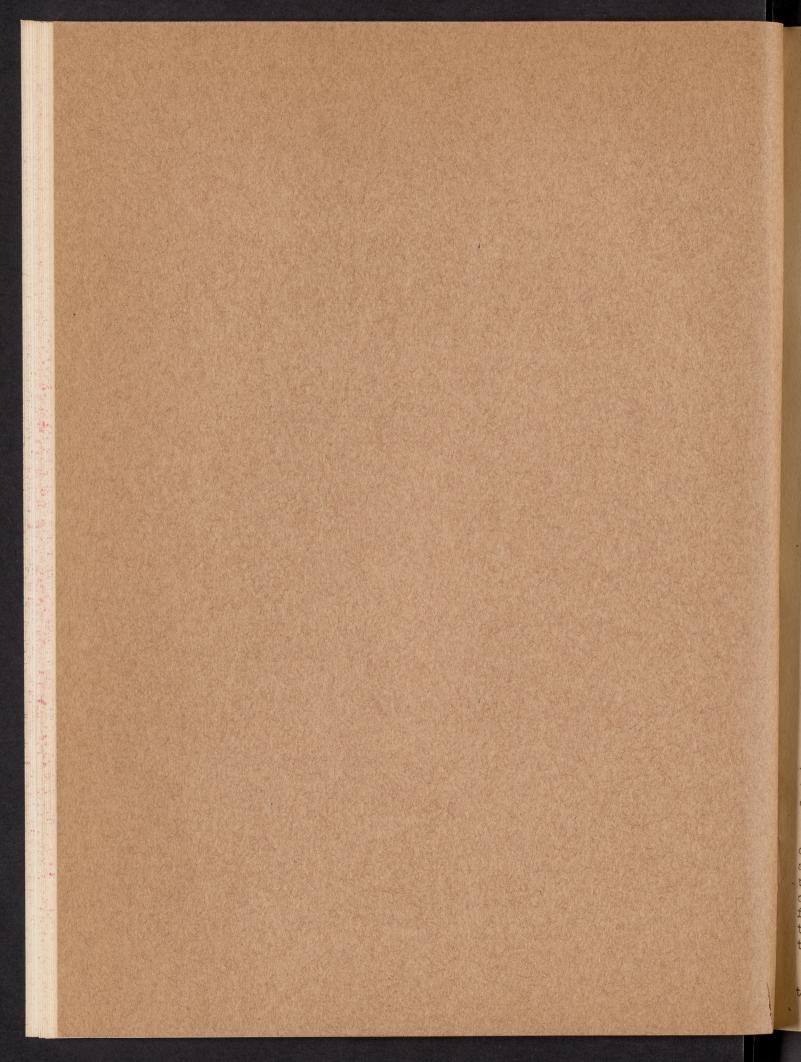
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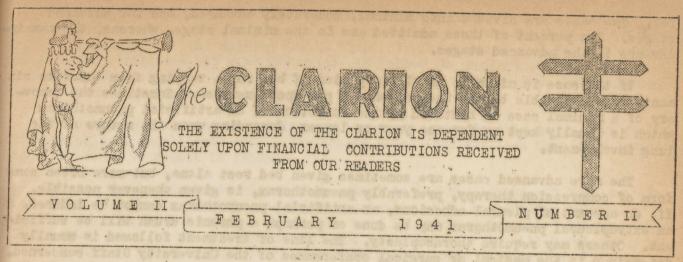
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SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITAL TUBERCULOSIS DIVISON AND HASSLER HEALTH HOME • VOLUME 2 • NUMBER 2 • 1941 •





TREATMENT OF TUBERCULOSIS

n a previous article, I promised to say something later on about the treatment of tuberculosis. Most of you have already heard a great deal about the importance of rest, fresh air, diet, compression therapy and the formation of a right you are patients in either the San Francisco Hospital or the Hassler Health Home.

It has occured to me that the readers of the CLARION might be more interested in the way tuberculosis is treated in these two institutions than in a general discussion of the treatment of tuberculosis; therefore, I shall take a hypothetical Hospital to the day he is admitted to the Tuberculosis Division of the San Francisco Home.

The eleven wards of the Tuberculosis Division are divided between the medical staffs of the University of California and the Stanford University Medical Schools. The U. C. staff supervises the treatment on Wards 19 (women), 23, 25 (men's medical), 26 (men's surgical), and 30 (children-female). Stanford University has charge of the medical care of Wards 22, 24 (men's medical), 28 (men's surgical) 29 (children-seen on the outside by a Stanford physician he is admitted to a Stanford Ward, if by ternated from one service to the other with the idea of keeping the number of each service as nearly equal as possible.

The Medical Staff consists of about one dozen visiting physicians on each university staff, who make regular ward rounds from week to week and supervise the treatment the patients receive. This treatment is carried out by a Resident Staff consisting of about eight internes and four house officers.

Each University Staff has one or more conferences each week at which the surgical and the more difficult medical cases are brought up for discussion. The surgeons are present at these discussions and each case receives careful and deliberate consideration before a plan of treatment is decided upon. Very often considerable discussion takes place and each physician has an opportunity to express his opinion before the line of treatment to be followed is finally determined. Because of this, the patients of the San Francisco Hospital have the advantage of a consultation with foremost specialists in tuberculosis and chest surgery in the Bay Region.

The treatment outlined, naturally depends on the type of tase and the stage of the disease in which patients happen to be upon admission to the San Francisco Hospi-

tal. The cases are divided into minimal, moderately advanced, and far advanced stages. Ten percent of those admitted are in the minimal stage, whereas, the remainder are in the advanced stages.

If the case is minimal, usually a period of bed rest, varying from three to six months, is advisable before the patient is put upon exercise. Sometimes the recovery of a minimal case is hastened by the induction of an artificial pneumothorax which is usually kept up for one year or longer, depending upon the nature of the lung involvement.

The more advanced cases are sometimes given bed rest alone, but more often some form of compression therapy, preferably pneumothorax, is given whenever possible. If, on account of pleural adhesions, an artificial pneumothorax cannot be induced, an extrapleural pneumothorax may be done or perhaps a phrenic crush will be sufficient. Others may require thoracoplasty. The line of treatment followed is usually determined in the medical or surgical conferences of the University Staff concerned.

Each case is a separate problem; no two patients can be treated exactly alike. One of the common mistakes patients make is to judge their own case by that of the patient in the next bed whose chest condition most likely is entirely different from his own. Many patients enter the hospital with the idea that a few weeks or one or two months will be enough to restore them to health once more. This is always a mistake because, as a rule, a few weeks or even two or three months are only a drop in the bucket, so so speak. No case of pulmonary tuberculesis should contemplate remaining in the hospital or sanitorium fewer than six months.

The importance of rest in the treatment of tuberculosis in any form cannot be overemphasized. It is the foundation stone of the building which is finally known as a cured case of tuberculosis. Compression therapy, medical treatment and everything else pertaining to the treatment of tuberculosis, are simply adjuncts to rest.

After the patient has had his pneumothorax well started or his thoracoplasty completed; or if no compression therapy has been attempted, his lung process made quiescent, exercise is begun. His activities are increased until he is up for full lavatory privileges or the equivalent of one hour a day out of bed. Then he is transferred to the Hassler Health Home:

At the present time, the medical staff of the Hassler Health Home consists of a Resident Physician and one interne. The Resident Physician has complete charge of the medical care of the patients. He has, however, the advantage of a weekly medical consultation with a member of each University Staff.

Each new admission is gone over in consultation with the representative of the university service from which the patient came. Then from month to month the patient's case is reconsidered, his treatment varied until such time as he is ready for discharge from the Hassler Health Home.

When the patient is first admitted to this institution he usually goes to the dining room three times a day for his meals and remains in bed the rest of the time. As he improves he is put on graduated exercise, which begins with ten minutes a day of walking. His exercise time is increased by ten minutes twice a week until he reaches what is known as Full Exercise or five hours a day up and about the premises. Usually by this time the patient is considered well enough to leave the sanatorium and in most instances is discharged as an arrested case, which means that constitutional symptoms have been absent; the sputum, if any, negative; the lesions stationary or apparently healed according to X-ray examination; with no evidence of cavity present. These conditions shall have existed for a period of six months, during the last two of which the patient has been taking one hour of walking exercise, twice daily. Or its equivalent.

The patients who carry out this routine are pretty certain to remain well. It is gratifying to note how few of the patients readmitted to the San Francisco Hospital are "graduates" of the Hassler Health Home. It is seldom that a patient signs out of that institution and very few refuse to follow the medical advice given them while they are patients there. There is no shortcut to recovery from tuberculosis, and the sooner the patient realizes this, the better.

The patients following the outline of treatment given in this paper, can feel quite certain of an ultimate cure. Any scheme which involves less than this is practically certain to result in failure.

Soon we shall add an accredited high school to the Hassler Health Home facilities. Then it will be possible for those physically able, to continue in all, or part, of the high school courses which have been interrupted by their illness. Thus all the time spent in the sanatorium will not be wasted, for it will be possible to do two things at the same time -- recover from tuberculosis and continue at least a part of your formal education.

In a later article, I may have something to say about the many changes that are shortly to take place at the Hassler Health Home when the patient population is increased by 160, and how the various types of cases will be distributed between the two institutions.

By E. A. SCHAPER, M.D.

FRIENDSHIP

The dictionary definition (Webster University) of the word "friendship" is, intimacy; united with affection or esteem; mutual attachment; good will. From the pen of Emerson we quote: "It is fit for serene days, gracegul gifts, and country rambles, but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty and persecution."

Let us liken friendship to a flowering plant. With loving care it blooms into a thing of beauty. Given superficial attention it becomes stunted, dwarfed and sickly looking; and in the majority of cases it simply withers and dies. And likewise, the roots of friendship, grown firm and deep, insures a love and benevolence, staunch and true.

When we ask why we have no friends - "no true friends" - it would be wise to look within ourselves for the answer to our plaint. Analysis will reveal that friend is not bought with the glint of gold or the sparkle of jewels; nor will words of praise and flowery flattery avail us of their precious ingredients. Moreover, friend ship cannot be construed as a mere trade agreement - an I'll do for you if you'll do for me proposition. On the contrary, egotism and self interests are sacrificied to friendship; and the virtues of honesty, sincerety, unselfishness, and the will to do for others as we should have them do for us must reign supreme.

"Friend" is a word often used loosely. This term is frequently referred to when it would be more appropriate to use the appelation "acquaintance." This error can cause hours of agony and discomfort. No one has the right to expect from an acquaintance the measure of devotion which only friendship can know.

A true friend does not think in terms of requests or demands, but rather in terms of "privilege." Friendship means loyalty, tolerance and frankness but is never demanding. It is a privilege indeed to do a favor for a friend!

Barney Sands E (Question narround by G. J. Antoner, M.N., Ortor of U.G. Tubernaloute Service)

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AL INFORMATION, PLEASE

Q. - Is activity ever present without expectoration? Why does expectoration sometimes start after a patient has been in bed for some time?

A. — Yes. Cases are said to be "closed" when they do not have tubercle bacilli in the sputum. Nevertheless activity may be present. As the lesion becomes more extensive, or even sometimes as it heals, it may soften and be discharged through the bronchi, thus causing expectoration.

Q. - Why do cavities sometimes increase in size even though a patient may observe all the rules of rest and taking the eure?

A. - We think cavities form in two ways: by the hollowing out and expectoration of tuberculous tissue or by "blowing up" like a balloon through partial bronchial obstruction. In the latter case it makes very little difference what a patient does at the moment since the cause is entirely mechanical.

Q. - What is the difference between primary tuberculosis and super or re-infection

A. - First infection with tuberele bacilli is not strictly localized but spreads throughout the body. This sensitizes the body so that all subsequent infections are well localized by an acute inflammatory reaction at the place of infection.

Q. - Is there any mouth wash that is powerful enough to kill tubercle bacilli?

A. - No. Mechanical cleansing is the most one should expect.

Q. - When tuberele bacilli lie dormant in a person from childhood does it mean that the same germs lie in the body for years without multiplying? If so, why don't they multiply?

A. - It is unlikely that the same individual germs lie in the body for many years.

They are active at times during periods of low resistance from fatigue, infection, dissipation, etc., then die down again when resistance rises.

Q. - What precautions should be taken to prevent hemorrhages?

A. - Remain under observation. If advised to have your lung compressed, do so.

Q. - Does a negative tuberculin reaction always mean that no infection has taken place?

A. - No. It generally does, but a few people, even in the presence of active infection never react, and in others the ordinary dose of tuberculin may not be sufficient to awaken a reaction. In others the infection may have died out completely.

Q. - What diseases may predispose one to tuberculosis?

A. - Any debilitating illness. In addition silicosis and diabetes seem to predispose to tuberculosis.

Q. - At what time in life does most first infection take place?

A. - Late youth or in early adult life.

(Questions answered by S. J. Shipman, M.D., Chief of U.C. Tuberculosis Service)

THE LIFE AND HABITS OF THE

By M. S. MARSHALL

Associate Professor of Bacteriology

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

n should be happy to have you join me, for a few minutes, to look into the private life of the tubercle bacillus. Of all the bacteria in the kingdom of bacteria only a few are criminals, robbing people of their health or murdering. A few more rob and murder animals and plants and insects, and, if the animal or plant is useful or ornamental, we should class these bacteria as criminals also. It is rather too evident that this business of labeling someone a criminal depends on the point of view. The bacillus that kills rats we should not call a criminal, but the rats would. The bacillus that kills our pet dog becomes a criminal, however. It doesn't make much sense when we look at it from the standpoint of the bacillus because there is nothing in the life of the bacillus which says clearly that it is wrong to_survive in living tissues. There is nothing inherent in the life of the tubercle bacillus to put it with a class of criminals; it is our point of view which is responsible and we need not expect to find anything in the life of the bacillus which sets it apart as a criminal from its own point of view. Since we are biased in our viewpoint, however, maybe a sort of sympathetic understanding of the private life of the tuberele bacillus may help us to understand it and to dodge it when we can or, since life is precarious, to wage war on it as we do on criminals while they are waging war on us because we are to them, unfair in our viewpoint. How does the tubercle bacillus live outside the body and in the body? How may he be destroyed? How may we prevent him from wandering at will, robbing and murdering as he goes?

Looking over the hills and valleys, in rivers and lakes and in the countless passages of cities and towns for so small a fellow as the tubercle bacillus would be a sizable task. But we have some idea where to look and that helps. We should now and then find fish or reptiles sick or dying from tuberculosis and the organisms of their dead bodies would remain alive quite awhile and might even be scattered by winds and dust and rains. These organisms do not concern us, for they do not rob humans of their health at all. We might find among the birds, especially in chicken yards, markets and such places, more tubercle bacilli living in fowl. These, too, might be scattered but these, too, would not be criminals to man except maybe in robbing him of some of his food. In cows, however, we might find tubercle bacilli that, given a good chance, might cause tuberculosis in humans, usually children who drink raw milk. These organisms might go wherever milk went; dried milk might leave organisms on floors or grass or anywhere the dust might blow. They can live half a year in manure in the pasture, sometimes longer. But that is all they do; they merely survive. They do not grow and multiply except in animals. In the course of time most of them die. The same is true of tubercle bacilli that live in human beings. These bacilli may also be scattered on floors of buildings, in gutters, in street washings, on shoes, on tables and rugs, and so on. But they are only scattered. Some die quickly, some more slowly, even months later, but they are at the will of fate; they can merely seek to survive, for eating and drinking and multuplying are denied them. The tubercle bacillus is tough but the joys of living force him to be a criminal in some person or in some animal. Even so, scattering tough bacilli around noes not appeal to us at all. We have to use our imaginations to see how far it might be scattered. We have to know the life and habits well enough to realize that the tubercle bacillus can live for months dried in a dark place, and it doesn't take mich darkness to hide it. It may live more than three months in dirty water. It stands acids and other chemicals quite well. Dust from hospitals and homes may contain live organisms even if they are not increasing in numbers. A little protection, darkness or moisture or oil or manure or sputum, and the chance of survival is in-

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creased. It is easy to picture the little fellow lying in wait for a victim, just as a tick may perch on a blade of grass and wait for a deer or a cow to come along. The tubercle bacillus does nothing of the sort, of course. It cannot move, except by chance, and it has no instincts, presumably. But it does happen to be tough.

In dealing with a criminal, perhaps the jail would be a good place to learn more about his habits. Surely so evil a bacillus would have been captured and bottled up now and then. The policeman in this case is the bacteriologist. He traps the bacillus from the patient. Then he puts it in a glass tube with a wad of cotton in the end, along with plenty of food. The food is not unlike a hard-boiled egg. In fact, with a few extras like a bit of potato and glycerine, ordinary eggs are usually the mainstay of food provided for the tubercle bacillus. The bacillus cannot escape through the glass wall nor through the wad of cotton. Neither can any visiting bacteria get in. But he is not in solitary confinement. Several of his fellows are included when he is placed in his glass jail and, as a biologist has put it, he pro-

ceeds to divide in half and thus multiply, thereby adding to his numbers as he subtracts oxygen from the air and food from the soil beneath.

This tube of egg and bacilli, after three or four weeks at the temperature of the body, will contain so many bacilli piled up on the surface of the egg that we can see the mass without any trouble. Just as we might see mountains from an airplane, without seeing the stones of which they are made, we can see the great masses of bacilli. The appearance really is like a relief map or like ranges of hills as seen from high in the air. There are no forests, no roads, no lakes or streams, but all is the color of sand.

The bacteriologist would call this tube of glass a culture of tubercle bacilli. He, or more often she, would like to call it a pure culture, meaning that there were no bacilli incarcerated in the glass tube that were not really tubercle bacilli. In nature, bacilli of different kinds often work together for our benefit, but the jailer-bacteriologist finds that he can keep track of his charges better if each kind is in a tube by itself.

We could study this culture. It is evident for instance, that there is nothing fundamental in the discovery that the tubercle bacillus lives in animal tissue because quite an artificial substitute suits it better than any tissues. We could check the air over it and find that the organisms are taking in oxygen and giving off carbon dioxide just as we do, even to the proportions of each. It isn't so fussy as we are about how much or how little air there may be at one time just as long as it gets enough eventually. We could study the food on which the fellow is growing and we should find that some of the food is used and discarded and some is used to form new substances just as happens when a rabbit eats a leaf of lettuce. In fact, the one-celled tubercle bacillus seems to have many of the habits possessed by whole bunches of cells functioning as one, which is one way of describing you and me.

To get a close-up view of these tubercle bacilli we might visit the glass jail where there are now mountainous masses of pure bacilli or, we might go to the patient who is being robbed of his health by these crooks. If we try the patient we shall have to catch the bacilli before we can look them over. The bacteriologist was able to catch them and put them into a tube so he could watch them grow, so we should be able to catch some and put them under a microscope for observation and further study. The site of the robbery, maybe a lung, would be a good place to start. A surgeon can

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get at a lung but, for our purposes, a few droplets coughed up from the lung through the air passages will do very well. These we can spread around on a piece of glass in a thin layer so that there will be plenty of light. They will be hard to see unless we color them but they can be colored bright red on a blue background. A strong red dye, heated a bit, will serve to drive the dye into the waxy coat of the tough tubercle bacilli. With a little acid in some alcohol it is possible to wash the red dye out of everything but the tubercle bacilli. Even other bacteria lose their color but the tough fellow hangs on to it. Then, if a light blue dye is put on our piece of glass, everything is colored blue except the tubercle bacilli. They are already bright red and they pay no attention to the blue dye.

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Under a microscope these red bacilli are little rods rounded at each end. They may be three or four times as long as they are thick. Sometimes they appear to be broken up a bit, and, just as human crooks may be tall or short, we will not find the tubercle bacilli to be just alike. Usually they are in bunches of three and four, a bit like the fingers on one's hand. If we had a way of putting ten thousand end to end there would be a line an inch long. Over twenty thousand columns like this, side by side, would make a thin band an inch long and an inch wide. To make a cube an inch on a side, we should have to put over twenty thousand columns on top of every single column in the band. By this time we would have enough to put a whole million crooks in over four million glass tubes, enough bacilli to infect every person and every cow in the world all from a small mass that would be something like a one-inch cube of butter.

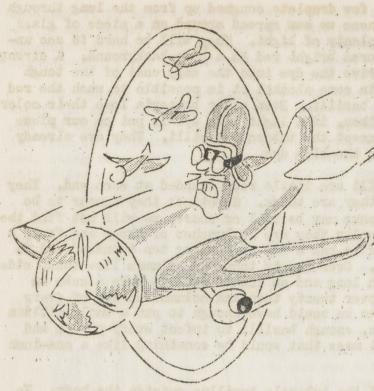
So much for the ordinary habits of the tubercle bacillus outside the body. We won't have time to look at very much about its habits inside the body and there are many things we do not know about these habits, but there are one or two interesting bits of gossip.

There is hardly any part of the body that will not suit the tubercle bacillus' cosmopolitan habits. Even the eye or the skin may be infected but not very easily. Usually the bacillus rides in on a glass of milk or takes an airplane in the form of a bit of dust or maybe a droplet of moisture. If it happens to be eaten, the acid of the stomach doesn't bother it a bit. Once imbedded in the tissues it is likely to find its way into the nearest soft, whitish tissue which is scattered throughout the body and lumps up here and there in what would be called a lymph node. Some might get into the blood and be carried to any place the blood goes, which is almost everywhere. If a lot of tubercle bacilli get into the blood there may be so many towns and villages set up that the patient doesn't very long. Usually, however, the lymph node or some particular spot or just a couple of spots are finally set up as main villages where the organisms grow. They might be in a lung or almost anywhere else, even in bone. there is a swing of the pendulum back and forth between the multiplication of the bacilli or their national expansion program and the tissues, which also use whatever food they can .

find and thus tend to survive and wall off the village or focus of tuberculosis. Now we have the disease, tuberculosis, which means a combination of the tubercle bacilli and the person or animal in which they are living. Usually, fortunately, the village is walled off and the criminals are restricted to a point from which they can do nothing and eventually they die, although they may be alive for a long time without doing any harm.

There is another funny thing about life in the body. No one knows quite how it works, but, when the village is set up somewhere, or maybe several villages, the tu-

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bercle manage to do something to the entire body so that invasion by some new foreigner in the form of another tubercle bacillus trying to get in is made difficult. This is sort of a mix up, for it means that the person who has tuberculosis is not so likely to get a new infection from outside as another person. He may still have troubles from those inside and they may even set up new villages. newcomer, however, is likely to be fixed quickly in one spot when he gets in and to be well guarded to prevent further invasion. One cannot very well say that the person is immune to tuberculosis because he already actually has the disease. But he need have less fear of a new attack from outside. This is a happy state of affairs, for most of us have tuberculosis some time or other. The lucky ones never knows it but it may still be able to prevent serious invasion if a bacillus lands in their tissues.

The diagnosis of tuberculosis in laboratories is based on the life and habits of the basillus, but it does not help us much now. If we know where the organism is likely to be in the body and can find it and recognize it, that is all there is to it. The rest is a matter of precise method and it would hardly be pertinent now to go into technique of that sort but we do want to go back over our study and pick up the weak spots in the armor of the tubercle bacillus, both its actual coat of armor, which is a protective wax-like substance apparently, and its armor of habits or, the habits it has which serve to scatter it and protect it. Suppose we try this in three jumps: first, a look at the bodily defenses; next, a look at the resistance to physical forces like hear and cold and light; and finally, a look at its response to poisons or chemicals.

The first jump, bodily resistance, will lead us to a lot of words that sound all right and don't say anything, like some political speeches you have heard. People speak about lowering the resistance and then they come down with tuberculosis but that doesn't explain anything. Then they build up their resistance and get well and still nothing has been said. But this isn't quite true. In tuberculosis there is one perfect example of the idea that good care of your health will do wonders. The only trouble with this talk about building up resistance is that we haven't any idea what it means. We only know that it works. It is proper to be a bit skeptical and not accept mere words as explanations when they don't explain anything. It is also proper to take care of one's health when the results, however they come about, are so real. So, we won't stop any longer with bodily resistance and mere words. Take care of yourselves because it works and not because anyone knows how it upsets the habits of the tubercle bacillus.

Instead of trying to work out a defensive scheme we were going to see what happened to the tubercle bacillus when we used brute force on it. Sticking pins into it would not be so easy but we can try heat or light. Light is sometimes useful but it is difficult to control. The tubercle bacillus doesn't like the ultra-violet lightwhich occurs in strong sunlight or which is produced by special tubular lamps made nowadays but, light won't go around a corner and the tubercle bacillus can hide

in a niche too small to see. So, it is hard to score a hit on the tubercle bacillus with a ray of light. Sunlight itself is accompanied by drying and air and other influences all of which are hard on our friend the bacillus but the ultra-violet rays will not penetrate much of anything, not even a window-pane, and to put a handker-chief out in the sun for an hour is hardly enough to bring good results. We must remember that sunlight and fresh air may affect our whole body and the body, in turn, may affect the bacillus. Sunlight on a person does not act by penetrating and killing directly and is quite a different story from applying sunlight directly to the bacillus. A direct hit will kill in a few hours, but only a direct hit.

Cold temperatures, like freezing or icebox temperatures or even the terrific cold of dry ice, simply cause the tubercle bacillus to curl up its toes and take a nap. When it comes out it is quite as good as ever. At body temperature it really gets up and goes places. But, when we go further into what we would call hot temperatures then the bacillus curls up its toes and dies instead of taking a nap.

About the mildest heat that is, useful is 140 degrees on the ordinary Fahrenheit thermometer. Water at this temperature would be too hot to hold your hand in but some hot days in some places reach 120 degrees. If we heat the tubercle bacillue at 142 or 145 degrees for half an hour we can be pretty sure it is dead. This is the basis of pasteurizing milk. with tuberculosis may shed organisms in the milk and that isn't good. There are other bacterial criminals which may get into milk and all of them die more quickly than the tough tubercle so, if we *kill this fellow, we have made milk much safer. There is no excuse at all for any more raw milk. It is even possible to heat milk up to 155 degrees while stirring it and then continuing to do so while it is quickly cooled. It will not taste cooked if you do it properly. This isn't much trouble to take compared to the risk from tuberculosis or, for that matter, from typhoid fever or dysentery or diphtheria or sore throat or scarlet fever or undulant fever, everyone of which may arise from drinking raw milk.



Boiling water, or even flowing steam, which would be 212 degrees, will naturally kill tubercle bacilli a lot faster. In fact, it would be hard to find out how fast because the time would probably be a matter of a second or less. Dishes or clothing or bed linen or drinking tubes can be put into boiling water. A lot of things can be treated in this way to do that one thing we'd like to do - kill all those tubercle bacilli that manage to get outside of the bodies of cows or persons. It is possible to use steam under pressure or to use hot oil which may be above 212 degrees and this is ideal when it can be done. If we use dry heat, maybe in an oven, this too is ideal but it will take longer to kill the tubercle bacillus, probably minutes even in a fairly hot oven. Burning is perfect and we can burn paper hand-kerchiefs and things like that which can be destroyed without breaking the bank account.

Heat, then, is often the best weapon to use to destroy tubercle bacilli and other bacilli as well. But we have to apply heat and not just go through the motions. Scalding one edge of a dish or boiling one corner of a sheet is something of a gesture like some of the old ideas used in dairies. Some of them used to have hoses to

blow hot steam with a terrific sound and a great smudge yet you could almost hold your hand in front of the hose because it cooled so quickly. Maybe they thought they could scare the bacilli to death by the racket.

The use of chemicals to poison tubercle bacilli is a bit of a gamble. For one thing, there are so many so-called disinfectants. Then again, there are so many things one might wish to treat with chemicals: enamel surfaces and linoleum and paint and porcelain, and linens and cottons and perhaps other textiles, and discharges, and foods left after meals on dishes, and metals and rubber and indeed anything which might be exposed to tubercle bacilli escaping from infected areas of the body. The first rule should be: have as few things around to get contaminated as possible and have them so that they can be cleansed and disinfected. The next rule should be: contaminate as few things as possible. A little care may save a lot of risk or a lot of work or both. Third: use heat for disinfecting whenever possible, burning, steaming or boiling. And fourth: use chemicals when necessary, choosing only the commonest and cheapest and strongest.

Deciding what chemical to use and how to use it is really a tough question if we want to be honest and accurate. The market is flooded with disinfectants but a large percentage of them are not any good and you can believe the advertising of very few of them, even the better ones. Cresol compounds like cresol solution or Lysol, or the chlorine solutions are probably the safest and most reasonable, that is, they have been used a long time and they are cheap. Cresol solution, about 2%, will probably kill all the tubercle bacilli, if it really reaches them, in a matter of five minutes or less. With chlorine solutions a longer time would be better. In fact, this is a good idea to remember in using chemicals - don't expect the bacilli to die right away but give as long a time as you can.

The human mind works in odd ways. We are likely to think that something new must be the lastest and best. But what is the latest need not be the best at all, and,

with a disinfectant, what is newest is bound to be worse so far as experience with it goes. Now, when we consider experience, Lister's carbolic acid would be one of the oldest of disinfectants, but, if you could gather a lot of books about bacteria around you and do some checking you would find that no two books agreed about how long it took carbolic acid to kill tubercle bacilli or other bacilli. The only ones that would agree would be books in which one author copied his ideas from the other. This does not mean that the bacteriologists are asleep or are dishonest but it does mean that they fool themselves badly. The answer to the puzzle lies in the fact that all sorts of changes in conditions, warm days and cold, differences between food on a dish and bacilli that might be on a handkerchief, and so on, mean changes in the affect that the chemical will have on the bacilli. This is only natural. If the bacteriologists were better engineers they would try to figure out the worst possible. conditions and then allow for a safety margin. An engineer would find out the coldest day for the last fifty years, figure the contraction of metal in a bridge. and then allow for a good margin of safety. The bacteriologist tosses a few bacilli into a tube, treats them with disinfectant and then thinks his answer if good for all conditions. It is not and no advertising by manufac-

turers or bacteriologists will make it so. Hence, the best thing to do is to stand by experience and allow as much margin of safety as you can. I have a sort of museum of disinfectants and you would be surprised to find how effective some of the

unspectacular and unadvertised ones are and how poor some which are spectacularly advertised turn out to be. Don't be fooled by mouth washes or newness or advertising.

I'm afraid you may be getting a bit weary with all this gossip about the personal life of the tubercle bacillus. He is just a little rod, living, multiplying by merely dividing in two, breathing, taking on food. He lives in the bodies of men and animals where he thrives, but he is a tough little fellow and may survive for a long time outside the body. Among his brothers he is probably a decent chap but to us he is a criminal, robbing people and cows of health and even murdering. If we apply the same rules to cows that we do to people, then the cows are healthier too and those who drink their milk are not robbed of their health. Healthy bodies may resist all efforts to rob. Walls around patients may prevent the escape of criminals so that they cannot rob others of their health. The criminals that escape may then be ruthlessly slaughtered.

The CLARION

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Please address all editorial & business communications to

The CLARIDN

San Francisco Hospital San Francisco, California



This is a woman who's never been kissed; Her age is a neighborhood fable. In daytime she thinks of the fun she has missed; At night, she dreams about Gable.



Here is Horatio - "essorte les femmes" - His natural (?) wave is a honey. He dreams of a town full of gullible dames; And a bag full of jewels and money.

This is a drunkard, a booze-hound, a sot, A guzzler, a tippler, a souse. He dreams of the time when the bill is forgot; And the highballs are all on the house.

Drawings by Art Baker





odesed wiest is employ to ever need off or This is a girl just now turning eighteen: (She'll end up by wedding the grocer) But now she has dreams of the cinema screen; And wishes that she could be closer To Hollywood. Yes, she has talent and looks: But so have most movietown cashiers and cooks.

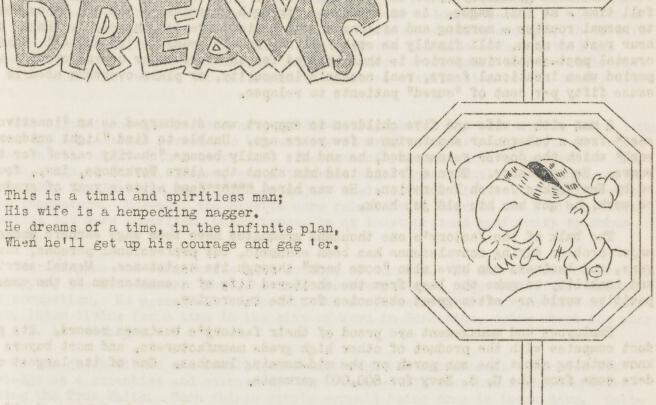
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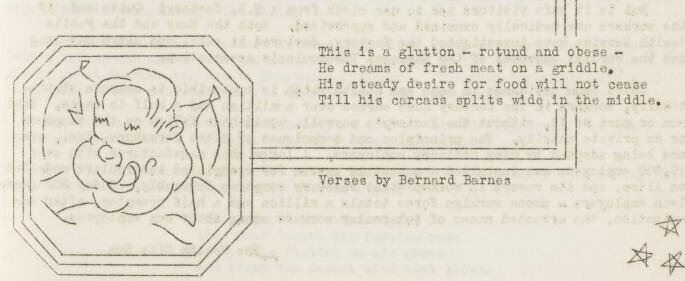


This is a timid and spiritless man; His wife is a henpecking nagger. He dreams of a time, in the infinite plan, When he'll get up his courage and gag 'er.

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nest , reals, successful exally add a trocke man





This is a glutton - rotund and obese -He dreams of fresh meat on a griddle. His steady desire for food will not cease Till his carcass splits wide in the middle.

Verses by Bernard Barnes



THE ALTRO WORKSHOPS, INC.

A unique factory is colegrating its 25th anniversary this year. To the business world or to the casual visitor it seems just like another factory. There's the familiar time clock at the employee's entrance, the long rows of workers at their benches, the whirr of machinery. But if you look around more carefully you'll begin to wonder. All the factory windows are kept open even in winter. Close to the working departments are airy rest rooms with easy chairs, on the roof a sun porch. But talking to the chief plant executive you'll find he's a doctor. The factory hires no one but T. B. convalescents - no one else need apply.

That time clock you found at the entrance is unique. It not only tells the management when the worker arrives and quits the factory, but it keeps him from working too long. New employees start with a "prescription of three hours work a day." Then it's increased gradually after the monthly medical examination until they are working full time — at full wages. As an employees strength increases — and his adjustment to normal routine — morning and afternoon work periods are lengthened, leaving a two hour rest at noon, till finally he works all day and is ready to "graduate." That crucial post-sanatorium period is thus bridged for the tubercular convalescent — a period when irrational fears, real economic insecurity, or plain overwork used to cause fifty per cent of "cured" patients to relapse.

A man with a wife and five children to support was discharged as an "inactive case" from a tubercular sanatorium a few years ago. Unable to find "light outdoor work" which the doctor recommended, he and his family became "charity cases" for two years. He lost hope. Then a friend told him about the Altro Workshops, Inc., founded by New York's Jewish Federation. He was hired ******and after a year of graduated work, he now has his old job back.

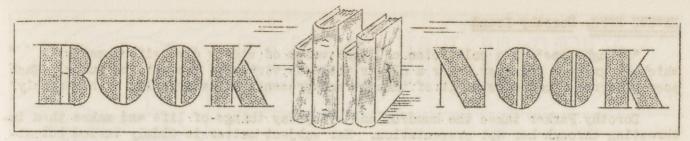
The bulk of the factory's one thousand graduates have been wage earners whose major problem during convalesence has been economic, but professional persons, lawyers, and business men have also "come back" through its assistance. Mental worries and inability to make the leap from the sheltered life of a sanatorium to the competitive world are often great obstacles for the tubercular.

Employees and management are proud of their factory's business record. Its product competes with the product of other high grade manufacturers, and most buyers know nothing about the sun porch or the mid-morning lunches. One of its largest orders came from the U. S. Navy for 500,000 garments.

But is it safe visitors ask to use cloth from a T.B. factory! Quite safe if the workers are medically examined and supervised. Both the Navy and the Public Health Service have investigated the factory, declared it safe, and Altro has long had the cordial approval of the National Tuberculosis Association.

Apart from dividends in hope and health which is impossible to compute statistically, workers in the factory have earned over a million and a half in wages. That sum or most of it, without the factory's payroll, would have fallen on the taxpayer or on private charity. The principles and techniques of Altro Workshops, Inc., are now being adopted by many ordinary employers. A large shoe manufacturer with over 19,000 employees has installed a part-time system for reemployed tuberculars modelled on Altro, and its record in work-patient recovery compares favorably. Today 203 American employers - whose workign force totals a million and a half reemploy, after examination, the arrested cases of tubercular workers among their own employees.

The Health City Sun



ODE TO OMAR

Aside from the Bible, the Rubaiyat is probably the most widely read volume. Most everyone retains in his memory a favorite verse or line which he often quotes to express his sentiments.

Omar Khayyam's elegance and lofty thoughts reflect the refinement of that Eastern civilization. Persian civilization extended over a longer period of time than that of any other country. Civilizations, like people, are born and die, their life span being about 1,500 years. Babylon, Egypt, Greece and Rome each attained the pinnacle of culture and then declined into an obscure or mediocre state. Their rise and fall took place within two millenniums. Persian civilization lasted nearly 6,000 years.

The significance of Persian art, architecture, philosophy and science began long before the Zoroastrian period and its culture flourished under each successive ruler as late as the eighteenth century A.D. The acme of Persian culture was reached during the reign of Darius, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes which lasted until the Islamic invasions. But the Persians were quick to adjust their civilization to the influence of their conquerors. However, the Parsees were reluctant to forsake the faith of their ansestors but were compelled, under force, to at least pretend conformity to Mohammedanism.

Omar Khayyam was born in the 12th century of our era. He was the son of Ibrahim al-Khayyam, the Tent-Maker. Thus, he took for his poetical name that of his ancestral occupation. He passed his boyhood in the northeastern Persian province of Khorassar, later living for a time in the city of Mevu in Turkestan, dying about the year 1123 A.D. in Naishapur.

He was quick-witted and intelligent. Although the Mohammedans respected his knowledge as a scientist and astronomer they resented his unorthodox philosophy regarding the True Faith. Such things simply weren't being done in those days. Religious fanaticism had swept the world.

When the Christian Crusaders invaded Asia Minor, they were greatly impressed by Omar's refinement and wisdom and much of the elegance of the Renaissance, which later sprang up in Europe, was due to Khayyam's influence. The then barbarous people of the Occident were astounded at the magnificence and refinement of the Orient.

The best translation of the Rubaiyat is that of Edward Fitzgerald. He put a unique polish on these exquisite gems of poetic philosophy.

The following verse, in iambic meter, is done more as a novelty than as any real intention of imitating Khayyam's inimitable style:

In Naishapur - in sweet repose Lies Omar 'neath the Persian rose
Whose petals flutter on his grave
And scent the desert wind that blows.

Leon Bradley.

"Enough Rope" is a collection of light verse of widely diversified material which is grouped together under a clever title by virtue of its wit and humor. Each poem condenses some modern bit of thought and presents it satirically or humorously.

Dorothy Parker takes the humdrum and every-day things of life and makes them interesting through her apt presentation. Her subject matter is widely varied but always familiar and understandable. She is a philosopher with her tongue in her cheek. Her rhyming only tends to make her material more readable. She has the unique ability of making her poems interesting even to those who do not care for poetry. These two poems are good examples of Dorothy Parker's style and lively sense of humor:

Indian Summer.

In youth, it was a way I had To do my best to please And change, with every passing lad, To suit his theories.

But now I know the things I know, And do the things I do; And if you do not like me so, Once there was a heart I broke To hell, my love, with you! And that, I think, is worse.

A Very Short Story.

Once, when I was young and true Someone left me sad--Broke my brittle heart in two; And that is very bad.

Love is for unlucky folk; Love is but a curse.

To quote from the Hartford Times which says, "Mrs. Parker is not only clever herself but makes you too feel clever and sophisticated and devilish as you read her," will explain the unique place she holds in the field of poetry and her unusual appeal to all types of readers.

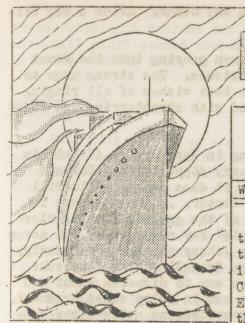
Norma Johnson.

CONQUEST OF MEXICO, W. H. Prescott

.veiners most.

This history, since its completion a century ago, has remained the most authoritative work on the conquest of Mexico and it may be favorably compared as a historical masterpiece with Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. The reason for its longevity as a practical, useful history can be traced to the author's painstaking effort to reveal the native Aztec's viewpoint as well as that of the Spanish Conquerors. Those so-called historical books which give only one side of a two-sided question soon lose their value and never at any time have they the right to be called histories.

As originally written, the "Conquest of Mexico" included a first part on Aztec civilization and a third part on the subsequent career of Cortez. The first part has lost some of its value since numerous archaeological discoveries in Mexico have revealed so many new facts about Aztec life. The third part, dealing with Cortez, is something of a biography and does not touch upon the subject, as is indicated by the title. In this modernized version, the second part, which is the history of the conquest, is reprinted as the author wrote it. Later discoveries of the customs, dress and artistic abilities of the Aztecs have endowed this history with many advantages that were originally lacking. The accurate illustrations in the book are the result of these advantages which add a spirit of animation and naturalness to the printed



ROUND THE WARDS

- - AT S.F. HOSPITAL

WARD 19

The National Defence Program is in full swing in this section of the hospital. Many of the devotees of the art of knitting are turning their talents to the making of Red Cross sweaters. Bertha Butler, Mary Pineda, Clara Welch, Flora Recchia, Jacqueline Sloan, Emily Alt, Elsie Eastin and Evelyn Dujardin are the principals in this group. Miss Marrah, our recreational worker, is

kept very busy dashing hither, thither and you helping the beginners. Sometimes if you listen you can hear a chant that goes like this: "Now I knit, now I purl, Gee, but I'm a nice little girl."

The recent build-up given Gertrude Haucke on her success as a horticulturist resulted in the receipt of several choice plants. Leaving these is the one grief in an otherwise happy anticipation of her stay at the farm.

Georgia Netzela, who contemplates that little stroll to Mendelssohn's shortly after her release from here, had all the girls in her corner of the ward agog when she received a large package. It arrived just as the evening trays were being passed and the rapidity with which the food was consumed showed a complete disregard for digestion and the savoring of the delectable morsels which graced the trays. The idea uppermost in all minds was to give undivided attention to the opening of what all supposed to be a wedding gift. Then the big moment arrived. Everyone was tense. Carefully Georgia opened the box and removed the concealing layers of paper. At the first glimpse her face was wreathed in smiles. There she sat with a look of utter content. After what seemed eons to those who were watching, she began displaying the contents. It was just eats. General interest ceased. Soon all that was heard was the clicking of knitting needles and an occasional "yum, yum" from Georgia.

Ward 19's contribution to the personnel of Hassler's, this month, include Georgia Netzela, Ann Lauryssens, Gertrude Haucke, Dorothy Hinman, and Jacqueline Sloan. Our best wishes for a brief stay and then home.

The patients have succumbed to the lure of sitting for a portrait. The artist, Clara Knauss, is one of our newer patients and is equally clever with pencil and water colors.

The partnership of Jimmy and Freddie, the newsboys, is to be dissolved. The busting up of this Damon and Pythias team will be hard, but Freddie is to make his home in Ukiah so Jimmy says there is nothing left for him but the Foreign Legion. Oh, dear! why must life be so difficult?

M. M.

WARD 23

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What at first appeared in the dim lite of the solarium to be a battle royal was only "Heavy" Gleeson emphasizing a point in his recital to "Snow Ball" Wheeler with

a big turkey drumstick in one hand and a plum pudding in the other. After a big bite of each, quiet was restored.

The beaming puss of "Ramon" Jahnigen is no longer seen peering into the comet infested regions in search of stray meteorites and birthstones. The strong urge to be a yokel got him and he departed for H. H. H. with the best wishes of all ringing in his ears. He and Gus Hohn promise to keep us supplied with stromberries and coonnuts fresh from the farm, by cracky.

We 'uns goin' to press: "Moonface" Baker so journing in Ward 26. . . Al Walheim showing so much improvement. . . Joe Gartner with his cheery disposition. Doesn't cost anything to be cheerful and what a lot of dividends it does pay. . . Wild Bill Eckert promises to win a game of Hearts if it takes all winter. . . The decrease in the gull flock has Earl Johnson with his birds eye view of the grounds keeping close watch of the boys on exercise. . . "Ma" Fisher and "Maggie" Fay always busy but never too busy to lend a helping hand. . . That ever efficient, Johnny on the Spot Orderly, Bill Ingram again assigned to our beck and call. . . Nurse Crowell making Tony take his medicine. . . Reno and his easel. Oh well, that's one way to disperse ennui and find solace. The model MY MY. . . Earl Evans holding his own in a lop sided argument. "Sailor" Korsloff caught in the cross fire and Wimmy Grover dodging a few stray verbal duds. No casualties reported. . . Charley Suey back at the feed rack. . . Wah Lym kidding Me On Ong. . . Tommy Garichana with his back to the wall and looking happy. . . "Willy" Heissner making the run for the boys to buy whatnots. . . "Doc" Spalding (Bored of Health) claims he would join the army if he could figure out a way to salute the general with both hands in his pockets. . . A grand salute to our two culinary dispensers, "Pete" Peterson and "Frankie" Kelaher, speed and punctuality being their bywords.

___ B. B.

WARD 24

We suggest that Ward 28 withdraw its challenge to our talent supremacy unless they enjoy running out of the money. Some new talent has been uncovered here recently. Child prodigy, Howard Anderson, for example, not content with building airplanes and collecting stamps, now knits. There's Nick (now W impy) Braun, the fashion plate, who can eat more hamburgers than the celebrated Wimpy himself, despite the fact that his slim physique belies this boast. Mike (Romero) Romano, the puzzlewit, whose ingenuity at cracking complicated puzzles, intricate jigsaws, etc., is incomparable. The veteran Edward McFadden, card player deluxe, who claims he hasn't lost a game of Pedro in thirty years. In Bill Smith and Henry Lee we have two knitters whose rapidity in the art of needle manipulation would make the experts in Ward 19 look on with chagrin.

Johnny Langsea, who left for home recently, told us how he rescued a Chinese who had leaped into the bay one dark night. By some quirk of fate he just refused to sink. Our Johnny, who was aboard ship, looked across the cold, murky water and saw his chance to be a hero floating around. He tossed him a line and then did a fine job of yelling to attract the attention of a nearby launch which made the pick up. Doesn't sound like much of a rescue to us.

Briefs: Since Mike Romano has decided to keep his disheveled hair well-groomed we notice that it has enhanced his handsome face and he has, consequently, become an even bigger favorite with his girl friend. We hear that Bill Nelson, a newcomer, is a writer of some merit. Perhaps we can get him to bend a pen for The CLARION one of these fine days. Henry Lee believes in keeping his good looking girl friend to himself. We suspect a rival. And Johnny cake was originall called "journey cake" because it was made in haste for a journey. We're wondering whether that will get by the boss and if so why. Now how did that get in this column?

Elia (172 gallon) Catelli is a strong believer in poetic license. The other day he was chiding a patient for too much roaming. The classic "When the cat's away the mice will play" seemed somewhat outmoded to him. His improved version, "aha! W'en de cat's-a she's gone, de rat he run aroun!, hey?" J. M.

WARD 25

Well folks, here we are again though we are feeling a little insecure. The list, made out some days ago, has ticketed most of us for Hassler's in the near future. Miss Danielson, Mrs. Birthall, Catherine and Wally have been transferred and we miss them, but their successors seem to fill the bill.

Despite the deluge of bad weather everybody seems to remain cheerful. The east porch rattles with the sound of checkers, while Cassanova, Flynn and Sabu fight it out for the championship. And 'tis a tough fight mates. On the west porch Joe Yeazell entertains with the cribbage board, all nations being welcome except Carrie.

Professor Tom Murray has started a one man school. Tommy Way Mun, a young Chinese boy recently arrived via China, was having difficulty with his English till neighbor "Pop" Murray decided to take him in hand. The pupil seems to have an aptitude forslang that keeps his instructor stepping. Oh yes, he's learning fast.

Shorts: We liked Ludwig Johnsen's birthday cake. . . Dan O'Keefe is back at work again and wearing a broad smile. He has moved up a floor and the boys tell hin it's as high up as he will ever get. . . Fred Blake, humorist, says one doesn't have to be gullible to feed the sea gulls. . . Jim Whelan, who moved to the solarium to get a sun tan, has decided to become a rain-beau instead. . . Fred Carrol, who specializes. in cross word puzzles, would like to know the meaing of Salmo Salon. . . Joe Gregg, who hasn't been out of town for years, is looking forward to his trip to the farm.

WARD 26

befineer ere exilie diod reve regnab en Nothing much has happened since we last reported in these columns. There have

been no wives to holler at, and we haven't heard any geese flying north or seen any pussy willows in bloom. One night we heard somebody in Ward 28 hollering about a comet, but no one around here saw it. Henry Nagy went to Hassler while "Goon" Mc-Garvey is haunting doors and windows again.

Oh yeah, the ASCAP-BMI situation intruded itself on our calm and gave the wise ones a chance to get original on the Hit Parage Program. Harada remarks, with cool detachment, that he doesn't see what all the fuss is about anyway. But we have nothing ing to worry about since we have to rely on neither ASCAP of BMI. We have our own BERG kind of corn with us all the time. Maybe that's why Tuttle is always calling him a farmer: he's always always husking the corn. Could be.

Cast Room Quotes ---Ealons wants to become an interpreter. John, "Now, down at the shop ... " Frank, "That's a fine place for that Pedro." Alberto, "You got a snail, huh?" Joe, "A python has ratchet teeth." Loe, "Now you take in South Chicago." Julius, "I tell you, it's a mad house."

You ought to see our cast room with all the linoleum block cutters just busy as tees making book plates. All they have to do is punch a hole in the ceiling for a skylight and there is a branch of the Montgomery Block, which is where all the local artist fraternity hang out. Weisel started the racket, and with the help of Julie's beret he looked as if he were just out of someone's atelier, as Irish Joe succintly put it.

We'll close with this little gem of "Sabu" Suenaga's, "What's culinary tuberculosis anyway?"

J. G.

WARD 28

It's Not a Secret But: Cupid is now in bed after a slight relapse. Gosh all catnip! Now he can't wear that very nice sweater she (?) made. . . Silent Slim the tall handsome chap with the Garbo Complex wants to be alone. . . And we hear that Glenn Hunt does alright for one of these quiet unassuming men. . . We understand that Brown Eyes and Texas Shorty would like to get pneumo on Wednesdays. . . Cowboy Casey is his old self again. We're only sorry that we can't give him a drum now that he's lost that squeaking rubber mouse that he had. . . More about Casey. He used his last dime on a raffle and won a fine hand-made wallet. Now what's he going to put in it?
. . . (Sergeant) Al Lacey, our number one orderly, is mighty proud of his new mare shall's badge and six shooter. Just what the country needed - a new type of Sherlock Holmes. . . By the way folks, we have a bona fide Army Reserve Lieutenant in Jerry Hensel. Even to the military stride. . . And we have a new fire chief. Leonard Woodward, the gastronomic EX-poit is parked near the fire hose. Plans in the making include a red hat. . . Joe "Montana" Spriggs is still playing solitaire and reading Dick Tracy but hasn't been able to promote a bed in the solarium. . .Jimmy Allens worth recovered from a successful thoracoplasty. . . Why not make Al Franklin the official greeter?. . . Herman "Muscles" Neubrand felt so good five days after surgery that he felt like walking around. . . The wall flower John Keaihui pines for his natword of edil birow selected brow seers al ive habitat; Honolulu. . . .

"God and the Doctor we alike adore

But only in danger, not before

The danger over both alike are requited

God is forgotten and the Doctor slighted."

down palvil sees que brand Maoved or have __ G. . S.

WARD 31

If you had your choice of a vocation what would you choose? This is the question answered by a group of the girls in Ward 31 --

Medical Secretary is the aspiration of Rosanna Hoyt now senioring at Hi. Rose (Babs) Strachen, formerly with Bell Telephone, has ambitions toward being a teacher. When the world lost Halcyon Edler as a toe dancer, it really lost. With the usual leaning towards things financial possessed by most of us, Lupe Tovar would gladly be a cashier. Florence Whitaker thinks owning an exclusive dress shop would be fine. Marvelous as a reporter, Helene Rice likes secretarial work. Rose Dias a "Junior" from Balbea wants to become an interpreter. To decorate interiors is Claire Costantini's aim in life. Both Angelina Biscare and Elvira Moreno would like to be "Angels of Mercy," disciples of Florence Nightengale - nurses.

Adele McEntee thinks her present vocation as a vocalist will do until a better one comes along. Ruth Davis would like to take the proper stitches to become a seamstress. Now a good hair stylist Vivian Francisco would like to become a great one. Mary Miyoshi wants to become a Hollywood actress. But then, who wouldn't? Rose Ferrari is a very happy mother and wife whose early ambition was along secretarial lines. To help lead in the right direction is Margaret Zahl's desire. An Evangelist, perhaps. As an exhibition ballroom dancer Marie Byrnes sees herself doing the

light fantastic. Beryll Hampton has made her ambitions come true - dancer, singer, horsewoman. And we must confess that we'd like very much to be a C. P. A.

0 The men's loss is our gain in reference to Mrs. Crow. Welcome to your new daytime home - - Congratulations to Rose Ferrari on her fifth wedding anniversary - -Beryll Hampton taking a weekly out to get the molars in condition. The pleasure is all hers - - Thanks to Mrs. Mosher for her kind consideration on behalf of all the girls - - We hope good luck will follow Mrs. Wilds wherever she goes. Hear yell's waited good betaled a device wold that ! Hear well they made good moved the line of the li

WARD 32

Believe ye us our good sister is serious. So if any one hath seen a goo Rumor has it that Dorothy Perry is being whistled to sleep these nights by an unseen bird. At least that's the story. It could be a pet because it has been known to answer practically anything in the way of calls. Dottie adds that it's very interesting to hear, while it lasts. My, my, such goin's on.

The sewing department is being well taken care of by Mabel Nelson who has been busy these days making satin rabbits. And very nice ones at that. . . In addition to Edna Larsen's other talents it seems that she has developed a definite flair for free hand drawing. . . Things hard to do without: Rose Holland's niceness, Teresa Herraras! patience, Lucy Moreno's quietness and our copy of The CLARION every month.

Echoes Heard 'Round the Ward: Nora Bunner, one of our newer patients, and Solidad Sahagun have just returned from a visit to surgery. . . And Doctor Laubhan has made a quick recovery from an infected wisdom tooth. . . Miss Hartman now Mrs. Saunders. . . Congratulations and such to Lucy Moreno and Alice Salamat, our two youngest. Birthdays on January 20th with a cake from the diet kitchen. . . And a hearty welcome to all the new patients who are helping to fill up our ward again. . . So long.

- AT HASSIER

a relief to hear something besides those tiresome B.

WARDS V. &

Barney Sanda paced a corner here for a few days before relian-Lingo Town comes to Hassler's !!!

Sure and hav' ye seen the like? Why bless me soul! It's Helen Cleary, our Irishmen, helping all about in the "Ehrlich" way. Sure it's good, Helen, we sure be proud of ye.

Wal, wal saddle ma horse!! Ah reckon Norma Johnson is a-playing ma to five little Chinese lassies in her bunk house. And Ah also reckons whe' one of them there gals has a "decision" (as city critters calls it) to make, ya can be pern'er sure Norma's opinion will be looked for like a straight shootin' gun!!!

Now Bett-eee Ryan seconds zee birthday list. Zee stremendous age of 17, starreeen at her. That birthday gle-e-e-am een her eye became zee highlight of zee day. And what presents!!! O-o-la la!! Even one acacia politely centered een a Lentheric perfume bottle, avec an orange and zee sudden growth of zee new tooth;

Gesundheit!! Ach du lieber!! Ja, ja domes der pause - look der mouse!! Hellup, Hellup!! Der frightened eyes rool. Dis continues for der short time (mind you, no van moves from der posts), den der bang!! Crash!! Und along comes Fraulein Fritz .Kuhn und "Oomph" Brandon to persue der shy itty bitty mouse. Under der beds roolling more cries, and quickly der mouse vas politely cornered. Chase, our Frits pronounced him guilty mit swish of der slipper on his head. Vot iss!!!

Si, si, our Chiquita, who besides be eeing Associate Editor is a past master een de art of double talk, comes out with thees profound statement, "I am no content-

ed unless I am happy." Ay Dios!! Santa Maria!!

Birthday conglats!! Holeee Smoke!! Maly Tong too gets sixteen birthday on December 16!! Gets plesents plenty!! Including diamond pin, plenty big. Holay, holay for Maly!!!

Hear ye!! Hear ye!! Hath thou spied a deviated goon moving swiftly around the premises? Our good sister Mae (Little Nell) Schinini hath been overheard saying, "I can swear, my fellow brothers, I have now turned 17 years and I have never seen one." Believe ye us our good sister is serious. So if any one hath seen a goon would thou please inform Mae.

(And now in good old American). Ward 5's bridge foursome is well organized, thanks to Rena Marr's good nature in learning the game, even if she isn't particularly interested. Yvonne Pepin, our conservative, finds her hair standing on end when the bidding begins. If Dena Costellotti should ever make a grand slam, an emergency oxygen tent will be needed. Keep it up girls!! Especially Clair Finnell!! Mine Librach's other to a second the case of the case of the basic open a developed a definite finite for the

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WARD I dinow greve HOLEAD war to good the has essentile; a cheerling well and side

Those Chinese records that Suey Chin, Eddie Hon, Vincent Ng, Jame's Fung and Jimmy Lee enjoy playing on the recreation hall phonograph must be great works, judging by the diligence with which they study the librettos. -- Too bad that all of us can't share their enthusiasm!!

That professional pianist who arrived here recently is finding it difficult to evade the demands of Jim Malone, Joe Doyle and Mike Flynn that he should play for them three times a day. -- Ray Jahnigen does well by "thet thar pianng" -- and it is a relief to hear something besides those tiresome B. M. I. tunes.

Bob Collins, the sage of old Ward 22 is with us now and he seems quite happy in the room with Ernie Barkman, Otto Remele and "Moon" Prescott.

Barney Sands paced a corner here for a few days before relinquishing it to Ed Shaw. Barney is now a resident of Ward 7, where we expect to join him soon.

Eddie, Shimano and Nathan Siegel are stepping up their aeroplane model production. Are they for National Defense, boys?

Angelo Stella was recently evicted from his private room to make space for Joe Novkovich. Joe is pleased with the new location and it is heartening to see him . in, we accided the self of the second stand and let acted a second of the second of the self of the second second and the second of the self of the second second of the s grinning happily again.

Angelo Garcia, "The Hiccough Kid", and Herbert Picetti are occupying the places left by Peter Perez and Leonard Finigan, who have gone home.

How Hoth-see Eyen consider see birthd list. See eremendons age of LF, starte A smiling little man named Manki Nageta came to our ward recently and promptly made many friends. Today wiles the a place and pays of the interest from back

Internation of her to name and her sea have a read C. R. ve called emplined

WARDIII. som web sloofess enneg men teams at the tribe if the deal of its addressed

Tolly Der friede and escaltane sid foot esce beneficial der law Hell . Word came down from the girls that Silagi is the best looking man now at Hassler's. We understand that one Racine has held the honor heretofore. However, there is some controversy on the matter and we suggest a vote be taken. .. how about it, Manight tok v shoot all no managin ach holds for the aptikit inti

girls? But, "'We have somewhat to say unto thee', Silagi, your being handsome doesn't warrant your trying to be first in line for chow...have a care there, lad!"

Keogh still believes our Santa Claus was too small to make a favorable impression on our younger set. He says his 186 lbs. would have filled the suit much better. Dr. Swire you'd better eat some extra biscuits for breakfast. We wonder if Keogh thinks our teen-age patients still believe in Santa Claus . . or was he disillusioned himself....

"Honest" John Fitzgerald still wants to know who sent him the little, whistling doll at our Christmas tree party. Can't some of you girls drop a hint as to who sent it?....just for his peace of mind....

"Two-gun" Burkhardt says he can't understand a word of Chinese, but he says last Sunday he overheard some Chinese, who were in a huddle, say "Christmas dinner", several times and he thinks it had something to do with Christmas dinner. We wonder if it could have anything to do with Eddie Hon, James Lee and Vincent Ng. They also mingled in Hassler Society on the day that dinner was served.

Wong has a pet spider who swings on a thin thread from the ceiling. He says it can swing down and catch a fly, if we had flies, quicker than he can bat his eyes.

"The little man on the flying trapeze he was known as in them days," says Wang quoting Fibber McGee. Wang sits up in bed with a dictionary looking for the scientific term of spider-ology —and stuff. We think it best to let him find it for himself—past time y'know...ahem..or do we know what it is ourselves.oh well....

We were sorry to see Keogh and Custedio leave us on the 6th to return to the Hospital. We hope their stay there will be brief and beneficial. Keogh was the ward's philosopher, scientest; and the nurse's temp-passer on sold mornings. He would breeze in when it was still dark and while we were shivering in our beds and say; "Ah, it's a fine morning, me hearties! Coffee will be served immediately."

Su todio was the ward's chicken champ. He would park on a bench in the sun with his chicken board and take the boys down the line. "It just takes a little of graption and head work," he would say and then break out with that horse-laugh.

__ L. B.

WAPD 7

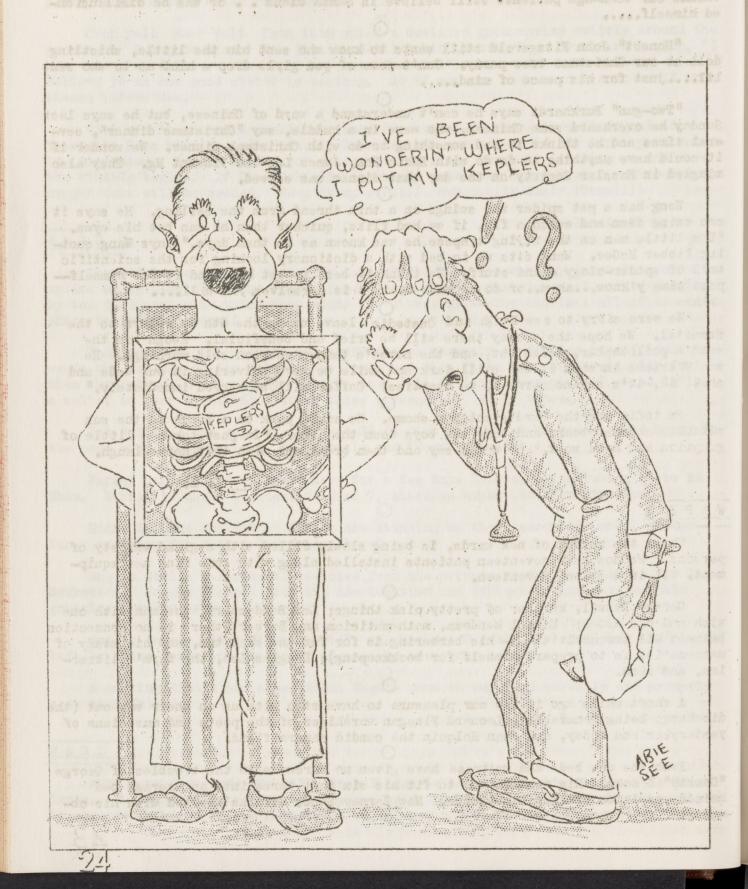
Dris, the newest of new wards, is being slowly filled with a grand variety of persons. We now have seventeen patients installed along with some fine new equipment. It is a select seventeen.

George Bassil, knitter of pretty pink things; Leo Baldassari, the man with one wish and one alone; Manuel Mendoza, mathematician and barber (there is no connection between his two activities - his barbering is for fun and what tun, and his study of mathematics is to prepare himself for bookkeeping); Douglas Lee, the farm's librarian, and such.

A short while ago it was our pleasure to have stop with us on their way out (the discharge being honorable), Leonard Finegan worshiper of the poets and musicians of yesteryear and today, and Juan Holquin the candid camera fiend.

Even the new bed and mattress have given no surcease to the troubles of George "Shorty" Snooks. His contortions to fit his six foot three into an average bed helped condition him for his exodus. Now Barney Sands strains the bed with his obesity.

You folks picture this: Fred Ringstrom returns from the dentist and holds his hand out saying, "Look, fellows, figure it out at thirty five dollars an ounce. How much am I offered?" "They look like big money Fred", says Barkman, "but today we have steaks for dinner, you know? " F. R. F. R.





By Herbert A. Pratt
(Member of Hospital Play Unit)
(Recreation Project, Work Projects Administration)

Stamp collecting reached front rank among hobbies and became known as the "King of Hobbies" fully on its merits as a first-rate pastime. No hobby enjoys so wide and varied a patronage as that of stamp collecting. Young and old, rich and poor, may therein find an interest from the many issues of stamps to satisfy their individual tastes.

Some prefer the stories that stamps can tell, while others make a scientific study in some specialized field. Stamps picturing boats, trains, birds, animals, buildings or famous men and women find many enthusiasts.

Hardly a boy passes his boyhood without collecting something. It may have been marbles, milk bottle tops, election cards, or stamps. That born desire to collect something makes stamp collecting in hospitals nothing more than rekindling an old desire.

Many non-collectors are under the impression that stamp collecting is an expensive hobby. Stamp collecting is just as expensive as you care to make it. Rare and expensive stamps today were the same sort of stamps that were tossed into waste paper baskets in days gone by just as the current issues are thrown away today. Naturally enough you cannot expect to acquire a collection overnight that would compare with a collection that has taken someone many years to build up, without paying for it either in time or money. Most philatelists will recommend spending time rather than money to derive the greatest pleasure and benefit from collecting. Trading duplicates with other collectors has been proved the best method to build up your collection as well as helping others in building up theirs.

Philately, as stamp collecting is sometimes called, is from the Greek words meaning "love" and "exemption from taxes". When a stamp is placed on a letter it is delivered without further tax, and so stamp collecting is, after all, a love of things which give freedom from taxes.

The following is an example of some of the interesting stories that stamps can tell:

"The Little Fishes".

We are all more or less familiar with the "Three little fishes which swam over the dam", and so forth and so on, but it is for Japan to show us the five little intoxicated fishes. This year, Japan issued two stamps, the first of a set to commendate the 2,600th anniversary of the founding of the Japanese Empire by the Emperor Limmu. On the 10 sen, deep red, is shown the sacred jar which, according to Japanese Historical Mythology, the Emperor Jimmu made of clay from Mount Kagu and which he used in making sacrifices to the Gods of Heaven and Earth. This was shortly after his landing at Kumano, and the sacrifice was intended to bring the Emperor victory over the local tribes. After the ceremony of sacrifice the Emperor made malt extract

25

and used it to fill the sacred jars. These liquor filled jars were placed in the Nyu River. "If the fishes become drunk and float down the river like leaves," said the Emperor, "I shall assuredly succeed in establishing this land."

The fish, large and small, became drunk and floated down the river as so many leaves. So, on this stamp, we see five of the drunken fish, floating down the river, which forms the background of the stamp, the ripples being the traditional symbol of Peace in Japan. The vertical writing on the left side of this stamp reads, "Eight (All) Directions", and "One Roof", which means that all people should live together as one happy family.

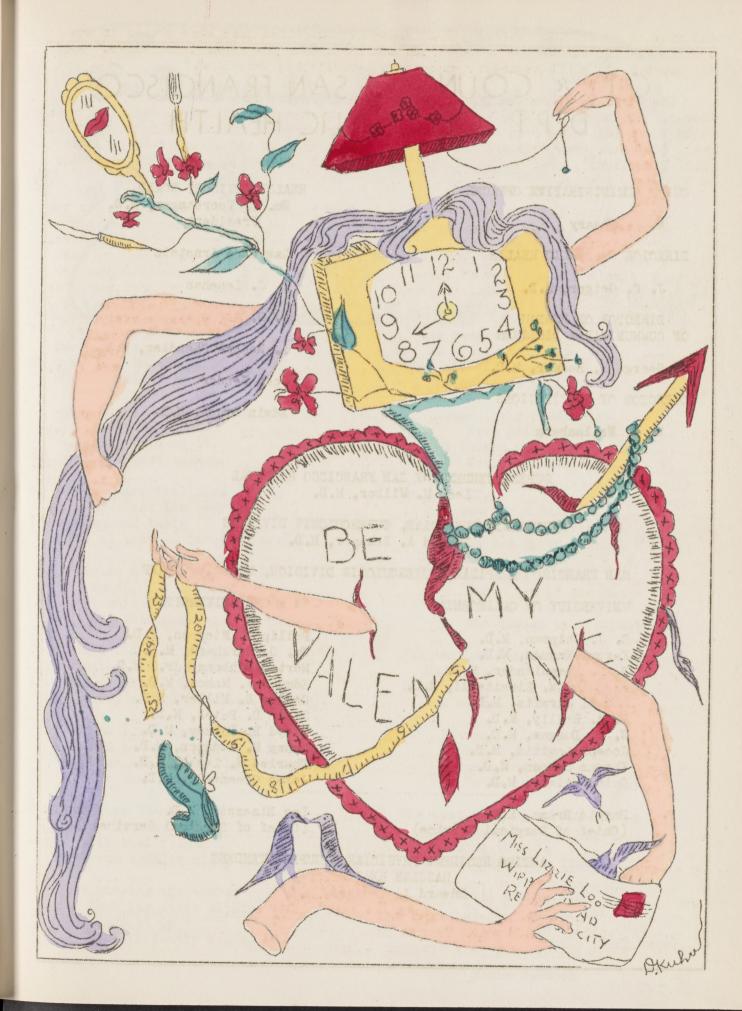
But we do not have to cross the seas to find real interests in stamps. Our own United States stamps furnish an abundance of colour. Even our regular issue, known as the Presidential Series, which has been in use for regular postage for two years, offers collectors interesting aspects. One of the large Eastern stamp dealers was unable to furnish a used 19-cent stamp to a client recently. The scarce values are the 16, 17, 19, 21, 22 and 24-cent stamps. If the issue should be changed next year, as has been forecast, these stamps will be very good property in a collection. These values did not appear in the last regular issue but were added because twenty-nine Presidents were eligible to be listed, aside from the customary Benjamin Franklin and Martha Washington portrayals. The $4\frac{1}{2}$ -cent stamp, picturing the White House, is also a new denomination to us. Many Christmas packages were scanned this last year, by treasure hunters, for these elusive items.

It seems appropriate that stamp collecting should take on an added interest at this time, as this year we are celebrating the one-hundredty anniversary of the first adhesive postage stamp. On May 6th, 1840, Great Britain issued the first stamp of this kind, known as the Penny Black, which bore the likeness of Queen Victoria. Great Britain this year issued a colourful set of stamps commemorating the occasion. These stamps depict the present ruler, King George the 6th, with a Penny Black portrayal. Several other countries have issued stamps commemoration this anniversary. Although the United States did not issue a special stamp it put forth a program breaking all precedents for commemorative stamps. The most notable of these is the Famous American Series of thirty-five stamps. Do you know the stories behind the commemorative stamps that have been issued this year in the United States? My answer to that question is, "Know your stamps, and you know your country."

No history ever written can tell a nation's history in such graphic form as shown on its stamps. No art gallery in all the world holds a fraction of the great masterpieces portrayed on stamps. Would you know the rulers of a nation? Look at their pictures exquisitely engraved on that country's stamps! Would you learn of its great battles, its buildings, its animals, its manner of life, its people, its resources, its trees and flowers? Where else can these be better seen than in perfect miniature portrayal on the stamps of that country? Every step in national growth, every phase of human endeavor, every type of human instinct and experience has been recorded in pictorial form on the postage stamps of the world. And so, through stamp collecting, which is open to us all, the world may be unfolded before your eyes.

The two experiences from which I have learned most were my part in the last war and a severe illness. Life is intended to be hazardous; there is no danger which is not meant for us to face, and an easy, safe life teaches us practically nothing. We must have experience of the world of danger to complete our experience — not only that, we must encourage our contact with it, for sickness and pain do not seem to be such when they are mingled with one's own experience. All of us know that any one of us may at any moment be launched into that other world, perhaps the better and finer of the two, another world which is absolutely necessary and inevitable to every human beings complete experience. —— Sir Hugh Walpole —— NTA.

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Edward A. Schaper, M.D.



I've racked my poor brain For a tho't and a theme To make that Editor Of the CLARION beam.

But always at last when I wrote the stuff
It seemed to me it
Wasn't good enough.

So while others frolicked
Thru Xmas and New Year's
I sat down and tho't
Until at last — Three Cheers!

This is a scheme colossal

Egads, but I am smart!

I'll wait for the next issue

And then perhaps I'll start.

In my head I'd versified
The cutest tho't for spring
I hadn't mentioned once
A flower, a bird (the usual thing).

Oh, no I was so original
And to think of it in December!
I never saw such a thing before,
Not that I can remember.

Then out came the CLARION Always right on time, And I tho't aha! Now I can send in mine.

Not knowing the sorrow
That lay there within
I opened it up
To confidently begin.

I was reading along
In a leisurely way
When all of a sudden
The devil to pay!

Some lowly plagiarist

Been picking my brain.
I looked again —
Yes, it's the same.

And wearing a smirk
Was the cute little trick
And the sad dirty work.

A half goat rascal,
And a son of Bacchus
The tho't of the thing
Was enough to distract us.

For another bard, too
Had fauns for the spring;
They were dancing around
And having a fling!

Enough of lament -But I just want to say,
I don't think it's fair
To be treated this way.

The next time my spring tho'ts
Are clammoring for rhyme
I'm sending them in
Before Christmas time.

I ain't complainin'
Or thinking of me!
But I just don't feel good
About the whole thing, see!



he CLARIDA

THE EXISTENCE OF THE CLARION IS DEPENDENT SOLELY UPON FINANCIAL CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED FROM OUR READERS



VOLUME II

FEBRUARY

1941

NUMBERI

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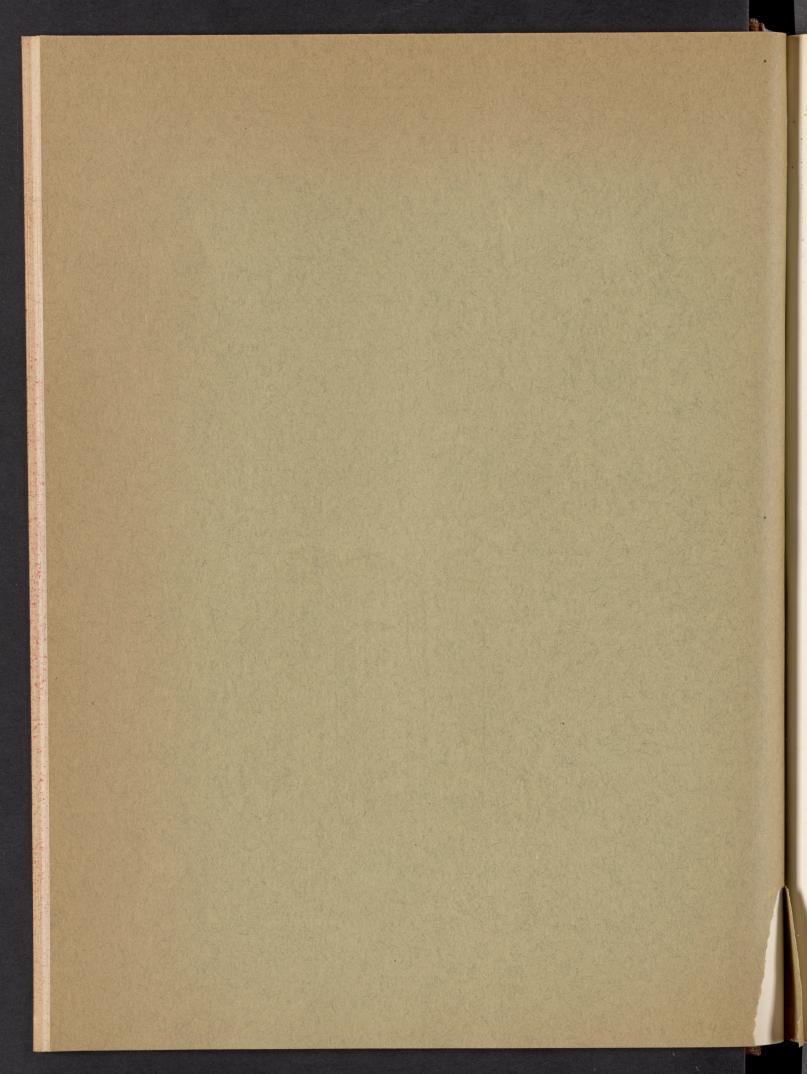
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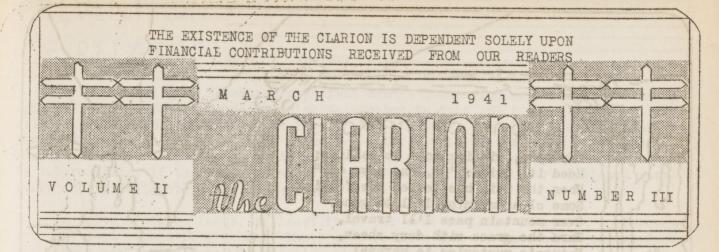
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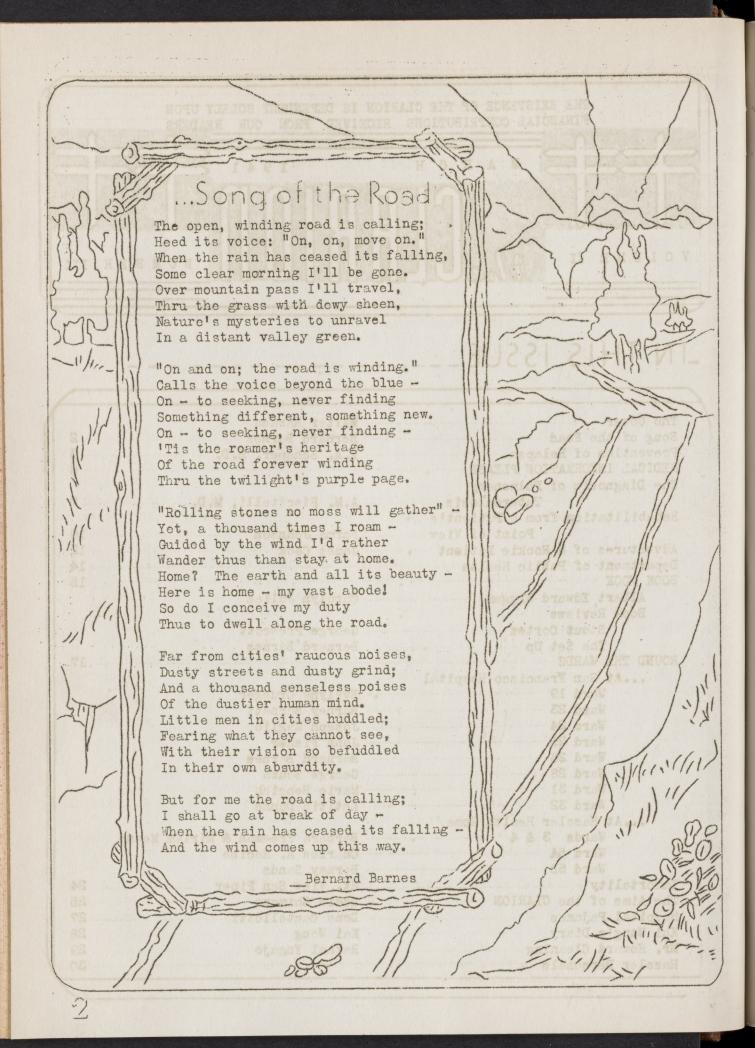






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PREVENTION OF RELAPSE By E. A. SCHAPER, M.D.

It is one thing to discharge a patient from a sanatorium as an arrested, or an apparently arrested, case, but it is quite another to turn out a patient who will not relapse and return time after time for further treatment. We know that frequent relapses are more characteristic of pulmonary tuberculosis than of most chronic diseases. We know, too, that there is no chronic disease more susceptible to cure than is tuberculosis, if the fundamental principles underlying a cure are followed carefully and intelligently and long enough.

In spite of these facts, at least fifty per cent of those diagnosed as tuberculous are dead within five years. These poor results are not due solely to the fact that these patients are not diagnosed early enough or that they are not given enough initial treatment in a sanatorium. It is because the patient leaves the institution without a proper understanding of the nature of his disease and of his part in keeping himself well.

Tuberculosis is such a slow, insidious, deceptive disease that great inroads are made upon the patient's health before he realizes that he has relapsed, and that he now has the job to do all over again with a far less hopeful chance of recovery than he had the first time he came down with the disease. forevial and han brokers to allute out mor

If pulmonary tuberculosis were only more spectacular in its mode of onset; if its incubation period were short as in cholera; if its outward manifestations were as revolting as those of leprosy or small pox, tuberculosis would long ago have been as rare as these diseases are now.

There is much about tuberculosis that tends to lull the patient to sleep, that makes him underestimate its seriousness. It is, hence, all the more important that the patient be so well informed in regard to the nature of his disease that he cannot have a sense of false security while he violates with apparent impunity the principles he should follow most carefully if he is to remain well.

We know that, after all is said and done, the job of getting well is about 95% up to the patient himself. This is especially true after he leaves the protective environment of a modern tuberculosis hospital or sanatorium.

If he has not been properly trained while in the institution he will fall by the wayside in a few months and will return time after time for post-graduate courses in our sanatoria.

What, then, is the best way to lay a solid foundation of knowledge that will 'enable the average patient to weather all the storms of temptation which he will face when he is placed upon his own resources - among his well-meaning friends and relatives, who, because he looks so well, inveigle him into all manner of violations of fundamental therapeutic principles, which result sooner or later in his relapse.

In San Francisco we feel that the education of the patient is so important that 'we have developed a system by which we endeavor to make our patient population one of the best educated in the fundamentals of staying well of any like group in the world.

We have a 500-bed tuberculosis hospital in the city and a 314-bed sanatorium 25 miles from the city, 600 feet above sea level, in one of the most ideal locations, climatically and scenically, to be found anywhere. After a preliminary period of

training in the city hospital, patients are sent for a few months of final education to the sanatorium to prepare for graduation to active life once more.

When admitted to the city hospital each patient is given the following literature:

(1) A Handbook for Tuberculous Patients, What You Should Know About Tuberculosis, published by the National Tuberculosis Association.

(2) Symptoms of Tuberculosis, a 1000-word article written by one of our chest

clinicians.

(3) Essentials in the Cure of Tuberculosis, written by our resident physician, in which the most important points involved in taking the cure are pointed out.

(4) The rules and regulations of the hospital dealing with hospital routine,

sanitary procedures, etc.

An educational worker gives out this literature and spends enough time with each patient to point out the most important items in the pamphlets and to urge that he read them over and over.

Once a week a one-hour educational broadcast is put on over our local public address system which we have named KSFH (San Francisco Hospital). At the beginning of the year the program is made out.

The speakers are selected from the men in California best qualified to talk on the subject selected. Each man is a specialist in his field. Many of our speakers are from the staffs of Stanford and the University of California Medical Schools.

The Chief of the Bureau of Communicable Diseases issues formal written invitations to the speakers at least two months before the talk is to be given, suggesting that a paper of from 1500 to 3000 words be written on the subject, given in language any patient can understand. It is very seldom that a chosen speaker ever refuses to give the paper requested.

Listening posts in each ward are appointed from among the patients, who write a report on each program with a special comment on the medical talk. Excerpts from these reports are sent to the speaker with a letter of thanks from the Chief of The Bureau of Communicable Diseases. This helps the speaker to know how his talk was received and tends to build up good will for the hospital itself. It, also, practically assures the return of the speaker for another talk at a later time, if he is invited. These listenting posts often offer constructive suggestions in regard to improving the radio programs. In fact, our second year's talks have been rearranged and modified considerably to conform with practical suggestions offered by our 25 listening posts.

This radio hour is built up around the medical talk which treats some phase of tuberculosis. It includes a question box which answers questions sent in by the patients. This is a most popular feature of our broadcast. Musical numbers are furnished by local talent from among the convalescent patients or employees. Our hospital announcements are made at this time, new patients welcomed into the hospital, infractions of rules pointed out and special talks by non-medical people are given.

Once each month a special non-medical talk is given by some well qualified person on travel, literature, psychology, philosophy or any other subject of general interest. This gives a desirable break each month in our tuberculosis series. Frequently short broadcasts are given as part of this program by remote control, from the various wards, by the patients themselves. At other times special broadcasts are given each week by religious groups, various musical organizations as a concert band, a jazz band, a hill-billy group and a vocal chorus. The Mass is broadcast on Sunday. Various Protestant groups put on their services also. Once a month the chil-

dren's wards put on a special broadcast for the adults which is enjoyed very much by everyone. Our system is so arranged that we can broadcast from any ward, the chapel, the assembly hall, the front and back court yards, where the bands play, and from any other place that we may wish to put on a program.

A few days after the hospital broadcast, the medical talk is used as the nucleus for a radio program at the sanatorium where the paper is read by the resident physician. The hour is completed by a local question box, musical numbers, announcements, local talks by patients and any other item of general interest available.

Our sanatorium paper, The CLARION, supplements the KSFH broadcasts. Two of the best medical talks are usually published each month, giving the patients an opportunity to read what they have already heard over the microphone, as well as making it possible for each one to have a permanent copy of these talks. The paper also contains a question box, as well as interesting ward news, stories, cartoons, articles and poems written by the patients of the hospital and sanatorium.

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The patient is kept in the sanatorium until he is considered well enough established to return home, without danger of relapse if he carefully follows the advice given him when he is discharged. These instructions are contained in a 1000-word booklet and cover the fundamental principles involved in staying well. The maximum amount of activity considered safe for the patients is indicated; sanitary precautions that should be observed for the protection of others, the amount of physical and mental exercise permissible and instructions as to where and how patients should be followed up are given.

In spite of our rather elaborate system of education about 25 per cent of our patients return, sooner or later, for post-graduate courses. It seems that human nature is so designed that only the most intelligent people will respect the silent, insidious, perservering little tubercle bacillus and his omnipresent menace enough to do the right thing long enough to get a permanent result. This requires the ideal combination of an experienced, conscientious doctor and an intelligent, cooperative, serious-minded patient, which is not common enough.

The solution of our problem is largely a question of the education not only of the patient and his friends and relatives, but the medical profession as a whole, and the general public as well. It is up to us in charge of hospitals and sanatoria to begin a systematic, more or less standardized educational program in our own institutions, suitable to our individual needs, so that at least the patients under our care will become so well grounded in the science of the prevention of relapse that readmissions to our institutions will reach an irreducible minimum.

(The above article was originally published in the February, 1941, issue of the monthly "Bulletin" of the National Tuberculosis Association. It has brought inquiries from all parts of the country regarding the effort being made to educate the patient body of the San Francisco Hospital and the Hassler Health Home. It is reprinted here to acquaint outside readers as to what can be done in the way of teaching those who are afflicted with tuberculosis in the technique of staying well.)



To tell people they can do as they please, to give them, in a democracy, free-speech; free press, free assembly, is not the solution of our problem. That is the problem. No other way of life, so much as democracy, calls for intellignece, character and moral responsibility inside the citizen. —Henry Emerson Fosdick — NTA

Q. - Does pleurisy cause shortness of breath? Why?

- A .- Pleurisy with effusion (water on the lung) makes a person short of breath because it compresses lung tissue. A thickened pleura which is contracting may draw the heart and other lung over to that side and thereby cause shortness of breath.
- Q. Would a gain of four or five pounds a month while taking a partial rest cure be a sure sign that the lungs were healing and that enough rest is being taken?
- A.- Gain in weight is only one of the indications that the individual is gaining in resistance; but it is not the whole story. It is a favorable sign.

Q.- What is the difference between fibrosis and calcification?

- A. Tiprosis is scar tissue. Calcification is the deposit of a chalky substancecalcium, and this generally represents a healed condition.
- Q What are proliferative changes in the lung? Would such a condition indicate aclive tuberculosis or an improvement in the tuberculosis?
- A Proliferative changes are those due to the formation of scar tissue. It is one way of healing.
- Q .- Explain the meaning of "chronic tuberculosis". How is it different from "quick tuberculosis"?
- A A slowly progressive or slowly healing disease becomes chronic. Quick tuberculosis is one which rapidly spreads and the individual shows no resistance to it.

Q.- How can colds be prevented?

A.- (1) Avoid fatigue, mental or physical. (2) Avoid marked and sudden changes of temperature. (3) Avoid eating a great deal of indigestable food. (4) Avoid contact with persons who have colds. In other words, eat sensibly, get a normal amount of rest and exercise, be sure that your bowels are free and lead a good life. nt Sederiday vilentatro em elettra evoda

Q - What is a moderately advanced lesion?

A. - Disease which occupies more than the area of the apex, or is complicated by a cavity.

Q .- Since beginning to take the cure, I have had considerable pain in my back. Could you tell me what causes this pain?

- A. If the pain is over the lungs in back it might be due to contraction of the pleura. This is not always painful but may be at times. If the pain is in the spine or elsewhere, other causes must be considered, especially posture.
- Q .- Why is it advisable for a tuberculous patient to take his or her temperature day after day?
 - A. To focus his attention on the necessity for daily care of himself. Also, a rise in temperature may precede some important complication. (Questions answered by Phillip H. Pierson, M.D., Chief of Stanford Service.)

= THE DIAGNOSIS OF = PULMONARY TUBERCULOSIS By A. M. PISCITELLI, M.D.

Since the advent of the x-ray film many people assume that all that is necessary for the diagnosis of almost any disease is an x-ray. They do not realize that the x-ray has its limitations as have other diagnostic methods. So it is in tuberculosis. At the San Francisco Hospital Chest Clinic a persons history is first taken. Many questions are necessarily asked. Some of the patients politely stifle their irritation: others bluntly may, "I didn't come here to answer a lot of questions. I simply came for an x-ray to find out whether I have Tb or not." But this information can only be given to him by using a combination of methods. First of all a careful and painstaking inquiry into the patient's symptoms and history; second, a careful examination of his chest; third, an x-ray film; fourth, a search of his sputum for tubercle bacilli; fifth, a sedimentation test of his blood. There are other means of arriving at a conclusion but these are the most important.

THE HISTORY

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The first thing we ask a patient is whether he has been in contact with tuberculosis. Then we find out what diseases he has had in the past that might predise pose to tuberculosis such as measles, pneumonia, influenza, or pleurisy. Then we go into his symptoms. Many symptoms occur in tuberculosis but these same symptoms appear in too many other diseases to be completely characteristic. Some persons come to the clinic with no symptoms whatever. One will explain that he visited a friend in the hospital last week and that though he stood right near the doorway during the whole time he is not sure whether that much contact might not have given him some Tb. Or we get a person who has visited a Tb exhibit and decides that he needs an x-ray. But, in general, most patients who come to the clinic don't feel well. They complain perhaps of a longstanding cough. Cough, especially in young people, is suspicious of course, but throat and sinus conditions should be excluded as well as the cough and sputum which are sometimes caused by the irritation of cigarette smoking. The spitting of blood is the next most frequent symptom for which patients seek advice. As a method of onset of Tb it is a lucky symptom for it is spectacular and patients rarely ignore it. A chronic cough or fatigue are frequently ignored but a hemorrhage rarely. Of course there are other chest conditions such as lung abscesses, bronchiectasis, or heart disease that cause hemorrhage but since 60-80% of all patients who have Tb have a hemorrhage you can realize its importance. Others come in because of chest pain or shortness of breath. Some patients have no symptoms referable to the chest itself but notice loss of weight and strength and an unexplainable fatigue. afternoon they feel hot and tired. They go to bed and sleep fairly well and wake up almost as tired the next morning. Then perhaps night sweats begin and they lose their appetite and find they can't digest their food so well. As they put it, they are simply run down and consult a physician for that reason.

All of these symptoms are suggestive, especially cough and bloody sputum with fatigue. And yet many patients with bronchitis or sinus trouble have some or even all of these same symptoms. We find them after years of such symptoms to be nontuberculous. Loss of weight and a feeling of nervousness with indigestion though suggestive are often found to be caused by overaction of the thyroid gland.

There is no single symptom diagnostic of Tb but in general a hemorrhage and cough and sputum and loss of weight and strength point to Tb. Sometimes an unexplained fever with no other associated complaints is the only symptom. Still it is wrong simply on the strength of symptoms alone and without the use of other evidence to call a person tuberculous and banish him to a sanatorium or tell him to move to a different climate.

The next step is the physical examination not only of the chest, but of the head, the neck and extremities and the rest of the body. Often an experienced person can find changes in the pupils or in the fingernails which point to chest conditions. At times a far advanced case of Tb can almost be diagnosed at a glance. The wasted body, the pale face with hectic flush on the cheeks, the thin neck, the melancholy eyes bright with fever, all these are typical textbook characteristics of advanced Tb. Fortunately fewer and fewer patients present themselves for the first examination looking like that. Most of the patients look perfectly well.

In the examination of the chest itself the doctor notices the shape of the chest, the presence of deformities, whether both sides look alike, whether both sides move alike. He lays his hands on the chest to feel the condition of the muscles and asks the patient to say, "one, two, three" or "ninety nine" to see whether the voice sounds come through to his fingers with the normal resonance. Then by percussion (tapping of the chest) he sets up vibrations and notices with his ear and his finger whether the vibrations are of higher or lower pitch than normal. Then he listens to the breath sounds with his stethoscope. In areas of the lung where Tb has made changes he finds that the breath sounds are changed in length and loudness. asicnally they may be absent, Over a cavity the changes in breath sounds are even more striking. Last of all he asks the patient to cough in order to listen for rales. Rales are noises caused by the diseased lung and heard at the same time as the breath sounds. They may have a crackling, a bubbling, or a wheezy sound. Many of you can hear rales in your own chests when you lie in aertain positions. During rounds you frequently hear the chief ask the interne, "Any rales?" And the interne may answer, "Yes, over the right apex." Rales are abnormal, of course, but rales alone don't always mean Tb for they may be heard in heart disease, pneumonia, and bronchitis and other chest conditions. Their presence is a great help in diagnosing Tb, but their absence doesn't mean the absence of Tb. At times they persist even when the patient is considered to be quiescent or arrested. Especially over thoracoplasties rales may persist for years and years. For that reason the patient must be reassured so othet he may not overestimate their importance. Remember that rales alone aren't the measure of activity.

X-RAY EXAMINATION

The discovery of the x-ray has been a wonderful help in diagnosing Tb, especially in its early stages. In some cases the symptoms appear before the changes in the large are visible by x-ray. In other cases just the opposite is true: a patient feels or thinks he feels perfectly well and an x-ray to his and his doctor's surprise reveals a beginning or even a moderately advanced case of Tb. For that reason no matter how well patients feel any contact case or any person that comes to the Chest Clinic is x-rayed. Not long ago the star rower on the University of California crew, a fine, husky young man with a body like that of an ancient Greek statue fractured his ribs while diving. To everyone's surprise and sorrow an x-ray showed Tb on both sides. He was sent to the Farm in Redwood City, given a pneumothorax and has since graduated from college and is now working for Pan American Airlines. In his case the x-ray revealed the disease before he was conscious of having symptoms.

But the x-ray alone cannot make the diagnosis, for the x-ray is simply a shadow picture of the lung. Whether these shadows are due to Tb is at times difficult to ascertain without other information. Remember, too, that one x-ray doesn't tell how longstanding the disease is nor much about the activity. Occasionally a patient showing simply Tb at the top of one lung and without any symptoms whatever is hospitalized by a zealous doctor. In such a case hospitalization is not only unnecessary but cruel. For such a patient a periodic check-up is all that is necessary.

All patients who spit up phlegm no matter from where it comes, nose or throat or chest should have their sputum examined. If tubercle bacilli are found then the diagnosis is made. But a negative sputum doesn't rule out Tb. Sometimes 20 or 30 examinations are necessary before the germ can be found. Some patients never have sputum though most usually do at some stage or other. At times they have so little that the physician has to swab the throat. Some patients, especially children, swallow their sputum. That's why we have to wash out their stomachs and try to find the bacilli in the contents. At times when the diagnosis is doubtful and many sputum examinations have been negative the doctor passes a bronchoscope down the patient's windpipe and takes a smear directly from the bronchtal tubes. Now and then when the diagnosis is still doubtful the sputum is injected into a guinea pig. After 6 weeks or so if it hasn't already died of Tb it is killed and the organs examined for Tb.

Rarely do we find a positive sputum and nothing else, but it sometimes happens. One high school boy was sent to the clinic to find out whether or not he could play football. He was a fine strapping boy normal to physical examination. We asked him bring in a sputum sample if possible. The x-ray was negative so we wrote to the school saying it was alright for the boy to play football. The next day the sputum report came back as positive. Several other sputum samples showed tubercle bacilli and so despite the fact that the boy felt well and had a negative x-ray he was hospitalized.

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SEDIMENTATION TEST

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This blood test simply tells us whether or not a person's red blood cells settle down at the bottom of a small tube at the normal rate of speed. The sedimentation time is more rapid in other diseases as well as in Tb. It isn't a specific test like the sputum examination. Its value lies not in diagnosing Tb but in telling us about the activity of the disease. In the type of patient we have discussed above who simply had an x-ray diagnosis and no signs or symptoms of the disease a sedimentation test is of great value. If normal it confirms our impression of the inactivity of the process. If the sedimentation time is rapid it points to activity.

These then are the ways in which Tb is diagnosed. A far advanced case is easy to diagnose. The physician simply looks at the patient and puts his stethoscope here and there on the chest and quickly discovers the disease. He needs no x-ray or sputum examination to help him. But it's before this stage is reached that we want to see the patient. As long ago as the days of Columbus, the Florentine Machiavelli said: "In its beginnings the disease is difficult to detect and easy to cure, but if it remains untreated it becomes easy to detect and difficult to cure." Occasionally in its very early stages Tb is so difficult to diagnose that we in the clinic send the patient upstairs to the wards for observation. There the temperature and weight are watched and various laboratory procedures are followed. Fortunately some of these suspicious cases, after two months or so of hospitalization, say because of a hemorrhage, are discharged as non-tuberculous. They sometimes come back to the clinic and say in disgust, "Those dumb doctors took two to find out there was no Tb." Which goes to show you that there is no magically quick way to diagnose Tb. It also shows that the diagnosis of Tb is sometimes a long and slow process requiring all of the diagnostic methods achieved by medicine during the last hundred years.



The fault with the present system of rehabilitation is that, as patients, we are "allowed" to get out of touch with things. The transition is slow and unintentional. Thru the medium of radio we hear current news and our visitors keep us posted. But one day we suddenly realize that we have lost touch with things. We lack the benefit of discussion and argument. From a wide and diversified field of interests we find ourselves idle and with no particular interests. That isn't a particularly favorable state of mind for persons who haven't the ability or training to amuse or preoccupy themselves in a pastime within the limitations of taking the cure. Some patients are able to keep their hands busy but it is not a good sabstitute for mental stimulus.

Some patients feel a definite loss of personal identity, a loss of self-confidence when they lose their contact with the outside world. Patients with this turn of mind usually develop into three definite classes. The first group becomes reticent and unwilling to voice opinions. They try to exist on what they have lived and thought previously. The second group becomes antagonistic and fights an imaginary enemy. They are people who cannot explain their unhappiness to themselves. The third group develops a complete lack of interest, becoming thoroughly convinced that no one cares about their problems, and eventually neither do they. These attitudes are not affected. They are genuine and spring from an actual and remedial condition. Some who have been the epitome of self-assurance have developed inferiority complexes and lack of ease. Some have discovered to their embarrassment that they are shy and uncomfortable when suddenly thrown into contact with others.

One of the most important factors is the element of time. Once a patient has thoroughly adopted a train of thought it is difficult to reassure him or her. This is very obvious at times between new and old patients. New patients show much more enthusiasm and social and executive ability. New patients are more pliable and willing to accept changes, new rules and experiments. Older patients cannot be blamed, for they are after all, only a reflection of what the new patient will become if their interest and willingness isn't directed, encouraged and stimulated.

If we find no satisfaction in a hobby or mental stimulus from the radio (many of us don't after the first six months), you will argue that we have books, magazines visitors, correspondence courses and movies. Even in writing such a list one is confused for a moment into wondering what more anyone could ask. It isn't that more is needed, it is just that each should be supplemented.

Books: We do not have the latest and what we do have soon is outdated before the last patient has read it. True, any book worth reading doesn't age in educational value, but it does age in conversational appeal and in helping the patient to keep in step with those outside.

Magazines: The same situation exists here also, though in lesser degree.
Visitors: We cannot ask or expect visitors to discuss all the things that are of interest only to ourselves.

Correspondence Courses: Many of us who have completed high school, find that they are mostly a review of previously acquired knowledge. For the most part we do not favor studying alone, and may find correspondence courses dull work to finish.

Movies: They are not the newer pictures or favorite ones and again deprive the patient of the important factor of being in tune with the times. We miss the newsreels that could do so much in supplementing what the radio brings us of world affairs.

Teachers and courses have been offered to patients to enable them to finish

their high school or grammar school courses, but older patients who must be rehabilitated to a new means of earning a living upon their release are offered very limited facilities while they are still patients. This is one of our most serious complaints. Upon our release we are told that we may return to work, but we then have to spend an additional six months to a year in order to prepare ourselves for our jobs. Many of us could train for better lines of work than those offered thru rehabilitation if we could get adequate material. Thru supplementary study we could receive higher bracket positions in those lines of work offered thru rehabilitation. Many of the exercise patients find it very difficult to find things to do, even within the limitation of what we are allowed to do. This is a waste of time and valuable energy. From every standpoint it would be better that these patients be usefully occupied and allowed to help themselves.

From the day the patients enter the hospital they should be able to look forward to a reasonable future. There would be no better way to eliminate worry than to substitute hope. We need counsel on future work and the means to start training for it. We need to substitute training and education for endless rounds of knitting needles and idle thinking. Olive View Sanatorium at Los Angeles already has such a service and H. D. Hicker, Chief of the Bureau of Vocational Rehabilitation, California State Department of Education, says of it, "This experiment is expected to demonstrate therapeutic values during the entire period of treatment by aiding to eliminate the patients' worries conderning the future and also by coordinating the counseling phases of the social, occupational therapy, and educational services."

It would not be fair to suggest anything illogical or out of the realm of possibility. Already the principal of continual rehabilitation has been recognized, applied and proven. There is no necessity invaiting until patients have lost their self assurance and keen interest to try to rehabilitate them to an unfamiliar and often incompatible profession. Strange as it may seem the perfect example of this theory is practiced at Tehachapi, the women's state prison. Perhaps there are other parallels but they are unfamiliar. From an article, "Can This Be a Woman's Prison", in the August, 1940, issue of the "Readers Digest" these quotations are used:

"In the library are the newest books and magazines. Tehachapi insists that girls must keep on with the times, must know what people are talking about, what

men and issues are new and important.

"If they wish -- and 68% do -- girls may attend classes of their own choosing. Writing, painting, and music and popular subjects; also, more practically home

economics, English, dress designing and stenography.

"Some girls work at technical jobs in the hospital, others in the offices, new-comers learning from veterans ready for "graduation". Thus Tehachapi produces skilled x-ray technicians, dentist's assistants, telephone operators, bookkeepers, and photographers."

Our cure and training is of necessity divided into two parts but some of it could be combined and worked out together. This would go a long way toward giving patients an encouraging future and would eliminate much of the worrying and maladjustment that sometimes develops. No one should lose sight of the fact that our self importance is the most precious and vital part of our cure. We remain individuals as long as we can fight for it and when that is lost, we lose hope and then rehabilitation is the "long road" back.

Finally to quote again from the aforementioned article wherein the situation is clearly put in a few words:

"On the day when, wearing a smart new hat, a new dress and coat, a girl walks hopefully out the gate, she must be prepared to face the world."



ADVENTURES OF A ROOKIE PATIENT

Dear Mr. Editor:

I see in the papers where all these guys in the draft are writin' in to editors about their complaints and experiences in the army. It seems like every time the top sergeant talks rough to them they sit down and write a letter to an editor and whenever they wash a shirt whey figure it's front page news all over the country.

Well, I'm not an army rookie but I'm a T.B. rookie and if what I hear about some of them top sergeants is true I guess maybe I've got the best of the deal at that. When I got here and saw a copy of the "CLARION" I says to myself, "Pete, here's where you get your change to keep up with them army guys and maybe get the answers to a few questions besides."

So that's why you're getting this letter Mr. Editor. What's good enough for the army is good enough for me and I guess you're just as good an editor as some of them guys those army clucks are always writin' to.

You see, me and Herman just come in here. Herman is my buddy and him and me found out the same day that we was full of tuberkle basilica, and would have to come into the hospital for awhile. Now Herman is a good guy and him and me has run around together for a long time but he ain't exactly what you'd call long on brains. It's no secret that fourth grade long division put a stop to Herman's formal education right then and there so if I happen to ask you some dumb questions you'll know it's on account of Herman.

Herman has an awful time with his thermometer. He all the time wants to chew on it because he says it reminds him of them candy sticks we used to get when we was kids. In some ways Herman is very childish. I have resolved to elevate my mind while I am in here and I notice a lot of the other fellows seem to have the same idea. There is one guy who is knitting something which he says can be used as a sweater or a dishrag or a extra blanket for the baby's crib and something like that is very elevating indeed.

Well, I have had some funny experiences here. Like there was one doctor who spent five minutes just knockin' on my chest. As far as I could see the doctor wasn't gettin' anywhere and I knew I wasn't so I says, "You might as well quit Doc as evidently there ain't anyone home." But he just smiled kind of sad like and kept right on. Herman says his doctor says he may need a thorough plaster. I do not know about that but I know if Herman knocks his water cup off the table at three a.m. again I will plaster him in the snoot and that will be thorough too.

Before I close I would like to ask you just what is so important about this number 99. If I have said 99 once since I come here I have said it 99 million times. (See? I got 99 on the brain) Some time, just to be different, I'm goin' to say 72 or somethin'. Well, I have to sign off now as the doctor wants some of my blood as he's curious about it. I don't know why as it's just plain red colored like every one elses'. I will drop you a line again some time and let you know how we are getting along. I hope Herman don't sleep on his back tonight as he snores terrible

Y'rs very truly,

Patient Pete

P.S. This is not my real name but I want my identity to be unanimous. Enclosed is a drawing of Me and Herman gettin' examined. (Herman is the runt.)

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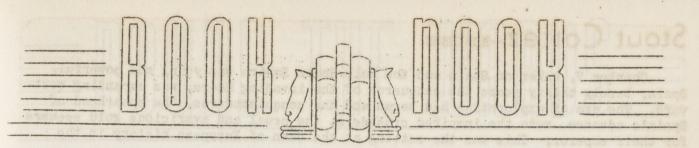
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(Chief of Surgical Service)

ACTING RESIDENT PHYSICIAN & SUPERINTENDENT HASSLER HEALTH HOME Edward A. Schaper, M.D.



Albert Edward Wiggam was born in 1871. He had lost both parents before he was eleven, and was brought up and educated by his stepmother. She helped him in his ambition for an education, but during his last year at Hanover College in Indiana, he suffered several hemorrhages. Apparently these danger signals were disregarded. He had taken both classical and scientific courses, completing these in three and a half years instead of four, and planned to acquire a doctor's degree in political science at Johns Hopkins University. His plans vanished when he was told that he had an advanced case of pulmonary tuberculosis. Instead of going east, he went west to Colorado.

There were periods of discouragement. He was often out of work, and this gave him the opportunity to attend a course of lectures on Philosophy at the University of Colorado. He also learned something of assaying and worked with a mining engineer for a time. His health improved and he returned to the east, where he took a job reporting for the Minneapolis Journal. His flair for writing editorials was soon discovered and this work was turned over to him.

At this period he developed his latent talent as a public speaker so successfully that a lecture bureau made him an offer which he accepted, and forthwith launched into a career on the lecture platform. He realized his limitations in not knowing any special field authoritatively, so began an intensive study of medical sociology and public health. His talks on the need of medical and dental inspection in the public schools aroused widespread interest. He was asked to address medical societies throughout the country. His interest in eugenics caused him to visit biological laboratories in this country and in Europe in his desire for facts and authentic information. His lectures were popular whether he addressed a University group or a down-and-out club.

All this while his health was in a precarious state and added to this was the difficulty with his eyes. His wife became his reading secretary, and read aloud practically everything for him since that time. These handicaps did not cause him to give up. About this time he contributed an article to Century magazine and later expanded it in book form. This first book, "The New Decalogue of Science", became a best-seller, and was pronounced 'the most important contribution to popular education in America, in fifty years'. His next book was published under the title "The Fruit of the Family Tree". It was a collection of his articles on heredity, and also a best-seller.

In addition to his literary work, he served the Red Cross in France during the first World War. It may have been this experience that caused a flair-up of tuber-culosis in 1923. At all events he took the rest cure and in magazine articles, he warned fellow sufferers not to over-tax their strength. In 1925 his book "Marks of an Educated Man" was published. He stresses that education is much more than a supply of knowledge, and makes it plain that anyone with the desire, can be educated.

To quote his biographer, "Mr. Wiggam is an outstanding example of one who has suffered from tuberculosis, has overcome it, and has done and is doing a service to humanity, the world can never forget."

Carolyn Julian

Stout Cortez-ROBINSON

Charles V, ruler of Spain and the Holy Roman Empire was young and powerful. Spain, barely thirty years the conqueror of the invading Moors, was expanding westward. The era of exploration had begun and the conquistadores, the spearhead of Spain's advance, were the inspired crusaders, the cruel and avaricious gold seekers for their emperor. This was the setting at the dawn of European history in the New World.

Cortez was the first great conquistador and his conquest of Mexico was undoubtedly indirectly responsible for the later conquests of Spain in Latin America; the ascendency of Spanish culture in our hemisphere. His life, as it is depicted by the author, was one of a continual struggle for power and yet more power with the inevitable conspiring and double crossing by him and against him.

It is difficult to determine whether "Stout Cortez" is a biography or straight history. Anything written about the Mexico of that period is largely the story of Cortez. The only difference would be in the method of writing and this book is written more in the manner of an adventure story than a history. It has a personal touch that is missing in the orthodox fact-divulging chronicles. It is written with enough colour and dramatic flourish to make it interesting for the reader who finds the ordinary history only events, dates, and boredom. However, this is not recommended for anyone who reads history to learn the most facts in the shortest number of words and who doesn't like to wade through a lot of dialogue which is after all merely the author's imagination working overtime.

__George Prescott

The Set Up — JOSEPH MONCURE MARCH

As the title indicates, "The Set Up" is a story of the manly art of self defense which, in this case, is neither an art nor particularly manly. It is a phase of boxing which will prove interesting to fight fans familiar with the numerous small-time "club shows" in big cities throughout the country. It depicts the usual punch-drunk fighter, preyed upon by cheap managers and handlers, who finally looses the pent-up agony of his soul in one last, momentous surge. But, lest the readers of the sports pages be led too far astray by this introduction, let us add that the entire story is written in verse--even to a blow by blow description of the actual fight.

As literature, "The Set Up" is noteworthy in that it places another counter on the side of verse as a descriptive medium. The author has done a thorough job of reminding us that the short, crackling verb is, after all, the heart of any sentence; and that, when versified, it can be used to clarify a description even more lucidly than the long, rambling, complex sentences of prose. Those readers who recall Stephen Vincent Benet's "John Brown's Body", (a best-seller in the late twenties), will readily agree with this contention.

"The Set Up" runs into some one hundred and seventy or eighty pages which can be read within an hour. Although, as we have said, the theme sometimes wallows in the sordid, it yet contains an element of simplicity and sincere pride which very closely approaches actual beauty.

Mr. March has done a commendable work. This type of book will probably disappoint those who think of all literature in terms of prose. Nevertheless, we unhesitatingly recommend it to all readers.

DOUMD THE WANDS

AT SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITAL

Ward 19 The famous amateur contract bridge foursome of Florence Davies, Milated McQuillan, versus Zelma Johnson and your reporter is soon to be dissolved with the departure of one of our favorite people. Zelma Johnson, artist and wit, will be missed by one and all and we wish her well on her sojourn in Bakersfield. Taking her place at the imaginary bridge table will be that dainty red headed toe dancer, Loretta Foley.

Flash! Flash! By the time this reaches you our one and only Mary Ruck will be learning to walk all over again. No doubt the highland fling will be in progress to the rhythm of the boogie-woogie before many moons have passed. We are all curious to see how she looks vertically instead of horizontally.

After reading the remarks made in last month's "CLARION" by the reporter on Ward 26, I searched in vain for looks of chagrin on the faces of the many expert knitters we have down here and none were to be found. Judging by the requests for more and more of our handiwork we still think we can make the men sit up and take notice. Anyone care to learn?

Overheard here and there: Louise Halla blaming everyone else because she gains two pounds a week.. Emily Alt wanting someone to bring in the stars so she can see what they look like... Margie Wright, our diminutive songstress, complaining that it was "such a romantic night"... and there she was knitting... Florence Davies, after reading the "CLARION" last month wanting to know why someone hasn't told Sabu Suenaga in Ward 26 that "Culinary Tuberculosis" is just plain "consumption of the food"... Helen Young, having been moved in from the porch for the duration of her pneumolysis, kept complaining, "It's stuffy in here. I want to go back outside." Just an outdoor girl at heart... Bertha O'Neil, so thrilled after having one of those precious days out.

or , Toward . Ilem no especial orpos as a sent face to been as the best to E. C. to

Ward 23 Axel Johanson's stock as a weather prophet has sunk to a new low.
Looking out over the balcony railing the other day, Axel solemnly declared, "No more rain... it's all over now." He even burst forth in that old song, "It ain't gonna rain no more"... The next four days brought unprecedented cloudbursts, floods and miniature hurricanes. As a result, nobody is betting on Axel's forecasts any more.

Jimmy Grover's leather work has everyone in the ward agoggle and his departure for the "Farm" Teaves quite a gap in the occupational therapy program. Jim turned out some really first class purses... one especially, for the little woman...that could have started a plus I business had he heeded all the requests and orders that poured in. "Can't start a factory in a hospital ward"; was his explanation as he regretfully declined.

Again in our midst is Jim "Red" Cook, making a grand comeback. His main reason for returning at this particular time was to hear Louis Borini's latest political argument. Louis advocates his subject with the passionate zeal of a male Joan of Arc and the flood of argument and oratory which ensues overwhelms even the stoutest of

adversaries. Louis starts out with the odds about five to one against him and winds up the victor with his opponents fleeing in all directions. However, Joe Spalding, with the advantage of his suite of offices and their acoustics, sometimes downs the silver-tongued orator.

Renal soccasional visits through the ward combine the friendliness and suaveness of an ambassador of good will. He makes the rounds every now and then to find out who's who he explains.

Miss Danielson is very busy these days preparing to join the exedus to Hassler ... Among other items is the fact that it takes Al Wahlheim fifteen minutes to get rid of that sleepy look in the A.M.... After all is said and done, the look is rather becoming to Al's style of beauty, a dreamy personality as 'twere... Some really good news is that of hearing what some of our former colleagues are doing since graduating from the hospital and Hassler's. Among them is Eddie Shimano who claims Telegraph Hill is quite steep, but give him time ... Nathan Siegel, who we swear couldn't outrun a turtle, has finally gone home too ... Jim Malone, once self styled Mayor of Hassler's, gave the bugs a royal scram but gee gosh, he has the lazy bugs now Peter Perez has gone back to school and he says, quote, "I don't even look at the girls any more. I study." Unquote. George W. Kelly, a very sociable person, visited the ward recently looking like a million. He celebrated his birthday the 22nd. and that is where he got the moniker "G.W." ... Bob Acree making history with his wonderful appetite. He dunks donuts with both hands ... Bill Barkowitz getting tonsilless... Our good friend Marko tells us that living in the same room with "Nick" Nicholas and Joe Flynn is not as bad as one would think ... Wah Lym, Chong Low and the Wong boys spreading cheer around the ward, making the games more fun. . . . Me Ong gaining weight per Dr. Lee's orders. The prize baby patient catchee fulossie too muchee, get richee, go back China be number one boy in Canton ... Sick Wong feeling swell after six weeks in 26 ... Chong Low aspiring to be a dietician ... Wah Chew; a too tired patient, he say, "You are a 5-cent buy big cow, no laugh man"... Clever, these Chinese.

Add futile question number something: What makes your water cup rattle around twice as loud at three A.M. when you are trying to be at your very quietest?

Accompanying the writer to the "Farm", even before this issue goes to press, will be James Grover, Charley Suey and Alexis Podchernikoff. We know that we express the feelings of our fellow travellers when we say that we will leave behind us many pleasant memories and appreciations of the staff and patients of Ward 23. Our going is tinged with regret, relieved only by the knowledge that we will meet some of our old friends at Hassler and make new acquaintances as well. However, we are not saying good-bye, just so long...everybody. We will let you know about the early morning sunsets later.

B. B.

Ward 24 All good things come to an end. The saying applies even to our gangs but this time it's Hassler's that did it.

We're going to miss our good ol' pal, Ray Dennison and his humorous yarns. Ray, you know, is one of those rare likeable chaps you meet once in a decade. He has had more than his share of hard knocks in his fifty years, although you'd swear he does. n't look a day over forty. Most of his life has been spent in lumber camps along the West Coast and Alaska. Bill Flynn is leaving too. Bill is the chap who used to stay awake at night scheming and plotting. Try Sanka coffee Bill. Then there are Bill Nelson and Walter McNamara...two members of the ol' gang who tearfully said "adios".

So long boys. Perhaps, in the not too far distant future, a reunion will take place at Hassler.

We've heard one or two race horse stories in our time but the one our Chinese confrere Pat tells, just about wins the cigar. He swears up, down and sideways that his former employer once won a sizeable sum of money on a race in which the winner was a horse that had only three legs! Speaking of employers, Glenn Dyer's boss certainly is top-hole with the lads in room H. Nearly every Sunday he sends Glenn half a dozen succulent roasted chickens which Glenn generously shares with his room-mates ... the lucky stiffs!

We're receiving donations to buy Tal Williams a small guerney on which to trundle his embonpoint (bay window to you, lug!) It is reaching truly admirable proportions...Shades of Diamond Jim Brady!

Briefs: The disintegration of our "Little Chinatown" has taken place. Henry Lee and Leon Lym are to be moved....Jack Paulis' full-rigged ship will soon slip down the ways....Hereafter Tony Banioza will wear shields over his eyes while clipping his friends. We wonder why....Gin Dong is finding it difficult to sleep well nights. We wonder why again....Too many girls on the noodle perhaps?

_J.M.

Ward 25 Joe Yeazell, tall, dark, and far reaching, sits at the head of the table. Lately he has become a little nervous. When the siren screams he jumps up, thinking it's the Hound of the Baskervilles. Not to be outdone by radio, one ward has formed a round table composed of old timers who know what's what. Last meeting's subject was certain malt beverages...not a dry subject. Still they got steamed up and at lager heads over it. In this famous ward there is also an Arena where dwell the intelligentsia of the San. It was once the home of a stevedore. No pic or matador but gosh how those old boys can shoot the bovine connected with Durham tobacco.

Dan Collins, who never neglects to feed the sparrows, rain or shine, has gone to Hassler where he expects to have a larger flock and greater variety...Frank Shirah of ward 23 is complaining of a corn on his ear from constant use of the earphones. A native of Georgia, he should know that corn is at its best on the ear... All enjoyed Dr. Schaper's talk on the planets as seen from Hassler. One patient would like to know how that Irishman O'Ryan got up there... John Kondules, now at Hassler, who once cooked goats with their hides and horns on, says that on one of his trips to South America while getting out of the plane at an early hour he remarked to a fellow passenger, "Chilly, isn't it?" The reply was, "Senor, dees ees Peru."

Tom Mun, young Chinese, has made rapid progress in English. He hasn't forgotten his first lesson from the teacher. When asked his name he replied, "Okay"...." Were you born in the U.S. or China?"...." Could be", was the reply. After the teacher departed he was heard to remark, "She teachee Englee hard way."

Not all the wits and punsters are on the inside. Walter Brown, genial gate-keeper had an assistant for a few days who also belongs to the Court of Missing Hairs, but weighs a great deal more. A couple of visitors on their way in were heard to remark; She: "That old guy in there has gotten awfully fat." Hubby: "No wonder. He sits in that chair all day...no room to turn around in.

One of the patients who generously does the errands for the others, has to stand in the corner of the yard some time before being seen by the grocer. He heard a couple of school girls remark, "That poor fellow stands there every day, looking

out." "Yeah", replied the other, "only a bird in a gilded cage." A few days ago he gave an order for Mother's Cookies and was told they had only Grandma's. Fortunately the grocer didn't hear the remark of the possibility of their being too old.

Tom Kelly, the man with the hose who tends the lawn, the flowers and the hedgerows, doesn't care much for rainy weather. His fellow workman, Jimmy Phelan, says that although he is in the best of health he is failin' every day. We give him 30 p.c. on the last one.

J.F.

Ward 26 Now and Then: The news this month is the general exodus to Hassler. We have no way of telling how many of us will have left by the time this is published, but judging by the present rate of shipments south, this department will be plenty busy acquainting itself with the names and characteristics of the replacements. We can only hope that they are as cheerful and buoyant as the old timers.

While we are on the subject of Hassler, the question, "How You Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm" has occured to us again and again as we watch the patients leaving and note how full they seem of vim, vigor and Keplers.

To those who are leaving we wish good health and contentment. To the new arrivals in the ward we express a hearty welcome.

Here and There: John Weisel, the Boneyard Veteran, won himself an honorable discharge two weeks ago. We were all sorry to see him leave...especially Joe Donlin who is beginning another airplane model. Weisel is a master model maker. Donlin could always depend on his advice when the going got thick. As things are now, we expect to see the present model emerge with the propeller glued on the cockpit. Frank Berg, Donlin's new neighbor will be no help. Our agents report he is too busy looking for someone to beat at chess. Mrs. Michaelson is back again with her treatment wagon and her sunny smile.

Note: If patient K doesn't stop sending those endearing notes, valentines etc. to patient M., the latter is likely to go nuts trying to figure it all out.... "Mama" Christian received two valentines but she can't decide which one she appreciated the more... the one signed by all the patients or the unique, streamlined job from "Shorty" the "Phantom" Ryan.

B.B

Ward 28 There will be a few changes in Ward 28 with the departure of about eight of the boys. A few are Ralph (Killer) Coil, Andy (Snuff) Anderson, Charles (Smiley) Gurkin, Glenn (Lothario) Hunt, genial Duncan and Yours Truly. What a combination!

Bob Ripley usually has a list of people with unusual names. S.F.H. has a few too. Here are a few samples: Miss Savage is a very gentle and kindly person; Nurse Grief has an excellent sense of humor and is quite competent; Dr. Wiper, one of our best surgeons (and one of the best on the Coast) is not a cut-up; Mr. Meeks is six feet tall, looks three quarters his real age, is a jolly person and can take the bull by the horns any day; Mr. Moon on Wong is a good boy and not the name of a song; Orderly Harry Learned is as bright as his name implies; Joe Spriggs comes from a long and illustrious line of forebears and claims that he was once a little Sprigg on the family tree; the real story is our own Dr. Storey, the best story of all the Storeys; Mac McClellan has two sons (believe it or not) and both are named Charles... he calls one Charles Jr., one Charles, and himself Charles Sr.!

Hear ye! Hear ye! We who are about to go to Hassler, wish to thank the entire staff, past and present for the fine treatment we have received during our stay here.

We will recommend S.F.H. and its service to all prospective patients on the outside.

Nurse Philips is mighty proud of her new car, and comes to work in style.

Night Nurse Johnson says all the boys are good boys. Certainly...they're always asleep or only half awake when she's on duty.

Our orderly, Vince Cangelozi, lost a front tooth in a bout with the dentist. The pain won and he refuses to smile... Shorty Pinna, our library boy, who has black hair, is mighty proud of his red moustache... Recent visitors among the ex-patients include "Vince", Al Lennon, Ray Cadena, Arthur Peck, Mike McGovern, and Art Viscarella. All are getting along fine... Len Woodward, our ex-chef, and present firechief, has black hair and a white moustache... February 21st. Ray Winrott celebrated his 21st. birthday. Today he is a man... Dr. Emil Shuster visited us recently. He is well-liked... Took a look at our library. Truly fine one. There are about 5,000 books and still only half the space is used... Report from a doctor who visited Hassler... "Looks as good as any country club."

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Ward 31 Of course you don't have to quote us, but rumor has it... and you know how rumors will go around and around... that Claire Costatini was seen wearing an absolutely genuine, enormous gardenia. She was looking as pert as you please, too, with that certain twinkle in her eyes.

Your reporter, being rather statistically minded, (Could be that old C.P.A. urge) took a course in "weight watching" these last two weeks and can check an eleven pound net gain for the ward on the debit side of the ledger. Add that many pounds to the "beating the bug" side of the book.

Sherlock Holmes, Mr. Moto and the Crime Doctor are all merely synonyms for our own Lillian Young. Some night soon, she would like a fifteen minute audition on Gang Busters so she could tell the world that crime does not pay. She is a very good authority on such a subject as she spends all her leisure time detecting the detective stories. She's all of a dither at the moment. Her favorite hero is suspended between life and death on a broken-down Powell street cable-car and just as three rattlesnakes dropped in from nowhere in particular to further complicate the situation, the serial installment came to an abrupt ending. It's a diet of gnawed fingernails for Lillian until next month's magazine comes out.

We want to make welcome Nedra Cole, Eugena Bowden, Sadie Fernandez, Seffra Manicucci and Ruby Johnson. We hope your stays will be short and happy. Short, for your own sakes and happy....because, well, just because.

Pneumo strikes again. The persons, Margie Piscitello, Mary Smith, and Bernice Lai. Didn't we tell you it wouldn't hurt a bit, girls?.... Latest Humor Rumor: What kind of cereal would a chopped-up canary make? Shredded Tweet. Silly? ... Who picked out the sentimental ditties to be given to our heart throbs on Saint Valentine's Day? Evelyn Ortez, of course... Who reads the CLARION from cover to cover? Our porter, Dominic Regan. He's a staunch CLARION booster too.

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Ward Doings: Greatest mystery of the month; why has Mae (Bay) Meadows taken such a tremendous liking to wearing her hair in a braided
coronet? Hm-mm Mae, we wonder. Not mentioning any names, but a certain person seems
very happy these days due to a new "ting" in her life. Should we say this "ting" has
beeg, brown eyes and a "Hollywood" hair style... Fern "Cuddles" Chandler, takes a day
out to spend with her daughter who, by the way, is to become a bride within the month
... Comedians of Comedians is the original team of "Humbert and Davis". I am refer-

ring, of course, to Grace Humbert and Dixie Davis, two cheerful people who keep the solarium in happy spirits... Miss Waters, recreational worker has taken a leave of absence, while Mrs. Hill remains to assist the girls crochet pot holders, weave baskets and make leather belts ... Claire Winters has brought forth her idea of embroidering colorful flowers on her knitted jacket, which we all agree is "quite chic".... We all hope Mrs. Neiman enjoys being our nurse as well as we enjoy having her... Wonder if a certain person will ever live down the day when she was mistakenly addressed as "Mrs. Barfly"... Alice Salamat has finally received the "up" she has so long been waiting for ... Senders of the valentines to Mr. McPhee certainly admire the attitude he took toward receiving them ... Alyce Dawley had her thoracoplasty this month. It won't be long now, Alyce ... We are all very proud of having a new mother in the ward. Could be, we mean Mary Sullivan who gave birth to a five pound baby and is going to name it Carol Ann. Cute, eh? ... "Goodbye" to Dr. Storey and "Hello" to Dr. Shenson. We are all so-oo glad to have you back again ... We do, of course, miss Dr. Laubhan, and his "rest hour" rounds ... Everyone wonders what has happened to Dr. Loehr, when he misses paying his monthly visit.

What They Are Doing Now: Well, Nora (Bubbles) Sandino and Leah (Monk) Lenci always report on the latest doings of their offspring... Dorothea (Fritz) Kuhn has fulfilled her ambition to return to art school... Thelma (Butterball) Tatley is doing nothing but keeping her mother company and taking it easy. Marie (Smiles) Waraner is still smiling. We'll be thinking of you on St. Patrick's Day, Marie... Miriam (Giggles) Rutherford has taken quite an interest in her garden... And "Hassler Farmerette" Freeman sewing? Why Barbara, I knew you when! All for now.

L.D

-AT HASSLER HEALTH HOME -----

wards 384

Redwood City, Calif.
March, 1941

Dear: Graduates:

We have been so busy with the opening of school, the new interest in domestics, weaving and such, along with the usual sort of activities you no doubt remember, we just couldn't find time to write.

detective stories, utbested and a store of the control of the

Golly, Spring surely must be in the air. That's the only thing that will account for the strange behavior of "certain" girls at Hasslers. One morning, a few days ago, Marie Mathewson went around with a pencil and pad taking down orders for different hair dyes! Some wanted red, some blonde and a couple wanted blue-black. Enthusiasm was running high and everyone was anxious to get busy dyeing every one elses tresses. Then Miss Joyce appeared on the scene and after a very, very, few well-chosen words, pointed out the error of our ways. Fifteen mimutes later, the whole idea was thrown out the window and quiet and peace reigned at Hasslers!!!

And remember Dorothy Hinman, that charming gal of Ward 19? Well, she at last broke down the doctor's resistance and is now a resident of the Triple H Ranch. We hope her stay will be a pleasant but short one.

Y'know, the other day Elma Crawford jubilantly announced the start of her feather stitching classes. Seems she is quite indispensible as her quarters are forever surrounded by femmes with the plea of help about them. Needless to say, Elma is very obliging and patient. Can She help it if her ways are so beguiling? M-m-m-some gal.

Are our girls smart!!! Just think, they are keeping the looms burning high with powerful bright colors which quickly develop into very lovely looking mats of all sizes. Ann Maniago is sewing away on a gorgeous green bath rug; Elma Crawford is busily interested in a handy sewing bag; Dottie Hinman sand-papering a scrapbook; Lillian Schroeder hitting away on some very smart sandals; Ruby Low covering a jar with crepe paper--could go on and on. Such enthusiasm not only from the girls but from their instructeress, Mrs, Watts. Gee, kids, you should see them.

Shucks! During the past two weeks quite a few of us have been put on exercise and due to the rain all we have been able to do is walk back and forth through the different rooms trying to ignore the dirty looks thrown our way. When the sun does finally put in an appearance we'll hit for the open spaces with an "excuse our dust, please." Won't that be something!

Here is some good news. Elaine Louie and Dena Castellotti have gone home-with our best wishes for good luck, health and happiness on their new status as "graduates". You'll probably bump into them around town.

Have you seen any good shows lately? Tell us about them when you write. Also, have you seen any of the gang lately? I guess every one is catching up in "showgoing or party-giving or other social doings. We hope to be doing that someday, too.

Well that's 30 for now. We see it's time to go--lights out y'know. And we must be on time, we are such good girls!! (Ahem!)

Everyone sends their regards. And hoping to hear from you soon, we remain,
Affectionately yours,

Larbara and Chicquita
_B.F. _M.M.

Ward 5a Here in our new surroundings with new neighbors we find some of the boys still occupied with their old hobbies: There is Otto Remele trying to solve all of the problems in a higher mathematics book and George Bassil still knitting little pink things. There's Mike "I Hear a Raphsody" Flynn, busily trying to draw a Petty girl as well as that well known artist! Ray Jahnigan tries to decide some serious problems of the future.

Every morning Ernie Barkman can be found on the porch of the old building feeding the humming birds who have been steady customers for many years.

Temporarily, the reading lights were a little too dim, so Henry Nagy might be found finishing "that last chapter" in the washroom before lights out.

Ed Nesbit, who awoke one morning with a stiff neck, has found that the chiropractic treatments of his friends are no panacea. Poor Ed learned the hard way.

Bob Taketa doesn't want his name mentioned-weird person isn't he? Bob does a nice ironing job on a shirt, boys, so maybe he'll do yours for you, if you ask him.

Fitzgerald and Reynolds are the pair of cribbage players that amuse all kibitzers with their constant arguing.

Ed Shaw is gilding the lily by growing a red mustache---gee, ain't he handsome?

C.A.R.

Wards 5A and 5B. The transfer of 50 patients was done with a minimum of confusion and by lunch time everyone was nicely settled in the new quarters—when we say new, we mean also the beds, chairs, stands, etc. which are all "brand new".

Manuel Mendoza our next door neighbor, is making a so, so beautiful jewel box for-he won't tell--....

The astronomical team of Ray Jahnigan and George (Moon) Prescott has been dissolved by the new move. What will Professor Jahnigan do without the "Moon"? Wanted: A new assistant (plug)

High school started here on Feb. 18 and many of our boys have gone back to their classes. "What does the angle A equal when the hypotenuse is twice the opposite side?" And "How do you spell increscent?" are common questions heard hereabouts these days. Good luck fellows; may your report cards read A plus.

Our ward news would not be complete without mention of those two gallants of the Triple H. Rancho, Geo. Seley and Jerry Sylvia. Boy, can they put away Coca Cola! And that could they do to a banana split?.....

Then there's that fellow "Man Mountain" Doyle who takes the blame for everything from short-sheeting to hiding bathrobes. Hang on old boy, your turn will come.

Ed Stern looks mighty nifty in his new--oh so blue--pajamas. Why such loud colours, Ed?

Last but not least a mention of Frank (Moon) Mullins would not be out of order.

He keeps patting that convex border in the belt region and looking mighty proud mind you, mighty proud!

That's all, see you next month.

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Immortality

Whatever the beliefs as to the immortality of men individually may be, the immortality of man collectively is an actuality. Each human that for a time possessed earthly existence has left a mark for good or bad upon the little sphere within which he moved and had his being.

The marks left by some are fleeting, obscured almost with the passing of the marker, while others, put in with illuminating and irrevocable truths grow deeper with time. A few, etched deep in blackness and perfidy, attest to the frailty of all mankind. But to all who have a consciousness of greater forces outside themselves, must, in some guise, come the knowledge that it is theirs to choose, just how great or small an effect they may have on the immortality of man.

Shake speare said, "Some are born great; others achieve greatness; and some have greatness thrust upon them." He might have added that it held true in smallness, too, and left us with the knowledge that it is in the character or the soul which determines whether events shall make or break the individual.

_Mt. View San Piper

THE AIMS OF THE CLARION

To try to sell The CLARION to you reminds me of the reporter from a San Francisco newspaper who recently stood on a busy Market Street corner trying to sell genuine \$5 bills for a dollar apiece. Strangely enough, he found no taker. But it must be obvious even to the most casual reader that The CLARION plays an exceedingly improtant part in educating the patients of not only our dual institutions of the San Francisco Hospital and the Hassler Health Home but in educating the patients of various other sanatoria in the part all tuberculous patients must play in combating the disease for their own sake - to effect their own cure from tuberculosis.

However, when we first began publication of The CLARION, we became more and more aware that the importance of the magazine in educating the non-tuberculous public was not to be overlooked...in fact, more commendatory messages reached us from our non-patient readers than from within the hospital. For a great number of these outside readers, The CLARION is the sole educational medium to reach them on the subject of tuberculosis. We feel that these readers are fortunate, for, in the pages of The CLARION they are able to read the medical articles of doctors who are specialists in their field and to be able to read these articles in the doctors' own words, undistorted and ungarbled by the journalistic middleman as so often happens in articles appearing in newspapers and magazines written just for the newsstand circulation.

Now, this large group of outside readers can be very roughly divided into two major classifications. First, there is that group of non-tuberculous readers that is intimately connected with the tuberculous patient and to whom tuberculosis is a very personal problem because YOU have it. You know the readers who belong to this group. They are your friends and relatives. The other group consists of doctors and public officials who are responsible for our care, of individuals with humanitarian ideals who are so willing to help us in non-medical ways, and finally, the general public to whom we shall have to make our readjustments when we are discharged as ex-patients.

Now it would be an imposition for me to spend any time at all in telling you why your friends and relatives should receive this education in the problems of tubercuitosis. We know that you would be the first to want to protect those close to you from suffering the penalties of this disease. How often have you said since being hospitalized, "If only I had known something about tuberculosis before, I could have saved myself a lot of grief?" Let us hope fervently, and not only hope but work to the end that our families and friends do not suffer the same fate through ignorance of what tuberculosis is and what it means.

Doctor Schaper has told you at one time or another of some of the actual benefits we have already received from the group of doctors and public officials who are responsible for our care and from individuals imbued with humanitarian ideals and principles who have helped us in non-medical ways. The CLARION has reached these people and awakened in them not only the desire to help us but the awareness to the fact that we do need help. We, as patients, are still unable to help ourselves to any great extent. The time may come when ex-patients, organized as a strong group, may be able to exert pressure on lax and unwilling public officials to aid us; when we may be financially able to assist in the material welfare of patients, but that time is not yet. Until such a time does come, it is through the educational work of The CLARION that we reach those men able to help us; and even if the time does come when expatients can help other patients, it will be because public officials and others have been made aware of the problems of the tuberculous and thus the path cleared for our efforts.

Now, you may wonder why the education of the general public should be our burden. It is true that educating the public will not shorten our stay here even a day nor can an enlightened public grant us a pair of healthy lungs. But our ultimate aim in taking the cure is to be able to leave this institution and to take our place in the outside world. And this adjustment that we shall have to make to this outside world is a most difficult one.

So you see, looking at this phase of the problem very selfishly, we can see how much easier it would be for us when the general public is educated to understand tuberculosis. Too often tuberculosis is considered a social stigma and because of this, the ex-patient cannot make his condition known and therefore is not able to make the necessary adaptations to the outside world. Prospective employers, too, too often are ignorant of your case and will not hire an ex-tuberculous patient. Because of this, you may have to hide the fact that you have had tuberculosis in order to land a job and take great risks of a breakdown while holding down a job when you do get one.

We feel that only through educating the public will these problems be solved. It is not sympathy that we, as ex-tuberculous patients, ask for from the outside world. Rather, it is understanding - and we can get this understanding only if and when the public is educated to understand.

Eddie Shimano

THE CLARION

Published by the patients of the Tuberculosis Division of the San Francisco
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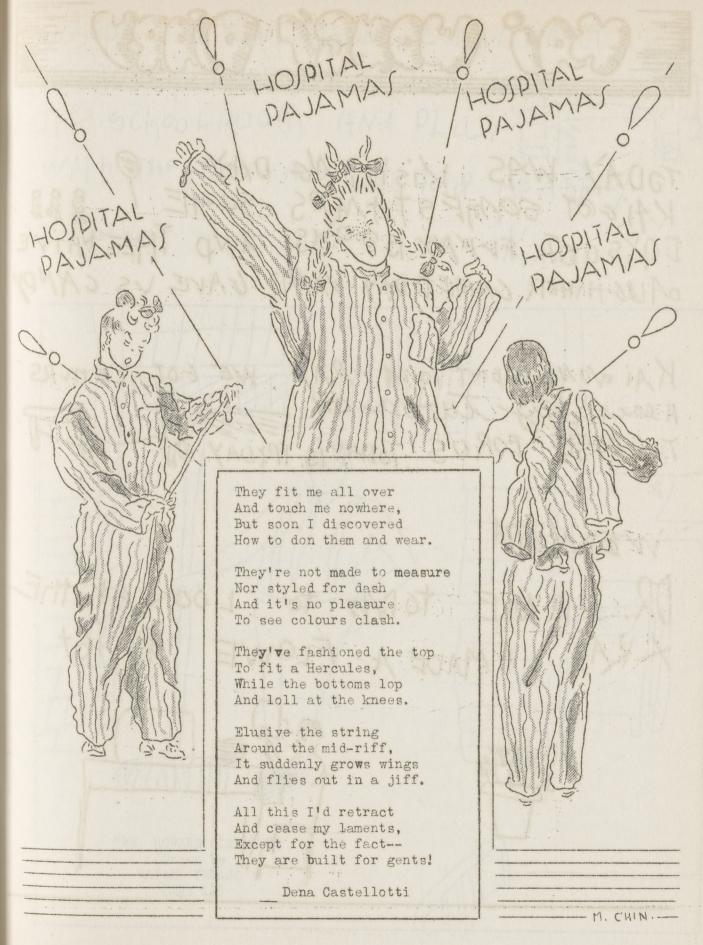
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Please address all editorial & business communications to

THE CLARION

San Francisco Hospital
San Francisco, California



TODAY WAS Visit; NG DAY B KAIGOT SOMESTAMPS SOME BASSA BOXSGOT FUNNY BOOKS AND THE MAINE DAUGHTHER CAMETODAY AND GAVE US CANDY

KAI WONG WENT TO BY RAY WE GOT ICE MRS
HEACCHILLY TUVEN ON
THE HOSE FORUS TODAY IS FRYDAY BY

WEDN GOTA

DR. CAME TODAY TO LOOK AT THE XRAY I MADE A FLOWE & POT



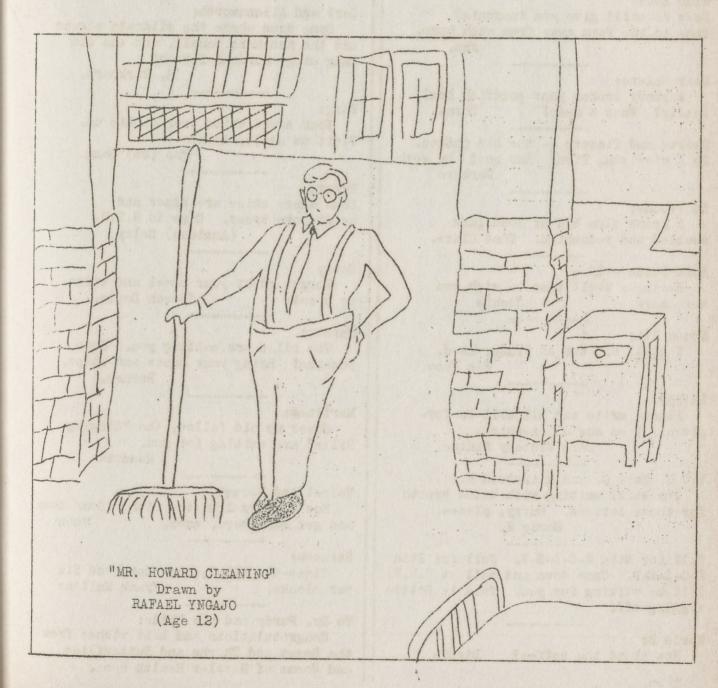


JOSEPH WENT dowNTHE HALLROOM

BECAUSE HE WAS SISK I WENT TO BE
THE SCHOOLROOM AND PLAY SIST WITH THE GREY LADY SHE TOLD ME ASTORY

By KAI WONG (Age 8)

KAi



HASSLER PERSONALS =

Helene Rice:

Please come to Triple H. with your triple chins. Annabelle and Lillian.

Evie C.:

I'm going to school learning my A.B.C. Will write when I can. Clara.

Johnnie:

The farm needs you - we need more hay. Corny Joy.

Blue Eyes:

Does he still give you insomnia? Come to the farm away from such harm.

Ann.

Dear Helene:

Anybody broken your goldfish bowl lately? What a mess! Norma

Hearts and flowers -- the old pathos.

Do I miss you, Tish? And how! by gosh

Barbara

To Yvonne:

A grand slam bid of Good Luck doubled and redoubled. That Clare.

East Porch - 19 - 1/

Having a swell time -- wish you were here. Jackie

Prune Pit:

I still bid two no trump, keed.

Fig Face.

Skippy: ..

Please write and all will be forgiven. I am now on exercise.

Dark Victory Santee.

S.O.S. Evie C. and Elizabeth H.:

I'm still waiting with bated breath
for those letters. Hurry, please.

Marie M.

Call for Etta F-O-L-E-Y. Call for Etta F-O-L-E-Y. Come down and call at H.H.H. I'll be waiting for you. This is Dottie signing off.

Marie B:

How about the coffee? Birdie

Maggie Maillard:

My health is up to par, my sweater is done. I'm wishing on a star, for my wedding day to come. Georgia.

Johnnie:

I miss you, your fun and humor and the asparagus. Gertrude.

Speed wishes to express her appreciation of the delightful letters received from Mildred McQuillan.

Carl and Allensworth;

Come down where the wildcats scream and the panthers squall, and the old gang sings hurrah! Hurrah!

H. Burkhart.

Berg:

Your sweet voice ever haunts us. Visit us again, soon.

The (26) Gang.

Baker:

Come where skies are bluer and hearts are truer. Come to H.H.H. (Anxious) Seley

Reno

Forget about your easel and write to a pal. Joseph Doyle.

Barnes:

The hills are calling you. Come running! Bring your boots and chaps.

Barney.

Martinez:

Cheer up old fellow, the "Singing Hills" are waiting for you.

Mendoza

Weisel and Stovsky;

How did you like the fish? Come down and get some more, soon. Moon

Stinson:

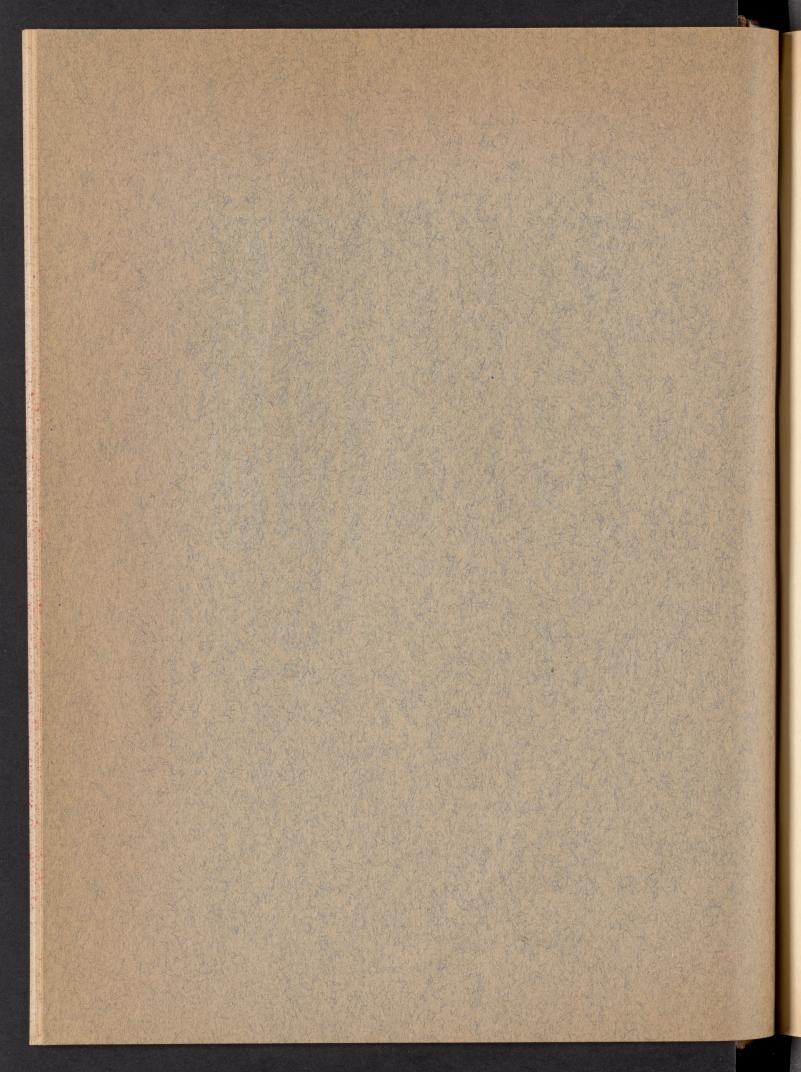
Times-a-wastin', come down and fix our clocks. Frank Mullins

To Dr. Purdy and his bride:

University of California



SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITAL
TUBEREULOSIS DIVISION &
HASSLER HEALTH HOME.
VOLUME 2. NUMBER 4. APRIL 1941



The GLMMINUM BER

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The captains and the kings, the Hannibals,
The Alexanders, Caesars, and the Khans
Have passed this way; and will pass here, again;
To leave their booted footprints on the sands The shifting sands of history. They came
In pomp and splendor as befits the great;
For all were great (though few were great and good).
And so they passed in silence thru the Gate
Into oblivion. Their names today
Are lifeless things the minds of scholars bear.
Their powers were erected on the tides;
Their earthly victories inscribed in air.

A common Man named Jesus passed this way.

He lived His life among the common men.

No vanity disturbed His simple toil;

No false ambition glazed His common ken.

No conquests did He make except of souls.

His only armor - love and charity;

His only crown - a strand of cruel thorns;

His only throne - a cross on Calvary

Between two thieves. No eulogies were spoke

Upon that hill as lowering clouds swept by;

But only epithets and curses hurled

At Him Whom they had dared to crucify!

O blameless life! O most ignoble death!
And yet at Eastertide and thru the year
The countless million multitudes adore In common meeting - not the conqueror
Who deals in death; but Jesus, King of Kings;
Who by His teaching and example brings
This cheerful message to the burdened soul:
"Arise, arise! Thy faith hath made thee whole!"

(To A.C.)

Bernard Barnes

REHABILITATION OF THE TUBERCULOUS BY E. A. SCHAPER, M.D. =

From time to time much has been written on this subject. Many have expressed the thought that rehabilitation is the weakest link in the chain of tuberculosis control. There are, of course, several outstanding examples in the world of what has been, and can be, done along the lines of rehabilitating certain groups of the tuberculous.

The Papworth Colony in England is probably the most widely known in the rehabilitation of patients from an industrial standpoint, because their scheme centers around three large industries, and all the patients to be rehabilitated are worked into these industries, in some way. The Altro Work Shop in New York is another outstanding example.

The type of patient, and industrial conditions, vary from place to place. What might work out very well in England or in New York might not be practicable in California or San Francisco. Therefore I believe each state, and perhaps it might be wise to say each county, should study their rehabilitation problem from the standpoint of the type of patient they have to serve and the occupations and industries most usually applicable to the particular situation with which they find themselves confronted.

Therefore, in this article, I shall confine myself to a discussion of rehabilitation as I find it, at present, in San Francisco and as to the possibilities of the future development of this branch of our work in this county.

Of the 750 patients admitted to the Tuberculosis Division of the San Francisco Hospital each year, a comparatively small number are actually candidates for rehabilitation in the strictest sense of the word. When I say rehabilitation, I mean fitting the patient to enter some line of work for which he previously had not been prepared.

Let us consider the problem as it exists among the women patients. This is the minor phase of the problem because there are three men admitted to the Tuberculosis Division for every woman. About fifty percent of these women are housewives and it is assumed that when they recover from their tuberculosis, they will return to their former occupation.

About twenty-five percent of those admitted are in the high school age group. Since an accredited high school is part of our institutional set-up, these students can begin their rehabilitation as soon as they enter the hospital. As they progress in the treatment of their tuberculosis, they can be given more and more school work to do until they reach the point, a few months before they leave the Hassler Health Home, when they can take full-time school work and continue as though they were not patients, but instead, students at home going to school every day. Therefore, this twenty-five percent do not need to be considered from the standpoint of rehabilitation in the strictest sense of the word, because if they become arrested cases, they continue their educational work, just as though it had never been interrupted by an illness.

This leaves about twenty-five percent of our women who have passed high school. age. They were formerly amployed as clerks, nurses, stenographers, waitresses, etc. Some of these, when they become well enough to do so, may return to their former ocoupations and many of them do. There is a small group, however, who require a change



of occupation because to return to the work they were doing before, would seem to invite a recurrence of their disease. For these, the State Rehabilitation Bureau offers a fine opportunity to acquire a more suitable occupation.

Numerous courses are available for these patients just as soon as they become physically strong enough to begin their studies. Each patient is contacted by the State Rehabilitation Department soon after he enters the hospital and plans are laid for the future of any who are interested enough to investigate what this department has to offer.

Of course, about fifty percent of the women admitted to our tuberculosis institutions never become well enough to be considered for rehabilitation because they fall into that large group known as "old chronics" who continue to maintain a positive sputum

although they outwardly appear physically well and may continue to live with a fair degree of comfort for many years.

What is actually needed at the present moment, more than adequate rehabilitation machinery, is to find ninety percent of our cases in the minimal stage instead of in the advanced stages.

Now let us consider the male population of our Tuberculosis Division. To start with, fifty percent of them also fall into the "old chronic" group who are not susceptible to rehabilitation. At the present time these are being cared for at the Hassler Health Home, and are occupying about fifty percent of the men's beds in that institution. It is hoped that before many years have passed, it will be possible for us to provide special quarters at the Hassler Health Home for this group of men patients, where they can be more comfortably housed, be given greater freedom than they can find in the usual sanatorium, and where they can be cared for at one-third of the present cost of maintenance, thus bringing about a condition which will be more conducive to the welfare of the patient himself and to the pocketbook of the tax payer as well.

About twenty-five percent of the men also fall into the high school group which is being very successfully rehabilitated at the present time.

That leaves us again with about twenty-five percent who need to be considered from the rehabilitation angle. At least half of these belong to the laboring class and have little or no formal education. It would not be safe to return them to heavy work, but something should be done to fit them to work that they are more able, physically, to do.

Here again the State Rehabilitation Department comes into action. They offer a number of occupations which can be adapted to one who has been doing common labor, provided he has a fair degree of intelligence and the ability to study and to learn. The following are some of the occupations which have been successfully learned by many patients in the group of which I speak: radio repairing, watch repairing, shoe repairing, barbering, typing, bookkeeping and stenographic work. All of these courses are available and many others, as soon as the patient becomes physically able to begin his rehabilitation.

I think a great many people are talking about rehabilitation who are not aware of the facts I am discussing in this paper. I think before too much is said about

the subject, there should be a careful analysis of the problem from the standpoint of what is being done and what is actually needed. Just now there are many who are ready for rehabilitation for whom nothing is being done or who are unsuited to fit into the program which is now available for every tuberculous patient in this county. So far as I know no such study has been made, therefore, the figures I am giving are only approximations, which seem to me to be fairly near the facts as I have been able to observe them.

It has often been suggested that there should be a Papworth Colony for California or for San Francisco. The more I think of this, the less I am inclined to feel that the need for such an extensive project, built up about certain industries is practicable or desirable. However, the right kind of a rehabilitation study of this problem for the state of California would help us to understand more clearly what our rehabilitation needs are.

In the meantime, so far as San Francisco is concerned, this to my mind, is what we should anticipate for the future. We must consider our problem from the standpoint of two institutions for the care of the tuberculous, namely the Tuberculosis Division of the San Francisco Hospital and the sanatorium located at the Hassler Health Home.

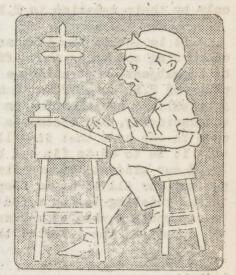
After July 1, 1941, the purpose of these two institutions will be definitely established and quite different in character. At the San Francisco Hospital three types of patients will be kept. First, all new patients will be admitted there. Second, all surgical cases will be treated in the San Francisco Hospital until they have reached the convalescent stage when they will be transferred to the Hassler Health Home to complete their convalescence. Third, all patients whose prognosis is doubtful will be kept at the hospital until they become definitely well enough to transfer to the Hassler Health Home. Therefore, there will be no need for any special rehabilitation efforts to be made at the hospital after July 1st. In other words all patients interested in rehabilitation will be at the Hassler Health Home.

The excellent high school system in operation there will take care of that age group. At present some other rehabilitation work has been started on a small scale. A laboratory for the training of dental technicians has been in operation for several years. Recently a radio laboratory has been started in which we expect to train future radio technicians and repair men. We have begun the training of x-ray and clinical laboratory technicians and also doctor's and dentist's assistants.

In the near future, if a suitable building program can be instituted, we expect to increase our laboratory facilities for radio, dental, clinical and bacteriological

activities. We expect to install a barber shop for the training of barbers, a shoe repair shop for the training of shoe repairers, a beauty shop for the training of cosmetologists, a printing shop for the training of printers, in which The CLARION may be printed and, if possible, where many of the hospital forms and printed matter connected with the Public Health Department and the City Administration can be produced.

Some of the patients can adapt themselves to gardening and can be trained by our local gardener to do work of that kind and at the same time benefit the institution by the work they perform. It will be possible also to train some of our patients to become practical nurses so that when they become physically able they will make excellent people to wait upon the sick in sanatoria designed for the care of the tuber-culous.



If, after all this is put into operation, there seems to be the necessity for something designed along the lines of the Papworth Colony, we can seek out suitable industries and locate something on a part of the 301 acres of the Hassler Health Home.

In conclusion, I wish to stress again the following points:

- 1. A thorough study of the rehabilitation problem from the standpoint of the number and types of patient involved, and the kind of rehabilitation procedure needed for each one, should be carried out at once in the state of California, and especially in the city and county of San Francisco.
- 2. There is a great deal of talk about rehabilitation by people inadequately informed, in regard to the scope and nature of the problems, as well as the methods of solving it.
- 3. Much more is already being done toward the rehabilitation of the tuberculous patient than is generally understood by the patient and the public.
- 4. A good start has been made toward the rehabilitation of the patient at the Hassler Health Home and plans are bing laid for the further development of the work there, so that within a few years it is to expected that the rehabilitation of the tuberculous patient in the city and county of San Francisco will be adequately accomplished and, further, it is to be hoped that we can accomplish here, in San Francisco, something which will be outstanding in character and an example for other counties in the United States to emulate.



Tuberculosis as a Career?

There is something about tuberculosis that makes me feel a little ill. It's not the bacillus, though, but a tendency among those whom it infects. Have you ever noticed that some patients around you are getting ready to make a lifetime hobby out of their disease? Have you seen how they are coming to evaluate all things in life only by their relation to T.B.? That is what I mean.

It is inevitable that anyone should have a good deal of interest and curiosity concerning something that affects his life as much as does a chronic disease to which he is subject. But unless a person is planning to make an active career of some phase of T.B. work after he has made the cure, there is a pretty definite point beyond which a mental focus on the disease ceases to be the result of normal concern and curiosity, and becomes a morbid preoccupation. After all, we are taking the cure in the hope that it will enable us to return to a normal world. Of what use will it be to us to fit our bodies for a normal life, if in the meantime we have allowed our minds to become fixed in an invalid point of view? Isn't it immensely important for all of us to keep our mental energies centered on creative things — on things relating to the world's work and to progress? For if these things are not to be our concern when we return to the world of work, even if only in a small way, then the cure, and the labor of those who care for us, are fruitless.

OF TUBERCULOSIS By BUFORD H. WARDRIP, M.D.

There is no miraculous cure in the treatment of tuberculosis. As yet we know of no drug or chemical which has a specific action against this disease. In the inestance of malaria we have a specific drug, quinine, to use for treatment; for pneumonia there is sulfapyradine and so on. This is not so for tuberculosis, for here the patient usually gets well because of things he does instead of medicines he takes, and the patient must learn to do the things well that are included in the task of recovery, because the doctor cannot do them for him. The doctor's part must, many times, consist only of instruction and supervision, together with certain special technical procedures.

Now there are many things a patient must learn. They are all important, but I would say none of them are as important as <u>learning to rest</u> because <u>rest</u> is the basis of all modern treatment of tuberculosis. It is regarding "rest in the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis" that we are to discuss in this paper.

Rest has not always been considered as being important in the treatment of tuberculosis. As a matter of fact the first successful sanatorium established in modern times was established upon the theory that tuberculosis patients could be cured by placing them upon a program of graduated exercise. This sanatorium was established in 1859 by Dr. Herman Brehmer at Goerbersdorf, located in the Black Forest, Germany. It is likely that the success Dr. Brehmer had was at least partially due to the fact that graduated exercises prescribed provided more rest than the patient would have had in his usual surroundings.

One of Dr. Brehmer's patients, Dr. Peter Dettweiller, observed that when he rested his health seemed better than when he exercised. When he recovered he founded his own sanatorium in which rest was the basis of treatment, and this was really the beginning of our present conception of the treatment of tuberculosis. With this as a beginning the sanatorium idea spread rapidly throughout England, France and later to this country. In this country, Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau, who is known as the Father of Modern Treatment of Tuberculosis, did much to establish the idea of rest in the place that it rightfully belongs in the treatment of the disease.

The story of Dr. Trudeau is probably familiar to you. In 1874, when he was a young man and but recently married, he was told by his physician that he had "phthisis" and only had a few months to live. Leaving his home in New York he went to the Adirondack Mountains, and at Saranac Lake, spent the first two winters practically alone except for the few hunters and fisherman living near by. His health greatly improved and his physician in New York, impressed by the progress he had made in the recovery of his health sent others, similarly affected, to Saranac Lake so that there gradually grew up in this small mountain village a community of men and women who sought and found health. The Adirondack Cottage Sanitarium, now known as the Trudeau Sanatorium grew from a small primitive affair to a large modern institution. Dr. Trudeau, among other things, made the same observation that Dettweiler did, namely that rest is the important factor in curing tuberculosis.

Why is rest so important? The effect of rest is beneficial both to the lung in which the disease exists and to the body that has been absorbing poisons liberated by the disease. Every motion, no matter how slight, that a person makes results in either deeper or more rapid breathing than if that motion had not been made. For instance if a person runs hard he will probably take 40 or 50 deep breaths a minute. If he walks vigorously this may be reduced to 25 or 30 breaths. If he sits quietly he will probably take 18 or 20 breaths a minute while if he lies quietly his breathing

-/

rate will be reduced still further, perhaps to 14 or 18 breaths a minute. Rest helps to heal any injured or diseased tissue. For instance if we have a cut in our skin over one of our knuckles or a knee most of us know from experience that when the finger or knee is flexed the injured skin will be broken open and the healing that has taken place is destroyed. Then the healing process must start again. Now we cannot stop breathing entirely and wait for the diseased areas in our lungs to heal, but the more nearly we can keep our lungs quiet by complete body rest the more rapidly and surely healing of the diseased areas will occur.

Another effect which may be even more important is that when the body is at rest the heart rate is much slower and consequently a much smaller volume of blood passes through the diseased area. Because of the decreased flow of blood less of the poison ous material or toxin is flushed into the blood stream and carried to other parts of the body. Perhaps we can visualize this better if we imagine a large and a small stream of water playing upon loose soil. It is easy to see how much more of the soil will be carried away by the large stream. Likewise with an increased circulation a greater volume of blood will pass through the diseased area and wash more of the toxins into the rest of the body. When this happens we say a person is toxic and he may have fever, poor appetite, feel tired, etc., and his resistance to his disease is less. It is true that the less toxic one is the less likely he is to have spreads of his disease to previously healthy parts of his lung. This explains the observation, that some of you have experienced, that when a patient is placed at absolute bed rest there often is a prompt decrease in fever, sputum and cough as well as a change in the character of the sputum.

Rest also helps to prevent such things as hemorrhages and may avoid the inhalation into healthy parts of the lung of purulent and infected material coming from the diseased areas.

To make all this a little more practical let's see how we can apply it to a rest period, for instance. During sleep or at absolute rest the respirations are at a minimum, occuring 4-5 times less often each minute than when one is moving about in bed. In other words the lungs will be required to expand 250 to 300 times less for each hour of rest. Thus, really observing morning and afternoon rest periods of a total of three hours daily will save the lungs the necessity of 22,500 to 27,000 respirations by the end of a month, and if the patient really relaxes 24 hours daily it is readily seen how much benefit can be obtained. Not only are the number of respiratory movements reduced but the depth of breathing is diminished and this also adds to the value and effectiveness of rest.

Collapse treatment such as pneumothorax, phrenic nerve paralysis, thoracoplasty and the like are simply mechanical aids to keep the diseased lung quiet and at rest. They constitute one of the greatest advances in tuberculosis treatment since the introduction of the idea of body rest but in no way replace its importance.

You may have considered rest as merely "doing nothing" or "being lazy" as some of you would say. I have frequently asked patients what they meant by rest and received the reply, "Oh I didn't work, I just lounged around." Now that is not what a doctor means when he advises a patient to rest. He expects a patient to do more than stay in bed 24 hours daily. We have seen people confined to the limits of their bed for 24 hours a day and still be far from really resting. When your doctor speaks of bed rest he means for you to absolutely relax mentally, physically and emotionally, and to be as much "like a rag doll" as possible. With practice this can be done, the patient still remaining mentally alert. Dr. Phillip Pierson illustrates this point by telling a story about a negro mammy who attained great age, although she had always worked very hard. When inquiries were made as to what she attributed her long life she replied, "Well, sah, boss ah always works awful hard, but when ah rests ah just sits loose." If patients try they can, without exception, learn the art of complete relaxation and it will go far toward getting them well.

There are always difficulties which beset a patients path to prevent him from keeping everlastingly at this business of resting. They are old stories to your doctor because he has heard them in varied form many times, but they may be very real problems to the patient. Here are some of the stumbling blocks.

First you are very likely to feel well long before you are well, and when your friends tell you that you look too well to be staying in bed it is hard not to be convinced. Just remember your doctor is the only one who can really tell when you are ready to start on some exercise.

Visitors, whether members of the family or friends may by their well meaning visits prevent a patient from really resting. At first this will seem illogical because you say, "visiting with friends helps me to relax" but when you have really learned to rest you are likely to be able to note that visitors cause you some factigue.

In open wards there is likely to be something interesting to talk about, but even talking requires considerable effort. The heart rate is increased and more respirations per minute are required, depending upon the loudness with which one talks. It is well to talk as little as possible and to speak in a soft voice. Laughing loudly comes in the same classification. We all know it is possible to be amused and entertained without being boisterous about it. Then, too, loud talking and laughing may make it difficult for others to get their rest.

Then there are things which make it hard for one to relax mentally or emotionally but these, too, can be controlled by using some self discipline, and it is extremely important that they be controlled, because this sort of thing can do at least as much harm as lack of physical rest. Under this heading come financial worries, business details that seem to demand ones personal attention, turbulent domestic affairs, illness in the family and separation from loved ones. It is bad to be in a state of turmoil and unrest and if these things can be settled, even to your apparent present disadvantage it is much better to do so than to leave such problems unsettled. If there is nothing you can do about these troubles fretting and worry will not solve the problem and will definitely retard your recovery. In other words, it is just as important to be placed and calm as it is to refrain from physical effort. I know, too, that it is as possible to control ones mental and emotional reactions as it is to rest physically, though many times it is more difficult.

So far we have been talking about complete bed rest. As the disease becomes arrested and healing occurs patients are placed upon definite carefully graduated exercise programs and more and more exercise is assigned. This is the period that all bed patients look forward to, but it is a difficult period because then you can live a more or less normal life for the time you are permitted up and around but at the end of that time, each day, you have to go back to the old rest schedule. As time goes on, though, you have more and more privileges and are returned to normal "circulation" again. It is then one realizes that all of this was worth while after all.

The hurry and bustle of life in this country is sometimes called the "Great American Disease." Those of you who have learned how to relax, to control frets and worries, and to be emotionally stable; in other words have learned how to rest, have acquired a potent weapon to use against your tuberculosis, but even greater than this you will have learned better how to enjoy life.





ADVENTURES OF A ROOKIE PATIENT

Dear Mr. Editor:

Well, I seen last month's CLARION where you put in my letter and even that picture of me and Herman. Sweet spirits of nitrate, Mr. Ed.! I know you meant well, but that picture wasn't meant to be published. The fact is, I said Herman was the short guy, thinkin' no one but you would see the picture. Well, you went and published it and it's been kinda hard on me ever since. I ain't so dumb, but I still ain't smart enough to fool folks into thinkin' my 4 ft. 10's bigger than Herman's 6 ft. 2 inches. Oh well...it seemed like a good idea at the time.

I went around to see Herman yesterday but I had to wait around awhile as some of the doctors was using a stethaskope on him. (That's a jigger they use for sound recordings.) After they left, me and Herman had quite a talk about this and that though Herman mostly wanted to talk about himself and how sick he was. To listen to him you'd think he was the only person in the place with anythin' worse than a bad cold in the head. Now he says they're goin' to turn him over from the doctors to the surgeons. I asked him what was the difference between a doctor and a surgeon and he said he had to ask around quite a bit before he found out himself. It seems a doctor is simply a script writer for the druggists while a surgeon is a physician who can't keep his hands to himself. Anyways, Herman is quite happy as he figures that now he can go round tellin' people about his operation like Irvin S. Cobb.

I guess maybe it sounds like I'm all the time ridin! Herman so maybe I better tell you about a little fox pass (that's French ... it means pullin' a boner) that I made myself. It was one of these wheel chairs which done me wrong. You know, watchin' a guy toodle around in a wheel chair is somethin' like watchin' a bronc rider from the sidelines. It looks easy but once you get aboard yourself it's all different. Anyways, I had to go some place for another examination. (When these docs examine you they really examine you.) Well, ordinarily I don't try to be a wise guy... not much anyway...but all of a sudden I got the bright idea of mountin' this rubber tired bronc without waitin' for the orderly to show up. I backs up careful-like and puts one foot on the runnin' board and that's the last I know for a few seconds because the floor comes up and hits me in the nose. I hear a couple of yelps from some one down the corridor who is makin! very agile movements indeed. When I come to there is a couple of orderlies lookin! at the wheelchair down the hall and a pretty nurse who is standin' beside it rubbin' her shins and lookin' at me like she does not think very much of what she sees. One of the orderlies says to the other, "Humph! Is this the one who said the tall guy was dumb?" It sounded kinda sarkastic to me, And of course someone had to blab about it to Herman and it cheered him up so much that he yells, "Hi cowboy!" every time I walk by. And now that nurse won't come near me with ten foot pole. She says I'm permanently adolesent ... whatever that means.

Herman and me is doin' quite a bit of occupational sterony these days. We're mittin' stuff to send to the English soldiers. I'm makin' a sweater and Herman's turnin' out somethin' which he claims is a pair of socks. I told him if he wanted to help England he'd better send them socks to the Germans and Herman says the only place the English can use the thing I call a sweater is in the kamaflouge department. So you can see we ain't exactly what you'd call a mutual admiration society on the subject of each other's knittin'. I'll drop you another letter in between sweaters.

Horizontally yours,

Patient Pete

R.S. One of the doctors (they called him a sykiatrist) says I'm a mild case of arrest development. Does that mean my T.B. is gettin' better?

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ENOUND THE WANDS

AT SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITAL

The changes on the ward have been numerous since last we met. Many Ward of 19 have gone home and to the farm. Those who have left for home are, Helen Young, Margie Wright and Bertha O'Neil. The ones we have lost to the farm are, Levon Flynn, Mary Lemcke, Mildred Bettis and Mary Lam. Good luck to them all.

Paging Etta Foley...we are all curious as to the why and wherefore of the patch you were seen wearing over your left eye for a few days. Of course, we all know there are lots and lots of doors on the ward...but...could it be that somebody was mad because you broke that great big beautiful bottle of lotion? Explain, please.

We would like to tell our ex-horticulturist, Gertrude Hauck, now residing at the "Triple H", that our plants could use a little of her magic. Maybe they miss her loving touch.

Our one and only female Rochester...Famnie Isom...is never at a loss for an answer to any query put before her. For instance, while relating one of her many past experiences, some one asked her if she were a gold-digger and Fannie, with her soberest expression, replied, "Well, ah ain't no pile driver."

Something new in the way of sewing. at least no one in this ward has tried it before... is the white pique hat that Bonnie Zalkaske is making. From the looks of it now it will really be a masterpiece when it's finished. Are you going to wear it in the Easter Parade, Bonnie?

We shall all miss seeing Dr. Yellin around the ward now that he is assuming new duties. We hope you enjoy your new work, Doctor. Replacing him on the ward are Doctors Lee and Hutchinson whom we all welcome back.

St. Patrick's Day brought more than shamrocks into the life of Mrs. Sophie Johnson, our supervisor. It presented her with a little colleen at St. Joseph's Hospital, making her a proud grandmother. Our congratulations to the happy Johnson family.

We are happy to have our little brown eyed Carmen Santiza back after her short sojourn in the main hospital where she saw how they lived.

The welcome mat is spread out on our ward to the new girls who have decided they would keep us company for awhile. They are; Lottie Wilson; Eleanor Paggi, Vicki Sheppard, Angela Diaz, Jane Ferrai, Betty O'Meara and June Flynn. We hope your stay is a short one.

Ward 23 was the outstanding social event of the season. The program was opened by a chorus of the boys of room E, F and A singing, "They Can't Do Us Any Harm When We're Safe Down On The Farm".

Next came a Spring Dance (with tame doves) by dainty Axel Johanson followed by order-

ly Bill Ingraham's stirring recitation of Mother Goose rhymes. The nurse then obliged with an obble-gobble soprano solo, "Where Are My Wandering Boys Tonight?", followed by a short lecture by Tony Corda on "How To Take Care Of A Mustache" or, "Why Have Scraggly Shrubbery On Your Chin?" One of the highlights of the evening was a thunderous basso solo by Louis Borini, entitled, "I Didn't Raise My Boy To Be A Capitalist" after which Earl Evans did a combination toe and fan dance. (This one was not so hot... Evan's arches gave out in the home stretch). Next on the program was a song, "Ireland Must Be Heaven For My Mother Came From There" sung by the Hibernian Singers, composed of Wong Fee, Alfred Loo, Moon On Wong, Jim Lee Low, Chew Wah Wong and Way Mun Tom. This was followed by orderly Herb Morris' tooth comb solo, "All Through The Night" and the performance was wound up with a rollicking chorus by the Gentlemen from Room B entitled, "Now They're Gonna Keep Us Down On The Farm." An honorary guard of all orderlies, practical murses and the kitchen staff was given a standing ovation and also protected the performers.

Now that our ward has become the Fort Ord of S.F.H. no one knows quite who's who. At any time we're liable to doze off with John Doe next to us and awake with Richard Roe...or vice versa. In such a chaotic state of mind we've never been and now, all this and Hassler's too.

Some of the lads have been practicing on walking bow-legged so as to be in shape for their sojourn at Hassler's...or rather the Triple H. Some mighty steps are being taken.

Definite Signs Of Spring Dep't.; "Ragtime" Borini staring starry eyed at the stars; Bud Baker sunning his feet; "Ruddy" Wahlheim playing hide and seek with old Sol...........Personalities: "Ja Sure" Holmberg and his ancient jokes; "Purl One" Sears, packed, ready and waiting with his bags...but not his water bags; Harold Johnson, inwardly pleased with the prospect of Hassler's; "Tennessee" Timmons keeping the conversational ball rolling; Prince Johnson attentively concerned with his radio program.

Although there's many a heartrending scene of farewell, there's a gleam in many an eye these days. Some of our most pleasant memories have been had with the chess playing duo, "Flash" Pratt and Lee Barrowes, recreational leaders. "Pee Wee" Rubenstein, who can walk under beds standing, has also been of great help both materially and spiritually. And there's Fred McCauley with his never ending source of entertaining stories and Willie West and his "cheerio". All pleasant people who gave us pleasant times.

Ward 24 In her anxiety to retaliate for those so-called "unfavorable" reEvelyne Crueger, reporter, mistakenly accused the innocent reporter on Ward 26 for
making said remarks. Tsk! Tsk! We men have proved, too often, our superiority
over the women to bother with showing them up on the menial art of knitting.

Ralph Dempsey is somewhat disturbed these days. When informed that hereafter, any person earning sixteen dollars or more per week would have to pay a tax, he countered with, "Oh yeah? Not I. I've one way to beat that." When asked how he intended to do it he said, "Just simply refuse a job that pays more than fifteen dollars a week! Dempsey, you know, is an ex-gob. He's rather angry with himself for ever quitting the service a few years back, lamenting that if he had stuck he would be drawing one hundred dollars a month now. Tough luck Demps! Incidentally, he has been transferred to the porch. You're in for it now, boys!

Briefs: Dan Curtin, the Irisher, has returned to our ward; likewise have Pete Balistrieri the "fish grappler" and Harry Lee; three more members of the ol' gang

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have been transferred to Hassler's. They are, "Andy" (Candy) Anderson, the steel magnet, Pat De Freese, that swell guy to whom we all wish our best, and Frank Mendina who left Spain when King Alfonso went into exile. That just about disperses the ol' gang completely, except for a few straggling remnants; Mike Romano doesn't have much to say these days. We hear that Bob Sperry is quite a ladies man. However, Ray Jorgenson, the tall Dane, disputes this claim, maintaining that if anyone should hold this honor it is he. Those in the know are prone to side with Jorgenson; Glenn Dyer has been getting more of that succulent chicken.

Ward 25 From "Smithie" Lunts detailed description of his experience with a (bronco) scope, recently, they must have dropped a couple of oil well casings down his throat and arranged a system of mirrors to find out what makes him speak so distinctly in his sleep. They took soundings but sealed them up in glass tubes. It's a secret the boys in room "A" would like to know. Another bunch of investigators put "Mike" Gleeson "on the pan" - "chalked him up" for not having enough appetite and gave him a visa on a passport to Redwood City.

At present writing they've got the searchlight on Jim Montgomery. The boys who sleep in the same room hope they'll find out how to turn off that record of "sheet misic", in the bass clef, that he puts on every night. Matinees Thursdays and Sundays at 2 P.M.

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Joe Yeazell, six feet three in his stocking feet and weighing in at 206, is afraid he won't get fat. Aaron Norton, six feet four without the sox and weighing about the same, is afraid that he will. There's no satisfying folks.

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Eddie English has just returned from a sojurn in Ward 26 following a night of sociological research...Quite a number of the boys in the solarium and on the west porch have manifested considerable interest in animals. Just at present they are concentrating on those at the Bay Meadows Zoo. Space doesn't permit - well anyhow it wouldn't be ethical. My best bet is a little sparrow that lights on a flower pot about three feet away - picks the leaves from a tiny rose bush because there are bugs on them - and looks me over between picks. Bugs and more bugs. Strange as it seems the overhead is much greater down at the Meadows than up here with the sparrows.

Walthe past month we have had our agents snooping around corners Walth and turning up the edges of the linoleum in search of material for this space. They bring reports of Max Gastesi's maneuvering along the corridor with crutch and cane...and his ever present smile. They also turn in a report on "Mama" Christian's new automobile. It seems "Mama" parked her car in the courtyard one recent Sunday afternoon and our agents, all seven of them, gathered on the porch to admire it's black sleekness. The air was filled with "ohs" and "ahs" until someone noticed one of our campus feathered friends roosting on the flagpole. From that moment until four o'clock there was silence, except for the jingle of nickels and dimes as small bets were made. But, alas, nothing happened except that our agents (still all seven of 'em) turned up slightly cockeyed from trying to watch two places at the same time.

And that's the difficulty in writing the news this month...nothing has happened. Most of our news interest has moved to Hassler's or is preparing to do so. Those who aren't listed for the farm are being shifted from ward to ward fast enough to make your head swim. An "oldtimer", these days, is any patient who has remained in one spot for more than two or three weeks. Indeed, we'd hardly be surprised to awake one of these mornings to find someone else in our bed. Hmm!

This is only a passing condition, of course. Things will perk up on this news front as soon as the newcomers get acquainted with one another. We hope this happens before next CLARION-time. If it doesn't, we'll resign as ward reporter and fire our agents(all seven of 'em.)

Wall, another month and three more men, good and true, have grader. Good luck fellows. Our new arrivals are Ted Brown, William Kelly and George Hew. May their stay be short and their recovery complete.

Does any one have some nail polish that they'd like to sell cheap? Two of our boys who recently had manicures claim their nails are starting to look shabby again. Tsk! Tsk!; for the benefit of those interested in mining we have four (4) old timers in Greenland, Kelly, McClellen and Moody who can tell you how to mine anything from A-luminum to Z-inc; Al Franklin is a brand new member of Ribbers, Inc.; incidentally Phil Casey and Herman Neubrand are doing nicely after their recent bouts with the surgeons; those in the know say that Ray Winrott now has hair long enough to merit combing once a day...congratulations Ray!; there seems to be some controversy as to who can talk the loudest and the mostest, Pete Basuino or Frenchy Chabot. Both the boys are in rare voice and ready to meet on the field of honor at one thousand paces. Truly the "Battle of the Century".

Those who have made a careful survey of such things say that Jerry Hensel is the writen-ist man in the ward. We've personally seen him knock out five or six pages within fifteen minutes of receiving a letter but after being introduced to his very charming wife and having seen pictures of his husky son, we can readily understand why he is such an inspired letter writer.

Everyone seems to agree that we are lucky to have such capable and personable men as Dr. Thomson, our interne, and Dr. Shenson, our house doctor. We'll close by saying that we thoroughly agree with the late and lamented Joe Jacobs who said, quote "I should stood in bed."

Millard J. White

Wargie Piscitello concerning her husband who has gone to Fort Ord to serve his country. Margie is a brave soldier too. While Vince is in the Army, learning to fight an enemy, Margie is putting up a great little fight herself. They expect to finish their fights together, around April of next year. Won't that be swell?

Here's a funny situation if we've ever heard one. Well, here goes. Babs Strachen decided to knit a bonnet for a baby. She knitted and knitted and when the bonnet was finished, the only "baby" it would fit would be one about twenty years old. So the ultimate results are that Babs now has a very smart and definitely chic sport cap. Maybe she'll take orders.

Meanderings: Our pretty night nurse's real name is Ann Sheridan...she has comph too; Lupe Tovar taking an out to get her orbs in order; sorry we have to lose Dr. Kitchen as he's a ward favorite. Don't forget to come back and visit us, Dr. Kitchen Mrs. Okerman, our morning nurse, starts all our days off cheery with a kindly smile and patient consideration; Rose Ferrari knitting a darling turquoise sweater for her offspring; a person who has never missed contributing to The CLARION is Mrs. Warrender. Thank you very much, Mrs. Warrender.

Here's a little something your reporter wrote. Does it express your sentiments

I get so tired of lying in bed
With a rumpled pillow underhead,
I don't feel sick, I feel so swell.
And yet, I'm really far from well.
I have no aches and I have no pain,
But still in bed I must remain.
I'd like to get up and walk around
But the doctors and murses only frown.
They say my case on me depends,
And the quieter I am the quicker it mends,
They look at my left and they look at my right,
Then they stick in the needles with all their might.
They say there's a little bug way inside
And it's going to stay there until it's fried,
I never asked that bug to stay,
I wish it would get wise and go away.

Marie Bencich

Ward: Varga or Petty drawings to add to "Ginger" Mario's art colcertainly appreciate receiving any of their drawings that she's missed from as far back as 1932. Of her hobby she says, quote, "It certainly is an interesting hobby."

course tressent o certain extent, of course.

The end of the year will find one of our doctors or Edna Larson ten dollars richer due to a wager between doctor and patient about...of all things...Edna's condition. Luck to both!

Alice Salamat has a rival in one of our newer patients, Gloria Gonzalez. Alice used to be known as the baby of the ward before Gloria topped her by being three big years younger. Such competition, Alice.

Here and There: "Hi Donnie!" Ol! Donaldina Tom and her funny little laugh are back from the farm...Pearl Leon is well on the road... I mean, of course, the road to recovery...Dixie Davis, known to the medical profession as the "prize patient" is certainly living up to her title, gaining pounds and more pounds... Knit one, purl two Jo. Yes, Josephine Dahlin is the newest member of our knitting circle... Hope we'll see you soon, Edna Larson, up and around and paying us a visit ... Theresa Herrera is back in the solarium again. So we say hurrah...welcome back Terry...Question: What has happened to the Hungry Hungarian?...Mrs. Lynch, from our diet kitchen, has left us for Hassler's and do we miss her! ... We're glad to have Lottie in her place, though ... Rose Holland and Jenny Vogt are always happy when they're sipping cokes and chatting away ... Gee, Mary Sullivan almost broke the scales again, gaining another ... oh, I'll never tell, Mary ... And did Claire Winters and Pat O'Hara look like the two demure Irish lassies on St. Patrick's Day? Green ribbon in their hair n'everything ... after two years of staying in bed, Ethel Warren tackled the scales and found that she had gained a considerable amount of weight. Good going, Ethel... Angelina Briano just celebrated a birthday ... Did Mae Meadows start something with those braids of hers! Mable Nelson's taken up the idea too. And the other night revealed to me, unknown to Mae, that she has decided to have them even if she has to buy artificial ones... We are all in favor of making Olive McCloud a candidate for being one of the grandest people up here... Lucy Moreno has started a collection of comic cartoons. More fun!

Letitia Dunne

_AT HASSLER HEALTH HOME

Ward 4 Smartest trick of the month--Dottie Hinman rubbed poison-oak on her arm just to see if she would get it. P.S. She did. You'll take our word for it the next time, huh, Dot?

By this time everyone knows that Camille Bowman runs a one-woman factory, producing everything from woven scarfs to pink elephants. Nothing is too complicated for her to attempt. If anyone has any new ideas for anything, just mention it around Camille, and she'll turn it out by the gross, quick as a wink. Keep it up, Camille.

Spring has sprung--or something. Don't be a bit surprised if you think you are seeing triple. It will only be Marie Matheson, Jackie Sloan and Mary Tong in their chic red and white pinafores. The gals certainly are beginning to blossom out in their springish outfits.

Added to our bunch of "celebraties" Caroline Yong can now be found in the last room of Ward 3. How's it Caroline? And two of the petite gals, Mary Tong and Margie Chan, have lost their glamorous tresses—to a certain extent, of course. Mary Chin clipped. Summer's a-coming, you know.

"Believe It Or Not" May Reynolds struts around in peacock fashion these days displaying that curly cute "hair do." Ringlets galore! Okay, May--"School days, school days." Could it be the a. b. c's. Furthermore, ask her how to spell any of Websters. Whew!!!

Teachers pet, teachers pet. Our own Clara Ragazzino received a huge bouquet of lilies and stuff. Never you mind, Clara, you certainly are deserving and I do mean you!

Can't skip this--"Yours truly" dashed into the first room on Ward 4 clamoring for CLARION news. "Gosh Barbara, nary a thing, go away." So I desperately a "news go getter" for this special room, implicitly stating news and more news and for that particular person to inform me immediately. Alright! Marie Matheson pipes up and says, "What shall I do - rush out shouting, 'It's happened, Barbara, it's happened?'"

Larbara and Chieguita

Spring has brought out the gardening urge in George Bassil and

Ward 5 A Ernie Barkman who, with the help of others, are building an attractive little rock garden "out back".——Frigeni's tulip bed is doing nicely too, under his vigilant care. He took it over when it was nothing but a bed of weeds and deserves congratulations.

Our east porch is popular with the boys in the daytime when they enjoy the use of Ray Jahnigen's binoculars to see much of the peninsula. It is also popular at night when Ray's telescope is put to use in studying the heavens.

Rodney Sargent who is a recent addition to our number, can tell some very interesting stories. He has spent years in places from the jungles of French Guiana to the Arctic Circle where he has built and operated gold dredges and other mining equipment. Ray Dennison can tell some good stories, too, about his travels all over our country, Canada and Alaska.

School work is keeping Howard Anderson, Bill Flynn and Jackson Lee very busy now-a-days. Seeing them studying together each month, just before Mrs. Sturges

arrives to hear their recitations, is getting to be a familiar sight. Mike Flynn is going to school too, but he is past this "kid stuff" with his Junior College courses.

Bob Taketa will take any challenge to a game of chess, while Ed Nesbitt and Henry Nagy are the pedro sharks. Ed Shaw and "What a Man" Barkman are the Chinese Checker champs, and John Fitzgerald and Fred Reynolds are the experts at cribbage. Nikky Brown and Howard Anderson have some card game that they play which consists mostly of argument and hurled insults -- but they appear to enjoy it -- which is what is most important.

Mrs. Watts, the craft lady, has been around to our wards getting the men interested in making many good looking objects -- but they weren't interesting enough to take Otto Remele away from his knitting or Angelo Stella away from his jewelry making

Charles a. Racine

Ward by Joseph Doyle, no relation or resemblance to the late spiritualist, is waving the white flag and crying "quits". He will be glad when his chief pesterer Moon Prescott, leaves for the city. (Moon will be gone by the time this reaches print)...Missouri (Ace Knitter) Burkhart and Handsome (Mailman) Silagi are in the midst of a feud. We can expect most anything to happen now. Silagi says he doesn't mind the short-sheeting but hooking his bed linen is the final straw...(Bing) Wilsey, the leather man, has finally made his debut on the KHHH hookup via the Triple H Trio. Bouquets, Bing, and many happy returns...Our neighbors, Albert Wong and Jimmy Fung, are super-industrious these days. School assignments hold no terrors for these lads; they more than eat up the lessons prescribed ...Bob Collins recently went to the City (Redwood) and returned all grins...Jerry Sylvia was walking around in a daze during the time his pal, George Seley, went on a pass to Sacramento. And, incidently, George returned looking fit as a fiddle.

The music department has increased by one in the person of Ariston Sabado, who plays the banjo. Ariston says he plays a mean drum, too. We'd like to hear drummer Sabado, guitarist Souza, and pianist Jahnigen get together one of these days. From all indications we could expect to hear some real hot music from these lads. Add Bing Wilsey's singing and we might rent 'em out to the "Mark".

5-Bees: Egisto Ratti keeps wondering when he is going on exercise...John Fong, the ardent photographer, keeps looking at photo-equipment catalogs and hoping...Our leg man, Jimmy Fung, reports that Eddie Hon has gone in for using cold cream o'nights. What is the smooth complexion for, Ed?...And Ming Wong is using all his spending money for laundry since dining with the ladies, Yipe!...Strong man, Suey Chin, has a surprise up his sleeve in the form of a recently developed muscle. Apparantly he's getting ready for a bout with (Mahatma) Condi the Hassler Mauler. But muskle or no muskle, we'll put our money on the mauler.

Manuel Mendoza, wood carver, lab. technician and lover of sweet music, has left these parts for his home in the city. His last night with us was spent sleeping backwards amidst perfumed and powdered sheets and pillows. What a night!...Moon Mullen was seen carrying a shovel and trailing Jerry McEvilly who was pushing a wheelbarrow. Will wonders never cease?... "What ees thees" Ceferino Ruiz, who recently went to the city, on a pass, returned in fine shape and wearing a smile from ear to ear. Apparantly Cef. had a grand time...Recent visitors to our ward include: Nate Siegel, Jim Malone, Eddie Shimano, Ralph Stout, Walt Gilnack, Mrs. Okerman and Mrs. Mickelson. Come again, soon.

Barney Lands

Ward 6A at present, but they are an industrious lot even though they didn't write any ward news for us this time... There is Ralph Coil, who is always busy at sweater-making or picture-burning on wood, and his neighbor Tom Casanova, who finishes the projects that Ralph starts... Jim Grover also turns out some good looking things from time to time, while Bob Poole struggles with poem writing.

Wong Chew, an ardent cure-taker, seems very content in his part of the ward where he can be by himself...J. Arellano is happy here, too, for he has discovered the culinary department. If he doesn't gain weight it won't be because he can't eat, for he certainly can pack in the groceries!

C.A.R.

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Ward B "Broken Blossoms" have taken root in the new soil and apparently hit a new high -- could it be the altitude!!

If one may judge by the more or less bucolic "monikers" the "back to the farm" movement is a howling success. In a representative group one may find "Senator" Powell, "Bud" Hammons, "Deacon" Sommers, "Professor" Grahame, "Squire" Barnett, and "Cap'n"Fisher to name only a few.

However, on the 17th of March, the directory listed such prominent Celts as the two McAndersons, Charlie "O'Brien" McSuey, Wong O'Gim, "Patrick" O'Souza, "Malarchy" McBelles and many more of the same creme de menthe coloring.

Several evenings ago a few patients were temporarily delayed in the elevator.

Maybe they stopped for station identification. Anyway a little "lift" never hurt
anyone whether going up or down.

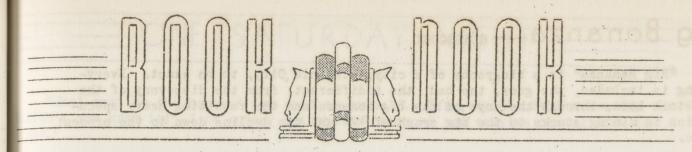
The members of the Alpine Climbers Club of Ward 6B were disappointed when Dr. Schaper put a stop to the over the hill trip. Of course there is no doubt about the advice being good. Not so long ago many of us had trouble walking across the floor, so we should remember the old saying: "The heights by great men reached and kept, were not attained by sudden flight." Still we can't forget our old friends the hogs. Some city fellow said that they're the "piece de resistance." What that means we don't know, but we do know that a few slices of ham or bacon are hard to resist when a fellow is hungry.

The hog himself is a wonderful animal, body strong and burly, toil short and curly, eyes small. Some folks call them roguish, but don't let them fool you, they can be plumb vicious, especially in the females then she has charge of the little piggies. Yes sir. When that old gal starts to squeal and show her tusks, remember she hain't calling no dentist and the scener you hasten your steps towards the family tree or a telegraph pole, the better.

_Stamp Exhibit At Hassler

Philatelists will have their day at Hassler Health Home on the afternoon of April 27th, when a stamp exhibit will be held, sponsored by the California Collectors. A large number of collections, gathered chiefly by shut-ins, will be on display and will prove of interest to collectors and non-collectors alike. The various displays will be explained by Mrs. Jean Leenders, who supervises the welfare work of the club, and a number of club members who also plan to make the journey to the "Farm".

20



ROGET. BOSON is associated with financial reports, statistics and big business. Few realize that Mr. Babson built this great business success because broken health caused him to give up his professional ambitions as an engineer.

He was graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1898 at the age of twenty-three and married two years later. It was in the autumn of 1902 that he developed what seemed to be a bad cold which hung on through the winter. The doctor finally gave his diagnosis, pulmonary tuberculosis. The disease had already seriously impaired one lung and attacked the other.

He had a young wife to care for, and a promising career just starting, but realizing that a sound body was necessary to happiness and success, he placed himself in
his physicians hands to follow orders. He was determined to live and first went west
in quest of ideal climatic conditions. Finally coming to the conclusion that there
was as much fresh air on the Atlantic coast as on the Pacific, he and his wife returned to live an out door life at their home at Wellesley Hills.

Maintenance was a problem. Gaining strength slowly his active brain considered means of earning a living. He was interested in the monthly reports of railroads and other large corporations listed on the stock market. He had analyzed such reports for a bank before his illness, and the thought occured to him that he might do the same thing now, tabulating the results and thus serving a group of banks among which the expense of the service could be divided. It seemed feasible, so letters were sent to a number of banks, explaining the scheme. Eight banks responded, each agreeing to pay twelve dollars and fifty cents a month for the service.

Thus the business of collecting and selling statistics was launched. It grew rapidly, the house next door being used as an office. He hired a secretary who worked in the open air with him, well muffled to protect her from the extreme cold, she were mittens and operated her typewriter with small rubber hammers.

Encouraged by this success Mr. Babson developed another idea, that of issuing information on the buying and selling prices of thousands of bond issues not quoted in financial reports. Stock and bond dealers laughed and said that this could not be done, but Babson did it. It revolutionized the old system of supplying information relative to corporations. He later sold both these services and devoted his time and energy to "Babson Reports". Today the Babson Statistical Organization has many branches and is the largest business of its kind in the world.

During the first World War Roger Babson worked for the government in connection with the Department of Labor in Washington. The outcome of this work was the famous Babson Institute for training business executives.

Though careful of his health, he leads a normally active life and sleeps in the open air the year round. He writes books on economics and investments, is deeply interested in public health and holds many important executive positions. His life is an outstanding example of what can be accomplished by a tuberculous patient who refuses to accept the idea that he's "as good as dead".

Carolyn Julian

Big Bonanza—GLASSCOCK

"Big Bonanza" is a biography of a city, Virginia City, to be exact. Everything is included, the good, the bad, the indifferent, from the discovery of the Comstock Lode, through the days of the big bonanza and the resulting heavy speculation in mining stocks to the big crash of '77 and the decline down to the present time.

An interesting sidelight is the account of the lives of the original discoverers and the first owners of silver mines on the lode. The lives of these men, without an exception, ended in tragedy or obscurity. The ones who gained fame and fortune, and incidentally, who put Virginia City on the map, were the men who, with the backing of San Francisco banks, gained control of the mining companies, and just about everything else—in short, a monopoly. The effect of this tie-up between the mines of Virginia City and the banks of San Francisco had far-reaching consequences, which were in some ways disastrous.

The names of Mackey, Fair, Flood, Sharon, and Adolph Sutro might possibly be found on almost any page that one might turn to. They all made their fortunes from the lode; they all were San Franciscans (Sutro later became mayor of our fair town); and the fight to gain control of the Virginia City monopoly is a classic. It's a natural for a motion-picture plot.

The author has captured the spirit of that broad land from the Mississippi to the coast in those stirring times: the spirit of intense expansion that characterized the people. At the same time the book is written clearly and concisely; there are not too many bypaths of romance straying from the main road of the story.

George Prescott

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The Return of The Native — THOMAS HARDY

The story of "The Return of the Native" is fresh and simple. After our too realistic or too sophisticated fare this book comes as a welcome change. The scenes are laid in the barren English heath. There is drama and menace in the bleakness and desolation of the country side and the characters act under its influence. There is turbulence and rebellion in those who hate it; timidity in those who fear it; strength and peace in those who love it; and only tragedy for those who fight it.

Hardy creates his characters with great understanding of human nature and with sympathy for their shortcomings. They become very real and completely convincing. The only fault, if it is a fault, is that Hardy could not resist drawing a moral. You become so absorbed in the lives and foibles of the characters and so interested in the deft handling of the creator that you cannot help feeling that he could have done almost anything with them.

This book has a power and a deep conviction that won't let you forget it. There is no glamour or prettiness, there is only an honest story, well told.

, Norma Johnson

A book is more than a printed volume; it is not only a friend and counsellor but an active guide to the future from the happenings of the past. He who would go ahead does well to look behind him and learn the teachings of those who have gone before.

ONE SATURDAY NIGHT

"That must be the house," Joe said to himself. "Yeh, that's 2408 Avenue A. Wouldn't you know it! I no sooner get the cab stopped and they're coming down the steps."

Joe got out and opened the door for his fares. "It's just like I was tellin' Gus, 'You can almost tell what part of town you're in by the way your fares act.' Over on Fifth Avenue a ten minute wait don't mean a thing, but in a neighborhood like this they stand around waitin' for you to show up. They practically run out to meetcha. Cabs are still a luxury in this part of town. They act like they think the meter starts clickin' as soon as I throw on the brakes. It's somethin' psychological that's what it is. People ought to study psychology more. It's like I was tellin' Gus, 'you get to studyin' people and the first thing you know you can read their minds."

Joe closed the door and got in behind the wheel. Glancing back over his shoulder he asked, "Where to, Bud?"

"Roseland Pavilion," the young man replied.

Joe looked the couple over in the mirror. "Now ain't that cute," he thought. "They're both sittin' there scared to death of each other. I'll turn on the radio. Maybe that'll help things along."

The girl sat there looking at the young man. "I've got to land this fish tonight she thought. "I'm not going to waste any more time. I wonder why he always breathes with his mouth open?"

"I wonder what I ever saw in her?" the young man thought. I think I'll call May tomorrow and see what's doing. I'm tired of the helpless female routine I'm getting from this tomato. Why does she keep flapping her eyelashes like that? Now why did that sap turn on the radio?"

"O. K." Joe said, here you kids are...Roseland." He took the change and tossed it in his hand as he watched them walk away. "Them two was sure meant for each other," he mused. "I guess I'll drop by Gus's."

He brought the taxi to a screeching stop and Gus looked up from wiping the counter. "Here comes the pest," he grunted, "that guy'll be the death of me yet...him and his psychology."

"Hi ya Gus?" Joe beamed. "Gimme a cup of coffee. Say, have you seen the moon tonight? It's somethin' special. I'm thinkin' about takin' the night off and takin' my girl to a show or somethin'."

That's the first mention I ever heard of you havin' a girl, Joe. You wouldn't kid me, would you?"

"Well," Joe admitted, "I haven't exactly told her about it yet either, but she is just waitin' to be asked. She sorta moons after me. I can tell by the way she looks at me."

"Yeh," Gus said, "I can just picture it. Who is the lucky gal?"

"It's Minnie, that cashiers at Kelly's Ice Rink. I sorta hang around there and

talk between fares. I guess she gets lonesome seein' people come and go and no one to talk to."

"Say Joe ... you must be off your nut. No one in town can date Min."

"I've got five that says I can."

"O. K., "Gus flashed back. "I've got five that says you can't."

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Joe left his cab and walked down to Kelly's rink. "Hello Minnie," Joe said, "I've been gonna ask you for a long time but how's about...."

"Justa minute Joe, the phone's ringin'. Yes -- yes! Waita minute Joe, it's my boy friend Gus. Somethin' about winnin' five bucks from some sucker. Now where did that guy go? Oh well, I don't like him hangin' around here anyway." the what is is, Fearly sugar to study payentlegs more, the william telline

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WE WENT TO A PARTY

My wife and I went to a party. "Well," you may ask yourself, "so what and who cares?" Now don't get me wrong. I know that you don't care if we went out to an informal Christmas party a little over a year ago and I was shoved into the job of playing the piano. It's just what happened afterwards that might give you food for thought.

As I have said, it was an informal Christmas dinner. There was a small tree, a turkey and a lot of young college fellows with large ears and even larger appetites. To complete the picture there were a number of pretty girls and a piano.

It was the piano which was to prove my undoing. I was the only person there who could play anything but chopsticks and as a result I was alternately begged and bullied into playing a few pieces. Rather sensing what was to come, I shied off, but my wife, with that particular expression that wives have when they are determined to get the other half into the soup, said sweetly, "Go on dear. Do your bit to liven up the party. However, I refused firmly.

So, after I sat down to play, I rather timidly offered "Practice Makes Perfect" as sort of a feeler. The audience response was perfect. I mean it was perfect insofar as it was unanimous. Without a dissenting vote the college group declared me to be "corny". I was about to reply indignantly that my feet were in perfect condition when I recalled that this was a term for outmoded music. With fast faltering ego I tried "Imagination", only to meet with similar results. In desperation, I asked for requests and one fellow asked me if I knew Boogie Woogie. I replied that I did not know the gentleman but if he would speak up I would try to play his request.

That definitely finished me with the college group, and I slunk off to a corner where a pleasant faced collegian was regarding a bowl full of goldfish with a thoughtful look on his face. Summoning up my courage, I asked him bluntly, "Who is Boogie Woogie and what's wrong with my playing?"

"Well," he replied amiably, "to begin with, you're corny."

"Yes," I admitted forlornly, "I am already aware of my resemblance to a farm harvest."

"Secondly," he went on,
"Boogie Woogie ain't a guy,
it's a style. Plenty of gutbucket and da da and dum dum."

"Da which and dum what ?" I enquired.

"Da da and dum dum. When the solid sender gives the off beat the boys begin to go out of the world and ..."

"Pardon me," I said timidly, "But what is 'going out of the world'?" (Personally I thought that anyone who used such



language should go out of the world.)

"Going out of the world is when a cat sends and the boys give. Then you got gutbucket and if you groove da da and dum dum then you got boogie woogie."

"Oh," I said. This was the most brilliant remark of which I was capable at the moment. "Now about this catgut business..."

"Gutbucket," my informant corrected me. "You got hep cats and gutbucket mixed up. Now, like I was sayin', when the gates make a wax..."

About now I began to get sulky. "A gate," I said morosely, "is an instrument which you push to or fro upon entering a yard or garden."

He looked at me pityingly. "I guess you're just one of those guys that don't get it," he said sadly and got up and strolled off.

Despite the blitzkrieg which my self confidence had been undergoing during the past half hour I was soon attracted by an extremely noisy and uproarious crowd which had gathered in a corner of the next room. I gradually wormed my way up to the front row and there, to my surprise and horror, I discovered my wife and a University freshman to be the main points of interest.

Occasionally I have watched my wife's reducing exercises but never have I seen her in a more painful position than she occupied at that moment. (I later learned that the freshman was teaching her the Flat Floot Floogie Flip.) Catching my eye, she moaned piteously, "Get me out of here!" Somehow or other I did and as we rode home I remarked brightly, "Well, dear, I see you did your bit to liven up the party." An ominous silence was my only answer.

So there you have it. As a result of that party we find ourselves Ancient Fogies at the ripe old age of twenty seven. We belong to an outdated, prehistoric period when you did not have to be a combination cootch dancer and whirling dervish to be a success on the dance floor. We belong to a forgotten age where you played straight mythm or syncopation when you sat down to the piano. Alone and forlorn we sit, gazing into the fireside and thinking back on high school days in 1931 (A.D.) when a guy could ask a gal to dance without first taking a course in jumitsu.

For Pete's sake, can anyone in the audience remember the good old days when they danced the old fashioned Charleston?





Q .- How long does pleural fluid usually last?

- A.- There is no rule. The doctor may take it out tomorrow but it may form again. When the cause is removed, the fluid disappears.
- Q.- Is there any way of preventing the increase in tendency to raise sputum while eating?
- A.- Coughing and clearing out sputum before meals helps. Occasionally, a glass of hot water or hot water with a little salt in it is advisable half an hour before meals.
- Q.- Why does sputum persist even after it has become negative and where does it come from?
- A.- Glands in the air passages secrete mucus which may be expectorated long after all positive sputum has disappeared.
- Q.- Would the lack of tubercle bacilli in the sputum cause one's disease to heal more rapidly?
- A .- It makes extension, by way of the air passages, less likely.

Q .- Does altitude have any effect on the tendency to hemorrhage?

- A.- In general, no. A few people, however, claim to expectorate blood more readily at high altitudes. As, for example, in Colorado Springs,
- Q.- Why is it that a gurgling in the chest can be felt if the hand is put on the side where the bubbling is present?
- A. For the same reason that blowing bubbles into water in a tin can can be felt thru the sides of the can.
- Q.- Why does my chest sometimes ache and feel as if a weight were pressing on it?
 A.- I don't know why your chest does. This may occur with congestion in the lungs or
- as a reflex from the gastro intestinal tract in toxic patients.
- Q.- Does the number of bacilli in the sputum designate anything?
- A.- Statistics show that it does not. However, it would appear to make extension less likely.
- Q.- Would sharp pains in the region of the cavity in a collapsed lung denote healing? If not, what could cause such a pain?
- L.- Such pains are common and their cause is not well understood. As a rule, no change has taken place that can be reflected objectively.
- Why is temperature usually higher in the afternoon than in the mornings?
- 4. There is a variation every day due to bodily activity even though the patient is in bed. Being awake, eating, etc., gradually raise the metabolism and the temperature as the day progresses.

(Questions answered by S. J. Shipman, M.D., Chief of U.C. Tuberculosis Service)

THE BENEFITS OF ASTRONOMY

It has often been asked what benefit is conferred on mankind from astronomical studies. Our knowledge of the earth's size and shape, as well as that of the heavenly bodies, the computation of our tides, controlled by our satellite, the moon, the determination of a vessel's position at sea, our time system, without which our commercial life would be in hopeless confusion, are all derived from celestial observations. Aside from its utilitarian value, astronomy is spiritually beneficial to the ones who seek it. In fact, more so than any other branch of science. The very secret of our being lies somewhere out in that fathomless realm of immensity.

Astronomy being the oldest of sciences, it is basically responsible for the formulation of knowledge that made practically all of the other sciences a possibility; the scope so transcendent that it embraces such exact sciences as mathematics, chemistry, physics and others. The curiosity of learned men throughout the ages has been whetted by the desire to fathom the mysteries of nature and out of this quest were sown the seeds which have evolved to the scientific lore enjoyed by man today. The ancients were not, in reality, men of science. They were philosophers. But man's knowledge grew from pregnant curiosity, gradually awakening into a true science. The early civilizations made attempts to understand nature's wonders, but so far as we can detect, their thought, through their still obscure cuneiform and hieroglyphic script, their science was indistinguishable from their theology.

The dawn of scientific thought came when primitive man first gazed aloft and observed the fast-moving disk of the sun. This inspired him to lighten his burdens by transporting them on wheels. Its heat incited a desire for fire to bring comfort and safety from nocturnal creatures through long nights. In the crescent of the moon, he saw the sickle to reap his harvests. The rainbow became his bow, the meteors his arrows and the shafts of lightning, his javelins. But above all, in the precise, unswerving movements of the heavenly bodies, he acquired the knowledge of law and order and the chronometric strides of time.

It is little wonder that these inspirational objects evoked wondering awe in early man, thus bringing about the worship of these cosmic bodies and that he considered those that inspired his needs as gods. It was this reverence and superstition that detained the advancement of science and knowledge. This, along with greed for money and power, things that are so infinitesimal in comparison with the mighty universe, were responsible for the extended delay and extremely slow development of science.

Thus, technically, astronomy did not become what is termed an exact science until some three hundred years ago. It was on the evening of January 7, 1610, when Galileo Galilei first turned his crude homemade telescope skyward to view, for the first time, the heavenly bodies with other than the unaided eye. Through the aid of this instrument he was able to confirm the theories believed by the Pythagorean school, by Copernicus and by Kepler that the sun is the center of the solar system. Prior to this, the doctrine of Ptolemy that the earth was the center of the universe was the widely accepted belief. Since the corroboration of these theories great strides have been made in the field of astronomy.

As a hobby for the patient, I consider astronomy the most fascinating and preferable to all the natural sciences because of the minimum amount of physical energy exercised in this enjoyable pastime. Just to familiarize yourself with the constellations as they journey in panorama across the sky will give you a feeling of satis-

faction in knowing that you possess something not enjoyed by everyone. All of mankind could, with very little effort, glory in the pleasures offered by nature in the night-draped dome above us. But, with the blaze of illumination in his cities, man has dimmed the lustre from above and lost his loving acquaintance with the stars.

Even the novice, without optical aid, can contribute to astronomical advancement by recording the fall of meteors. Their chief features, the exact location and duration of flight are all valuable information when taken periodically and placed in the proper hands. Discoveries of great value to the astronomical world have been made by amateurs. The professional's time is utilized in photographically charting the heavens and distant galaxies. Therefore, visual observation, if used at all, is limited. The amateurs time, on the other hand, is not restricted to routine work, and through his unceasing vigilance can be of great value in the discovery of comets, novae and the recording of double stars. This type of work, however, requires the use of optical aid.

There will be some of you to whom astronomy holds little interest because of the impression that a thorough knowledge of higher mathematics is necessary to reap the enchanting fruits of culture that this fascinating subject has to offer. Those who are aesthetic can derive just as much pleasure and knowledge in the pursuit of cosmic science as the mathematician or physicist. Sir James Jeans states in his book....
"The Universe Around Us"...."Many even of those who seek after knowledge for its own sake, driven by that intellectual curiosity which provides the fundamental distinction between themselves and the beasts, find their main interest in astronomy as the most poetical and the most aesthetically gratifying of all the sciences."

A writer once said that astronomy was a "science of pure curiosity." But he did not sufficiently grasp the import of the knowledge thus gained. Had he done so, he would have seen that the ever expanding mass of astronomical research is the prelude to the understanding of our own world through our diagnosis of the heavens. Apart from the practical value of the new sciences which from time to time have sprung from astronomy, astronomy itself, in its own particular sphere and by its own discoveries has brought home to us a realization of relative human values. How petty and small do the great wars and personal feuds appear to us; the lust for gold, power and territory; where all are but a negligible quantity in the universe.

_Ray Jahnigen



Spring Flowers

Trenchant perfume, consonant form and color Invoke an image to my eyes: a spectacled nymph Working overtime to produce your beauty last winter.

Rose Vivian Kraus

S. F. HOSPITAL PERSONALS

Chiquita:

Keep those steady fingers on the typewriter. Lupe

Yvonne Yee:

Ho la Mah? Hog they jevie bud pane ong, yun way, hog they bud nung shur gin loy tam wam.

Margaret, Rose, Babs.
(Meaning: How are you? We do not feel well because we cannot see you to talk to you.)

Hey Butch!

Stop mooning over Paul and write...
but quick! "Angel"

Hello there!

How's the complexion trust holding up down there? We're fine. Hope you're the same. Rosanna and Claire

Pie-face:

How do you like school? Tough--but!

Margaret

Bob:

Yeah. The fish was swell but I'm going to donate a few more ribs before I come again. Stovsky

Hello Annabelle:

How are you and the rest of the "brats" getting along? This "brat" is O.K. but lonely for all of you "brats".

Always,

Dee

Yvonne:

Still putting on the pounds?
Claire

Barbara:

Thrilled to be considered a member.

Hope you're taking good care of "Willie".

Letitia Jo.

Mrs. Lynch:

Will be down to see you after Easter. F. Natalini

Dear Annabelle:

Sorry I can't make the journey down to the farm this month. They tell me I cut quite a figure in my new cast.

Helene

Grandma:

How's about writing a letter to your Squirt.

Hi Norma!

Yes, the goldfish bowl is broken and the lil' fishes have swum over the dam.

Helene

Grace:

Have you still got the bugs by the tail? Our love to Triple H.

The Gang of 10-11 & Mrs. Shields

F. M.

Is your money still riding on the seventh horse? Did you ever pick a winner?

E. K.

Hey Evans!

Where's that letter you were going to write me? For that matter, where's that letter I was going to write you?

Red Cook

Madam Plushy:

The weather here just ain't so hot, So here I come, save me a spot.

Evie C.

Dottie H:

Had my phrenic -- hope to be down soon. Etta F.

Ann L.

I won't see you for awhile dear, insomnia still holds me here. Blue Eyes

Gus:

Hope you had a pleasant birthday, pal. We'll answer you letter soon. Love,

Emma L.

Ella L.

How are the butterballs?

Bonnie Z.

Mary L.

I miss the chow mein. Oh yes, and I miss you too.

Rose K.

Joy F.

You keep Vonnie in line and who keeps you in line? We'll write soon. Etta F.





MAY 13 1941

University or California

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SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITAL

TUBERCULOSIS DIVISION &

HASSLER HEALTH HOME







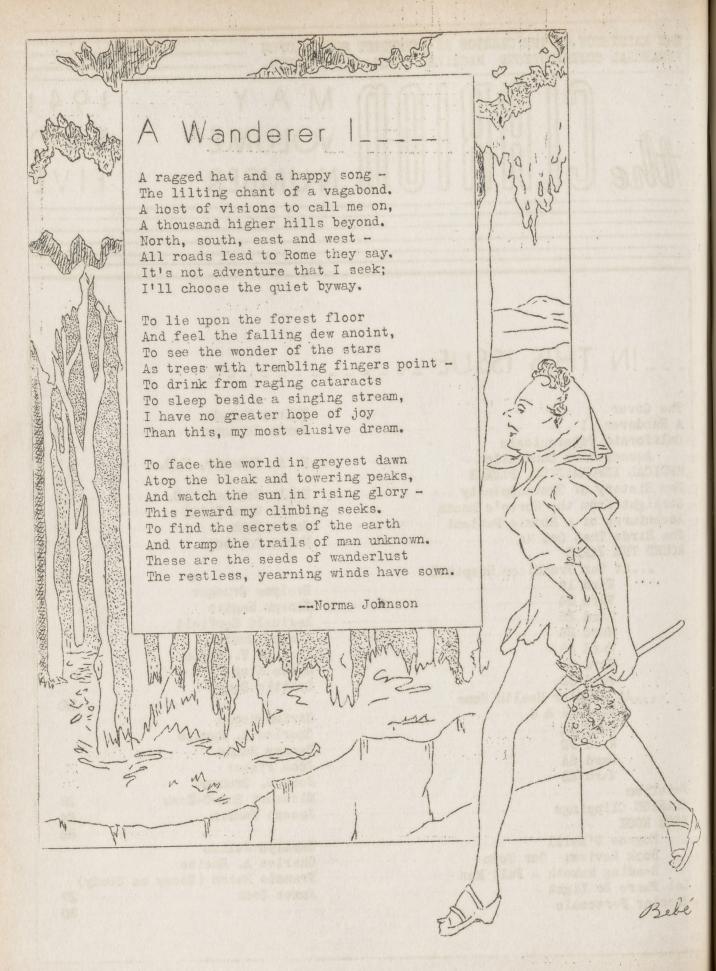
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ASSOCIATION CONVENTION By E. A. SCHAPER, M.D.

The annual convention of the California Tuberculosis Association was held at Hotel Del Monte April 3, 4, 5, 1941. The hotel is ideal for a convention of this kind as it has an auditorium that will seat 1,000 or more people, a large dining-room big enough to seat the same number, and all other facilities so necessary in making a convention a success. It is located on the Monterey Peninsula not far from the city of Monterey and only a short distance from the ocean. The hotel is laid out in long, rambling wings, about five or six stories high and has room for 2,000 people. It is spread over a most beautiful and well-kept piece of ground. The windows in the lounge and dining-room are about twenty feet high and wherever one looks out, a beautiful picture can be seen. This convention was one of the largest and most successful we have ever had. Over 500 doctors, nurses, tuberculosis workers and lay-people interested in tuberculosis gathered there.

Thursday evening, April 3rd, at 6:30 we had a dinner meeting in conjunction with the Monterey County Medical Society, after which an X-ray symposium was held in the auditorium at which interesting and unusual chest films, brought to the convention by various doctors, were shown and discussed.

At 9 o'clock on Friday the first meeting of the clinical section was held and dealt with the pathology and surgery of diseases of the chest. Doctor A. Lincoln Brown, of the U.C. Medical Service, gave a paper on the "Difficulties and Pitfalls in the Differential Diagnosis of Pulmonary Cavitations", in which he showed how difficult it was to tell in many cases whether the cavities were due to tuberculosis, cancer, lung abscess, bronchiectasis and several other diseases. It was a very interesting and instructive paper from the standpoint of differential diagnosis. Doctor Rogers, of the Stanford Service, and several others discussed the paper afterwards.

We next had a paper on bronchoscopy by Lyman M. Brewer, M.D., of the College of Medical Evangelists at Loma Linda. Doctor Brodie Stevens, of the U.C. Service, discussed this paper, and the importance of bronchoscopy when a patient has bronchial tuberculosis was pointed out.

Arthur Vorwald, M.D. of Saranac Lake, talked about the "Pathology of Pulmonary Collapse in Chronic Tuberculosis of the Lung", in which he showed the changes that take place in the normal and diseased parts of a lung while it is collapsed by pneumothorax or thoracoplasty. It was shown that after two years, normal lung tissue expands and remains very much the same as before it was collapsed, but after five to ten years of collapse a great deal of scar tissue develops in the normal lung tissue. It was also pointed out how cavities, if not too large, heal under collapse by pneumothorax.

The last paper was "The Diagnosis and Treatment of Bronchiectasis", by Brian Blades, M.D. of St. Louis, Missouri, in which he pointed out that the best treatment for this disease, if it is very extensive, is to take out a lobe of the lung or, in some cases, the whole lung.

At the close of the session they put the specialist in pathology, Doctor Vorwald the surgeon, Doctor Blades, and the medical man, Doctor Singer of Los Angeles up on the platform in a sort of "Information Please" arrangement and allowed the audience to ask them any question that came into their mind. Many additional interesting points were brought out in this way.

Early tuberculosis is the easiest cured of all chronic diseases. Advanced tuberculosis is very difficult to cure. Remember there is a responsibility to the family and to the community. If in doubt concerning the state of health of yourself or children consult your physician. Delay may be dangerous.

Tuberculosis is spread by bacilliladen sputum from the mouth. If these discharges are allowed to come in contact with another person, infection can be transmitted.

At conventions the doctors are divided into the Administrative, the Sociological and the Clinical Groups. On Friday afternoon all the sections held a common meeting and discussed the subject "How to Find the Most Tuberculosis for Each Dollar Spent". Doctor Telford, the Director of Tuberculosis for Los Angeles County, discussed the subject "The Results of Quarantine in Tuber culosis". In Los Angeles County they have a law which permits them to compel the isolation of infectious cases of tuberculosis, They compelled the isolation of over 100 cases during the past year with excellent results so far as the spread of tuberculosis is concerned. There is a tendency to do the same in other parts of the state. I think eventually all open, active cases of tuberculosis will be isolated either in the home or in institutions until they cease to be a menace to the health of others.

"Changing Emphasis in Case Finding" was discussed by Doctor Kendall Emerson, the Managing Director of the National Tuber-

culosis Association. He showed how, at present, the emphasis in case finding is being laid upon X-raying large groups of people in the high mortality areas. He pointed out that it was possible to spend a lot of money in the examination of school children with practically no results in the finding of active cases, whereas, one could spend the same amount of money in surveying territories such as Chinatown - where the death rate from tuberculosis is very high - and thus find a much larger proportion of cases. This case finding is being done by the use of the fluoroscope, fluorograph and the X-ray.

"The Use of Photo-fluorography in a Tuberculosis Program" was the next paper given by Doctor Pindell, who is a Los Angeles X-ray specialist. He threw on the screen X-rays of the same chest by the ordinary 14x17 X-ray technique and compared them with the films made by the use of the fluoroscope and the 35mm. film. To my mind there was a great deal of difference between the two. In many of his comparisons, it seemed to me, the small film did not show up to very good advantage. However, it was shown that in surveys in which the fluorographic method has been used, in conjunction with the 35 mm. film, about 10% error is to be expected.

The next paper was entitled "Prenatal Examinations in California" and was given by Doctor Ianne, the Medical Director of the Santa Clara County Tuberculosis Sanatorium. He had tuberculin-tested and X-rayed some 600 cases of pregnant women in which he found about 5% of patients to have pulmonary tuberculosis. These patients would not have known that they had the disease except for the tests. They were followed and the new-born child was taken away from the mother at birth, while the mother was treated for pulmonary tuberculosis. The surveys and others made by Doctor Ianne cost the county about \$12,000 a year. However, his work resulted in a decrease from 156 beds in 1937 to 102 at the present time for the care of the tuberculous in his county. This decrease in number of sanatorium beds means a saving of \$50,000 a year. This is something very definite at which to point. Doctor Ianne believes in spending money to save money, which to my mind is a very sound piece of economic philosophy.

The final paper on the Friday program was "Case Finding in San Francisco's Chinese Population". During the past year a fluoroscope was set up in Chinatown and

2,228 patients were fluoroscoped. Eighty cases were found which required X-rays, and of this group 15 were found to have active pulmonary tuberculosis. The death rate from tuberculosis in Chinatown is 268 per 100,000, as compared to 60 per 100,000 for the city as a whole. The death rate for the United States is 48 per 100,000. There was considerable difficulty in keeping the records straight because out of the 2,000 cases examined there were 250 Wongs, 200 Lees, 150 Chins, and 40 Ngs, besides many other names which were similar. This talk was given by Doctors William C. Voorsanger and George B. Miller. Most of the fluoroscoping was done by Doctors Miller, Piscitelli, seid and Blake.

Friday evening we assembled in the dining-room - the men in tuxedos and the woen in evening gowns - for the annual banquet. This is, of course, the outstanding ocial event. The president, Doctor Sundberg of San Diego, presided at the micronone, and a good public address system carried the voices and music to all parts of he room. A trio, consisting of piano, accordion and a tenor from Fort Ord, which s located a few miles from Del Monte, furnished the musical entertainment for the occasion. They invested a very congenial, friendly and carefree spirit into an assembly of usually more or less staid and solemn individuals.

The tenor, a handsome looking young soldier, was the big feature of the evening. 4 doctor's wife was sitting behind me and after each tenor solo she would clap her lands loudly and vigorously and say, "My isn't he pretty!" I wasn't quite sure whether she was clapping on account of his good looks or his fine vocal rendition of rish melodies. He said he was part Irish and enjoyed singing Irish numbers. I shall lever forget how effectively he sang "A Little Bit of Heaven". Then the accordionist bould play lively military airs while the tenor sang into the microphone. While they were singing and playing some of the old tunes he would pass the microphone from one woman to another and each one sang a few bars. Soon the entire audience was singing at the top of its voice and everyone seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

Then we settled down to business and heard some reports from Doctor Wardrip, the resident of the Trudeau Society, and Mrs. Edson of the Californis Conference of Tu-Derculosis Secretaries. Doctor Sundberg gave a report which was followed by the speech of the evening entitled, "Tuberculosis as Related to Public Health", which was given by Doctor Kendall Emerson of New fork City.

On Saturday morning we had the annual meeting of the California Trudeau Society, hich is the medical section of the State ssociation. All of its members are docors. Various items of business were takn up. At the same time a breakfast meetng was held by the Rehabilitation Section ith Mr. Hicker of Sacramento presiding.

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From 9:30 to 12:30 the final meeting f the clinical section was held. The wirst paper, which was illustrated with coloured movies, was entitled, "Open Draine of Residual Cavities Following Thoraplasty". This was given by Doctors Shipn, Rogers, and Daniels, and was discuss-By Doctors Leo Eloesser of San Francis-) and Sampson of Oakland. This is a comaratively new procedure in which an Elesser flap is turned down into the cavty, allowing it to drain and heal. It las been very successfully used in many .

A thorough examination for tuberculosis should include an X-ray of the chest. Children should be tuberculin tested before being X-rayed. A diagnosis of pulmonary tuberculosis by means of the stethoscope alone is usually a late one. The final diagnosis should be made only after a correlation of symptoms, careful examinations, laboratory work, and fluoroscopic or X-ray study which your physician knows how to do.

cases. The next paper was entitled, "The Pulmonary Complicationns of Silicosis", by Doctor Vorwald of Saranac Lake. It was very well presented and was illustrated by many beautifully prepared and coloured slides.

"Correlation of Laminograph and Autopsy Findings" was given by Doctor Bovin Oechsley of Olive View. This described the ordinary X-ray technique and compared it with what is known as a tomagraph or laminograph, which means X-raying the body in sections at different depths. This method reveals more cavities than can be found by ordinary procedure. They found, for instance, in one chest, four cavities by ordinary X-ray, 12 cavities by tomagraph and 17 by autopsy. This would indicate that we may not be able to find all of the cavities in a living patient by the procedures we have in use at the present time.

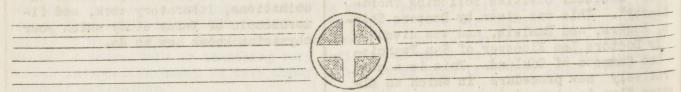
The last paper was "The Role of Fluoroscopy in the Diagnosis of Pulmonary Tuberrulosis", by Henry Garland, M.D. of San Francisco. The paper was discussed by Docors Voorsanger, Trimble and Hayes. Doctor Garland took the position that fluorosropy was unreliable in the diagnosis of early tuberculosis and that 35% of the cases
would be missed. The other doctors felt that the fluoroscope was valuable; that it
was better than chest examination alone, and that if it were consistently used it
would reveal many cases of active tuberculosis which would otherwise remain undiscovered. It has been said that the fluoroscope is a dangerous instrument in the hands
of the average practitioner of medicine, because even under the best of conditions,
at least 10% of the minimal cases will be missed, and it has the added disadvantage
of giving the patient a stong feeling of reassurance which in some cases is not justified. However, I believe that where one cannot afford to have the usual X-ray films
of the chest, it is advisable to use the fluoroscope when it is available. Of course
it must be used by men of experience, under favorable conditions, with all doubtful
cases checked by routine 14x17 chest plates.

This was one of the best state conventions I have ever attended. The program was well planned and the papers given by some of the best men we have in tuberculosis work. Three leaders in this field were especially brought from the east, namely, Doctors Emerson, Vorwald and Blades.

Someone should have been provided to look after the public address microphone, adjusting it according to the height of the various speakers. There was considerable confusion when one of the doctors tried to adjust the mike and it came apart in his nands.

Something like this always happens at these conventions. Sometimes the mike falls over and hits somebody on the head. Again the speaker will get his feet tangled up in the wires and fall down, and it is seldom that one gets through a convention without a few mishaps at the expense of the poor doctor unfamiliar with the technique of using the microphone.

The storm which began on Thursday cleared up at noon on Saturday, the sun came out and many of the doctors rushed away to the golf course. I got into my car and after miles of detours reached Highway No. 101 getting back to the Hassler Health Home about 6 p.m. that evening. I found to my amazement that I had gained six pounds on the American Plan of the Hotel Del Monte!!!



It is as easy to deceive oneself without perceiving it as it is difficult to deceive others without their perceiving it. -- La Rochefoucauld -- NTA

- .- Do you think it advisable to have the tonsils removed in a positive case of pulmonary tuberculosis?
- A.- Not unless they are causing some symptoms.

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- Q.- Does running a temperature interfere with the healing of a tuberculous lesion?
 A.- The fever is generally a sign of active tuberculosis. It may take a long time to subside and hence shows that the lesion may be slow in healing.
- Q .- What symptoms accompany active pulmonary tuberculosis?
- A. Fatigue, poor appetite, loss of weight, then cough and expectoration which sometimes contains blood.
- Q -- Is postural treatment ever beneficial for cough and expectoration? How does it help?
- A.- By assuming a position that allows the sputum to run out of a cavity as water runs out of a bottle which is turned upside down, the sputum may be more easily and completely raised.
- Q .- Is there any way of checking pleurisy?
- A.- Strapping the chest with adhesive plaster often holds the rib cage so that the inflamed pleural surfaces do not rub together.
- Q.- If one lung is clear, and a patient lies on his "good side", is it possible for sputum to drain in from the other lung and thus cause infection?
- A.- This rarely happens for the sputum is coughed out as soon as it touches the normal bronchus.
- Q.- How can a doctor determine when it is safe for a patient to be given exercise?
 A.- Many different factors are taken into consideration an active lesion, ability
- to sit up without fatigue, cooperation on the part of the patient who understand that it is a test of his ability to stand it, etc.
- Q.- Why is reaching or lifting harmful to pulmonary tuberculosis?
- A.--Stretching of the shoulder muscles opens the chest and may stretch adhesions too far for safety.
- Q.- What type of occupation would you recommend for an arrested case of tuberculosis A.- Preferably the kind of work he has previously done, providing this is not inherently dangerous, that is too heavy, exposure to extremes of temperature, gases, dusts, etc.
- Q.- How may a cough be controlled when it is caused by raising of mucus?
- A.- Raising of mucus is necessary. If the sputum is too thick medicine may help to loosen it, making it easier to raise. Unnecessary cough medicine is bad.
 - (((Questions answered by Phillip H. Pierson, M.D. Chief of Stanford Service)))

THE HISTORY OF

By FMILE HOLMAN, M.D.

In 1900, 195 out of every 100,000 deaths in the United States were due to pulmonary tuberculosis. In 1939, this dropped to the remarkably low rate of 47 per 100,000.

Responsible for this astounding reduction in the number of deaths from tuber-culosis are a number of factors: (1) increasing facilities for sanatorium care; (2) increased knowledge of how to prevent the spread of tuberculosis, but also, (3) an increased knowledge of how to care for the tuberculous patient himself. In this improved care must be included the various procedures which are being widely and successfully employed by surgeons in the care of the tuberculous patient. The entrance of the surgeon into this field is in itself an arresting fact.

The rise of the practice of surgery to an honorable and respectable profession is one of the fascinating chapters in the medical history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Physicians had throughout the ages occupied a respected position in society, but to realize fully the contempt in which early surgeons were held, one need only to recall a description of them by Guy Patin, who lived from 1601-1662, and who was at one time Dean of the Paris Faculty. He regarded surgeons as "booted lackeys, a race of evil, extravagant coxcombs, who wear mustaches and flourish razors." At the present time, however, scarcely a disease remains, the treatment of which does not at one time or other demand the hearty cooperaion of physician and surgeon. Even congenital heart disease is now being successfully cured by operations upon the vessels at the base of the heart.

One of the conspicuous examples, of course, is pulmonary tuberculosis, the care of which has for centuries belonged exclusively to the physician. Surgeons in America were slow to take up the surgery of pulmonary tuberculosis and it is only in the last two decades that they have begun to sense the extent and value of this new field opened up by the European surgeons.

The keystone of the arch in the successful treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis has always been rest. The physician achieves it as best he can by complete rest in bed. Limitation of activity reduces the number and depth of respiratory movements, but it can never put the lung at complete rest nor can it afford any protection against the violent and explosive movements of coughing. Were this made possible, the toll of tuberculosis would be immediately lessened. Through the vision of James Carson of Liverpool there lies at the command of the physician a form of treatment directed toward securing this complete rest of the tuberculous lung. As early as 1821, Carson urged the use of artificial pneumothorax for abscesses or for hemorrhage due to pulmonary tuberculosis. Nothing further was heard of the application of artificial pneumothorax until the idea was rediscovered in 1882 by Forlanini of Pavia and its use in the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis soon became an established procedure.

The brilliant results obtained in appropriate cases treated by pneumothorax have given convincing evidence of the value of pulmonary compression in the treatment of tuberculosis and particularly of the tuberculous cavity. However, because of adhesions, it cannot always be employed and to obtain it, even in the presence of adhesions, was a problem which Brauer, a German physician of Marburg, met by suggesting complete collapse of the firm thoracic wall by extensive removal of the ribs overlying the diseased lung, a thoracoplasty.

(((Questions answered by Phillip H. Pierson, M.D. . Chief of Stanford Service)))

A thoracoplasty is nothing more than the removal of three or more ribs, which relaxes the underlying diseased lung. The theory of this operation rests upon one of the primary principles of surgery. An abscess of the soft parts heals by gradual culling together of its walls through the contraction of newly formed fibrous tissue. The so called "dead space", which constitutes the abscess cavity in chronic tuberculosis, cannot heal because its walls cannot fall together unless the overlying ribs are removed. In 1885, de Cerenville of Lausanne reported four operations in which he removed segments of the second and third ribs in front, to collapse the underlying cavity.

Despite these early efforts of de Cerenville, little progress in the surgical treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis was made until Brauer recognized the need of a more extensive removal of ribs. He enlisted the services of Surgeon Friedrich, also of Warburg, and their first patient, operated upon in 1907, not only survived the eperation but was greatly improved thereby. The principle of the operation seemed, therefore, to be a correct one, and accordingly they were encouraged to proceed with died from the operation. Discouragement soon followed. Three of their first seven patients in by inspiration instead of being expanded, and was forced cut during expiration instead of collapsing — so called "paradoxical respiration". These to and fro movements of the thoracic wall were shared by the mediastinum, resulting in marked reduction in aeration of the good lung. As a result, respiration became rapid and labordaling heart and failing respiration.

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Other workers entered the field and in cadavers it was found that removal of segments of ribs in front or at the side reduced the circumference of the chest 4 centimeters to 5 centimeters, whereas, the removal of segments of ribs in back reduced the circumference 9 centimeters. Applying the principle to tuberculosis, Wilms cut out portions of the first to eleventh ribs through a long vertical incision in the back. In 1914 Wilms reviewed the results obtained on his first 23 patients treated by this type of thoracoplasty: 4 were cured, 9 were greatly improved, 4 slightly improved, 1 died at operation and 4 died of progression of the disease.

The choice of suitable patients for thoracoplasty requires the close and earnest cooperation between the internist and surgeon; the internist must be acquainted with the very excellent results which may be expected from surgery in suitable cases and he must be ready to avail himself of this aid at the optimum opportune moment. Too often the physician fails to recognize the suitability of particular cases until further extension of the disease has made surgery impossible. The type of tuberculous lesion present is of considerable importance. Chronic fibroid tuberculosis is particularly favorable for operation, as it indicates a well developed resistance and a marked tendency toward fibrous encapsulation of the tuberculous lesions. It often appears as though nature has gone the limit in attempting to effect a cure by fibrosis and shrinkage of the healing lung. Under these circumstances the removal of ribs permits a relaxation and further shrinkage of the healing lung, which is just sufficient to turn the tide toward a complete cure.

On the other hand, the acute and rapidly progressive type of tuberculosis, difjusely spread throughout both lungs in ill-defined patches of pneumonia and pneumontis, is most unfavorable and not at all suitable for surgical treatment. The main
justacle to an accurate selection of suitable cases is the question of the extent of
nvolvement of the better lung. The existence of some tuberculous process is no conraindication to operation, but it is generally agreed that if the Roentgen (X-ray)
ay and physical examination reveal tuberculosis in the better lung, it must be limted in its extent and practically non-progressive during a period of observation of
teveral months. The amount of sputum, the presence of fever and rapid heart rate are
not contraindications. Tuberculosis elsewhere is not an absolute contraindication.

Thoracoplasty has been performed in the presence of mild laryngeal tuberculosis, mild tuberculosis of a single joint, tuberculosis of the kidney or of the intestines without harm to the patient.

Briefly, the patient who may be expected to benefit by a thoracoplastic operation may fall into any one of several groups:

- (1) Those in whom fibrosis and cavitation are located mostly in one lung and in whom pneumothorax cannot be established. The disease may have been arrested by rest in bed, but cannot be controlled on return to active life. These present the most satisfactory candidates for operation;
- (2) Patients are occasionally encountered in whom pneumothorax is impossible and who are subject to frequent hemorrhages, probably by fibrous contraction holding open the diseased lung. Thoracoplasty to collapse such a lung is of real value;
- (3) Patients in whom pneumothorax is effectual so long as maintained, but in whom the disease becomes active again whenever the lung is permitted to reexpand. Fixation of the chest by thoracoplasty may be the only alternative to the annoyance and hardship of constant refills.

The story of the development of the operation which we perform today is a fascinating one. The operation first performed by Friedrich and Brauer is now completely old-fashioned and outdated and only rarely performed. That operation undertook the removal of small portions of 11 ribs at one sitting. Many patients did not stand it. Now we perform a selective type of operation, i.e., only ribs immediately over the diseased lung are removed in order to save the good lung at the base. Instead of small segments of 11 ribs, we now remove the first, second, and sometimes the third rib completely from the vertebra in back to the sternum in front. Much longer segments of the remaining ribs are removed, depending upon the amount of lung we wish to compress. Usually the transverse processes are removed as well, except in those unde 20, to avoid undue curvature of the back. Only as many ribs are removed as the patient can stand at one sitting - this may be two or three, or four operations for the complete collapse of one side.

The operation was formerly performed through a long incision between the shoulde blade and the spine in back, the scapula or shoulder blade being displaced forward. Now we may use only a short incision in back and a short incision in front through which the entire first, second, and third ribs can be removed. If the cavity is at the very apex of the lung, we may be content to take out only three or at the most five ribs. If there are two small cavities, one at each apex, without much involvement elsewhere, operations can be performed removing the upper three ribs on both sides. To avoid sacrifice of good lung on the diseased side, we remove the first and second ribs completely, and portions of the third, fourth, and fifth ribs, together with the lower third of the scapula. This enables the scapula to fall in and compress the upper half of the lung completely without affecting the lower half of the lung.

Such is the operation. Let us consider the results. Although up to the present time the operation has largely been reserved for those patients whom everything else has failed, and although most of these patients would undoubtedly have died of tuberculosis, an analysis of reported cases reveals some astonishing results.

In a review of over 42,000 patients in 278 sanatoria in which surgical collapso was used in only 10 per cent of the cases, the disease on discharge of the patients was arrested in only 17 per cent. In another sanatorium where some form of surgical collapse was used in 72 per cent of the patients, over 47 per cent left the hospital with the disease apparently arrested.

With reference to the results obtainable with the use of the modern thoracoplasty procedures we may cite the experience of Haight and Alexander. Of 119 cases of cavernous pulmonary tuberculosis with positive sputum, 83 per cent have completely closed cavities and persistently negative sputum.

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It can be confidently stated that during the last few years, the technique of thoracoplasty has been so developed that the percentage of good results has not only been doubled, but the operative mortality has also been cut in half. Moreover, a large proportion of those successfully operated upon, with closure of cavities and conversion from positive to negative sputum, remain permanently well. Many patients re in perfect health five and ten years after thoracoplasty and some have even borne children. In one series, 45 per cent were able to work and an additional 25 per cent ere fit for light work.

Conservative estimates from various sources indicate that about five to eight patients in every 100 are suitable candidates for surgical compression. That this number will increase as our knowledge and experience increase, can be little doubted. At the moment we are inclined to limit the application of surgery to those who have been subjected over a period of years to unsuccessful treatment by rest and pneumothorax. The day will assuredly come when many more patients will be turned over to the surgeon before these futile attempts are made. When the operation is performed as a last resort it is often necessarily docmed to failures. We may confidently look forward to the day when many more cases of exclusively unilateral pulmonary disease will be treated surgically from the date of their recognition. Phrenicotomy and limited rib resections will be our first aids, not our last.

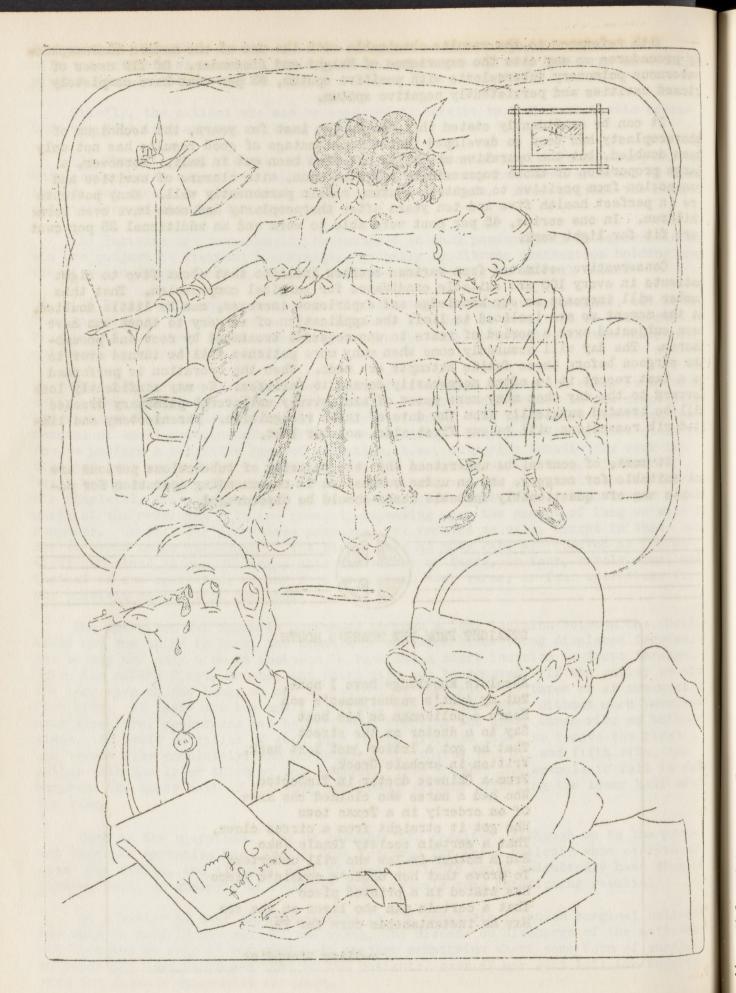
It must, of course, be understood that the majority of tuberculous persons are not suitable for surgery, and an unduc enthusiasm in recommending operation for patients who are questionably suitable cases should be discouraged.



STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH

Absolute knowledge have I none, But my Aunt's washerwoman's son Heard a policeman on his beat Say to a doctor on the street That he got a letter just last week, Written in archaic Greek. From a Chinese doctor in Timbuctoo Who had a nurse who claimed she knew Of an orderly in a Texas town Who got it straight from a circus clown, That a certain society female fake Has a mother-in-law who will undertake To prove that her uncle's cousin's niece Has stated in a printed piece That a certain man who lives on the sea Has an instantaneous cure for Tb.

-- Olive Viewpoint



- ADVENTURE OF A ROOKIE PATIENT =

Dear Mr. Editor:

Well, I see again last month where you put in my letter and that guy drawed another picture of me. He can draw real good but I wish he'd pick out a more dignified pose for me. That last one looked kinda silly. (The ladies get the CLAR-ION too, don't they?)

You know, Mr. Ed., I got somethin' serious on my mind and there ain't no one but you to confide in. I tried to talk to Herman but he just snickered and brayed and carried on like a Army mule. The truth of the matter is, I'm in love. I've found my dream girl at last. Her name is Gertie and she sings on the radio. Mr. Editor, that girl's got somethin' that gets me and when I think of her my heart just turns to must her voice is sweeter than the sound of the five o'clock whistle. She sings three nights a week on the Biggerbush Hair Restorer Program and on Saturdays is in a trapeze act called the "Flying O'Flynns". I threw my cup at Herman when he said he bets she looks as bad as she sounds. (Speakin' of Herman, you should see the old hag he's in love with. Alongside of her Alice the Goon is Myrna Loy.) So from now on I'm a changed man and it's just too bad for that blonde in Milpitas. I have wrote a love poem which goes like this:

From now on life can never hurt me,
'Cause my heart is filled with Gertie,
Never again will I act flirty,
'Cause I've devoted my life to Gertie,
Though life is often worry-ie,
I don't mind 'cause I think of Gertie.

I've dedicated my poem to Gertie.

Say do you know what? The Aid for Britain Committee sent back everythin' me and Herman knitted for the English soldiers and not only that but they say Herman is a Nazi sabotager. It seems when Herman was knittin' his socks, he got an orderly to bring him a big rock to put in the foot of the sock so's he could knit around it to make a heel. Well, the big chump forgets to take the rock out and when the Aid for Britain outfit unpacked some stuff with Herman's sock in it, the girl threw it to another girl and knocked half her teeth out. Now they want to hang Herman at sunrise or somethin'. What between Herman's sock and my bein' in love it's just one darned thing after another.

You know, I think the nurses kinda like me. Just the other day I heard a couple of 'em talkin' and one says, "You know, there's something elemental about that Pete." The other one says, "You don't mean elemental—you mean elementary." So you can see I got two more admirers right there. Like I told Herman, it's a great thing to have friends like that.

I just discovered the library the other day (why didn't somebody tell me about t before?) and I am now improvin' my mind at a rapid rate. I have an elegant pamphlet called, "A Review Of The 1940 Campaign Speeches". I gotta admit it's got me down. If what the Republicans said last year is true, everybody should been bankrupt several months ago, and if the Democrats was right we shouldn't have any trouble at all right now. I guess maybe they was both wrong.

Perniciously yours, Patient Pete

P.S. If you print this, leave out about me and Gertie. Some things is sacred.

THE BIRDS THAT GET ME

Every spring Horace Brown decided that he needed a change. He was getting along in years now, and a man should get more out of life than the same endless round of things.

It was mostly the thought of his wife that kept him from making the final break. Mathilda wasn't an easy person to talk down, and she'd never forget or understand.

If it weren't for the birds it wouldn't have been so bad, but when they started their migration he began to get uneasy. Some of these days it would get the best of him.

It was noontime and the streets were crowded; everyone kept jostling Horace. He was thinking and daydreaming and paid little attention to what was going on around him. He walked on and on.

Finally the crowd began to thin a little. People were returning to their work and things were quieter now. Horace didn't notice; he kept on walking, thinking, thinking.

He had reached a little park strip now and sat quietly down on a bench. For the first time he felt the grateful warmth of the sun and noticed where he was. He lifted his face up to it and shut his eyes. It is hard to think clearly with the sun melting your blood and sending it racing. Spring was almost a madness with him.

It's a funny thing about life. It lets you go along half asleep just living from day to day, then all of a sudden it slaps a problem in your face. You're expected to make a quick decision and your mind is in a fog. You don't exactly like to make changes anyway even if they are to the good. It is easier to plod the same old rut. Horace had thought these same thoughts every spring for years but he still hadn't had the courage to make a decision. "This time," he thought, "I've got to decide I've got to make Mathilda understand. It isn't as if I'm afraid of her. A man ought to do what he thinks best and no questions asked."

Horace opened his eyes and saw the other man sitting there. He hadn't heard him approach. They sat there quietly drinking in the sparkling air. Finally Horace turned to the other man and looked at him quizzically. "I wonder," he thought, "if I look like that?"

The man, feeling his scrutiny, looked up and smiled. "This sun gets you doesn't it? Makes a man want to do things."

"Yes," Horace mused, half aloud, "makes you want to do things."

"What was that?" the other queried.

"Oh, nothing," Horace said, "I was just wondering."......He glanced down at his feet and wiggled his toes back through the crack in his shoe......"wondering what the old woman would say if I went back after all these years. Ten years on the road is a long time. It's the birds that get me. They sort of fly home every spring. You haven't gotta cigarette you can spare have you?"

ROUND THE WARDS

AT SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITAL

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Having been promoted to the porch I could make all ex-19 girls at the farm a wee bit jealous by telling them how beautiful our garden is now that spring has definitely set in. All the flowers are in bloom and the trees and lawn are a variety of light and dark greens. Incidentally we have no poison oak here. (Dotty Hinman please note):

The girls on the upper east porch are kept amply entertained by the Junior Mismes Department which consists of Sophie Vangel, Edna White, Eleanor Poggi and Edna Votery. They have a variety of specialties but their chief form of amusement is trying to play tunes on their combs. P.S. Belated birthday wishes to Edna White.

Leda Clausen, better known as leegee-pie, our tall lithesome blonde goes around with stars in her eyes. Probably part of the patriotic motif as her boy friend is armying now. At the rate she eats she won't be here long - and Keplers - why she likes it so much she even drinks it out of the can. Everyone looks at her with popping eyes to see her accomplish such a marvelous feat and to some of us it's really that. Ask Flo Davies if she's ever seen it done before without making faces.

Emma Lee is all well and happy after her sojurn to surgery. All that seems to worry her is that she just can't seem to wash the tape off. She was heard asking Doctor Hutchinson if she could go home when she was well. Of course you can, Emma.

'Round About:—Little Janie Ferrari, who doesn't eat bread because she doesn't want to gain too much weight, sure can put on a mean two pounds a week...Maria (The Great Thinker) Ducca hardly ever says a word but takes in everything that's said. Methinks she's got a big secret as she goes off into a corner when she writes her letters. Red-top Etta Foley has had the giggles lately over the way Lottie Wilson has been packing her suit-case for the last two weeks. Wonder if she's going to a fire. By the time this reaches print Etta should be a member, in good standing, of "Triple H"...Betty O'Meara is now occupying Room D and is very close to those glamourettes on the porch. They keep her amused with their so called wise sayings.... Clara Cathrew is a clever paper curler and we'd like to be let in on her secret.... Lizzie Henson is going back to her childhood days lately. Constantly sewing doil clothes and knitting booties and bonnets for a doll. Even has a girlish hair-do. But we're spared the baby talk. 'Bye now.

-- Evelyne Crueger

Ward 24 That #1 ladies' man title controversy between Bob (Lothario) Sperry and Ray Jorgensen is still raging here. We're anxious to have it settled once and for all so that we can get on with other things. Won't somebody please help us? Couldn't some of the authorities on masculine charm, who, I am informed, make their home in Ward 19, or is it 31 or 32, give a poor guy a little assistance? Perhaps we can persuade this group of experts to cast their votes for their favorite. A brief description of the contestants may help you to vote the right way.

5

Bob is the suave, debonair type, stands 5 feet 10 inches tall, complexion neither fair nor dark but in between. Ray is the rugged, robust type, height 6 feet 2 inches, complexion neither fair nor dark but in between. Now let's go.

Those of you who brood over the length of time you're going to spend hereinstead of hoping you'll get well, regardless of the time element, should get acquainted with our Jack Paulis. He spends his leisure hours building model ships and because both of his legs have been amputated he must travel in a wheelchair. Despite this handicap Jack never fails to greet you with that inevitable cheerful smile of his. It sort of makes you realize just how small your fight to get well really is as compared to his.

A new idea which, from all indications, appears to be a huge success is being tried out by our nurse Miss Matty. All the young patients from the various rooms have been grouped in one large room, which was promptly named "the nursery" by the ward wits. Jan Siwy, dimpled, Mike Romano, baby faced, are both from Chicago and reminisce at length on their former activities. Tsk!! Tsk!!

We're all going to feel the absence of Glenn "Chip" Dyer who is leaving us shortly; but we're glad to know he'll be leaving in a hale and hearty condition. Glenn, you know, is that trim, clean-cut looking Frenchman who's been generously sharing all that delicious chicken he's been getting. Glenn is a mixologist by profession who really knows his concoctions. But when he entered this hospital he was determined to get well and the determination has spelled success.

Briefs: Tal Williams, the rotund "tookkeeping" expert, will also be leaving us shortly. We're hoping all of his "books" will be in order when leaving day rolls 'round. So long, Tal!!...Ralph Dempsey has decided to spend more time in bed hereafter: You'd better, Demps...Evelyn Barr has finally returned to her post after an absence of nearly two months...We hear that Esther Dagley, one of our very officient practicals is rapidly recovering from an operation...Dan Curtin is private rooming-stomach - and should be back in circulation by the time this reaches print...Ray Manicucci has been transferred to Ward 28. We're wondering if he likes it better we there...Clarence Kiel has been cast in plaster to rest a few joints. A temporary condition which will eventually put him back in fighting condition...Some time ago we predicted a bright artistic future for Tony Banioza. Only recently he has finished a sketch of a form divine which makes us have even more faith in our owm predictions.

--Joseph Maglio

Ward 25 "Jimmy" Diamond, of genial face and high forehead, has moved to our air-conditioned apartment on the south porch. And "Bill" Lawrence, the Light Lambastic, is on his feet again sparring for time. He weighs 118, bedside, and is willing to meet Lew Jenkins — later.

The staff will have to do something about Armand Cords. Either match him with Joe Louis ahead of Yeazell or send him back to work. He's gaining seven pounds a week and we don't get another appropriation until July.

In all scriousness an interesting Round Table discussion developed the other evening. It started with a debate between "Smithie" Lunt and another noted character who prefers to remain nameless - subject, "Heredity and Environment". Smithie was the chairman and asked the questions. Among others in the Forum of eight in Room A, along with a few kibitzers, John Meldowny got on the "beam", and came thru with an enlightening answer that just about finished the debate.

Met Freddie Carrol returning from a wrestling match with the "broncoscope". He was smiling. Met him again coming back from a conference. He was smiling. Saw him

after he had heard the verdict. He was still smiling. The verdict was - thoracoplasty. (That means they just roll you over to the coopers shop and tighten your hoops.)

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James Montgomery, the slumbering baritone, has developed a "shake" in his voice. After a look see the doctors gave him the "air". The boys in that room say, however that his place on the nocturnal program is ably filled by "Dick" Pott - a tenor. No matiness.

"Under the spreading chestnut tree, the village smithy stands" - Fred Blake's personality draws people to him. But that "ain't all" - you'll notice the "bettor" class around here "buzzin" him when they're lookin' for a winner. "Yeah" - we found out he knows how to - Shoo!! Horses!!

"Smithie" Lunt says he's going to get a job on The CLARION so he, too, can write things about other people - not mentioning any names. I'm afraid to say anything about him this time except - I think he has joined up with the Air Corps - because he takes off in a fighting plane in the dark of the moon. He really needs a higher bed so that his parachute will have time to open before he hits the deck.

-- Reginald Scofield

Ward 20 "The time has come," the turtle said, "To speak of many things."
And speaking of turtles that Irishman (?) Svenson is sure doing a swell imitation in that shell of his.

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While we contemplate from our present position, it comes to us that we of Ward 26 are the possessors of some outstanding talent. Of course you all know of Art Baker whose pencilings adorn the pages of our own CLARION. Then too, we have Bernard Barnes, the versatile gentleman, who is so adept at versing his thoughts. Not frequently mentioned, but none the less talented, is Julius Pommer an artist of no small repute. A newcomer who was quite proficient in his line is Dave Barios, the redhead who upheld the "Marquis of Queensberry" in the manly art of self defence. And while on the subject of talent we can't forget Frank Berg, our songbird. Which makes us wonder why we haven't heard him lately on Dr. Schaper's Friday afternoon program. So, on they march, and ahead of them all goes our ever-efficient crew—with "Mama" Christian so aptly conducting the ward during the day, while Mrs. Snyder does the job at night. And if you see "Mike" wearing a troubled look, she is probably wondering how the dressing guerney got a "flat wheel". And last, but definitely not least, comes our personable Miss Spears who greets us every morning with a smile which gives another day a pleasant start.

It wasn't told to me but there's a rumor that Raymond Tuttle, "The Personality Kid", is doing quite well with his study of engineering at Healds. We would all like to see him get ahead and he seems to show promise in that direction.

Reverting to our paragraph concerning talent we hasten to add that Jim Murphy's penchant for food would be an inspiration to a gourmet. In fact he eats so much that he's even got Kisset wondering.

Another comparatively recent arrival was seen sporting a beautiful pinkish paint job in the region of the neck. Of course we mean "Wiggles" Hulse who so bravely submitted to a phrenicotomy. He would stick his neck out.

Department of Unsolved Mysteries: What ever happened to our old friend Clydo Curtis? We miss the Major and hope to see him back on the ward soon...What does Stovsky do with all those ribs he's been giving away? They'd make a nice umbrella...

17

Did Higgins ever find out who it was that called "Papa" while the rest of the ward slept on?...Joe Fong is wondering whether it will be a son or a daughter. Time will solve that one Joe ... What ever happened to Grahame Martin? We can't even get him to answer his mail... Is Jim O'Meara really down at Hassler? If so why does he keep it & secret?... But the real mystery is - How can anyone write this stuff and get away with

-- Joseph Donlin

Ward 28 By the following you shall know them: Henry Brunwald in a new bathrobe and slippers...Johnny McDaniels and Jimmy Allensworth turning out a neat lot of leather products ... Roy Mintz always cheerful ... Ray Winrott and his sense of humor ... Bud O'Ferrell's ever present smile ... Joe Spriggs reading detective stories ... Jimmy Madison and his mania for neatness ... Goodman Loy looking disgustingly healthy ... Phil (Phog Horn) Casey sounding off with his "good morning friends" at an early hour and Al Franklin retaliating with, "Quiet Casey". Such com-

0 After a couple of false starts Jerry Hensel finally made it to surgery for a thoracoplasty and Henry Vincent is doing very well after a similar operation.

In General: Ted Brown is very silent except for a lapse now and then when a cer tain party comes to see him ... Herman Neubrand is looking quite contented back in his old spot in the solarium... New patients on the ward this month are - Charles Mason, Frank Dorr, Henry Vincent, Tony Messerschmidt, Charles Platanitis and Louis Oy Bud Schreiber has just finished a sweater without making one little mistake. Not bar after only a year's practice ... Wonder why Goodman Loy combs his hair so often lately, Could those good looking girls who come to see Tony have anything to do with it? Hmm.

Pity poor Frank (Boomer) Brennan. Frank, who is one of our orderlies, says that while he was home sick with a cold he had a couple of other orderlies up to visit him When he put his light on it took them a half hour to answer it. Such irony! What'll it be Frank, fish or eggs? Lucky for us such things don't happen here.

Sights worth seeing: Tom Louie (of the tooth paste ad smile) propounding his amazing philosophy of life and with gestures yet!!! And Vic (the silent) Egren falling back after a valiant attempt to hold the front lines against the un-silent Pete Basuino.

There will now be a brief pause (thirty days) for patient identification.

-- Richard T. White

Ward still looks like a fashion runway. Easter lilies vie with the Easter finery in making this neck of the woods look like something out of I. Magnin at its best. 0

Room 9 started the parade. Lillian Young, Marie Bencich, Mary Smith and Margie Piscitello got busy with room decorations and Easter bonnets expertly fashioned from crepe paper and wallpaper. That acted as a stimulus and inspiration for the inhabitants of the solarium. Rose Diaz, Ruby Johnson; Genevieve Schields, Marie Byrne, Grace Humbert, Nedra Cole, Shirley Chan and Mary Miyoshi were a few of the proud possessors of these flower-bedecked bonnets... Halycon Edler and Virginia Camilleri had new permanents and we're just a bit envious of their curly coiffures.

Three girls enjoyed days out recently. Claire Costantini had a wonderful time an engagement in the family and a christening. How's it feel to be a godmother

Claire? Flo Whitaker came back with a very gorgeous house coat with yards and yards of skirt. Gave the impression of a toe dancer and those who got near it seemed to want to waltz 'round and 'round. Genevieve Schields went out to see about her teeth. We gather that she had the least fun of any of the three.

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Seen around the ward visiting were Lillian Schroeder, Bernice Lunardini, Thelma Tatley, Edith Groth-Hansen and Carmen Olea. It's certainly wonderful to know how well these girls are progressing.

Don't be surprised if you see Rose Ferrari and "Babs" Strachen wending their way down the hall. They've been granted ups. And if you miss Adele McEntee's lovely singing it's because she went to the farm. Maybe it's just curiosity but we wonder if Birdie Kemp came back for some coffee. It's nice having Dee Winward's liveliness with us.

Ruth Davis is quite an expert at making pompons for those fluff rugs. Any one needing help on their rugs should make application to Ruth. They're turned out with speed and dispatch and the results are lovely.

-- Marie King

Here and There:—Can hardly find room in my mind to think these days as I, like the rest of the girls on the ward, am worried as to why a certain person feels that he is a disturbing influence. If only he'd come back we promise to behave, at least until next time...Cake Saturday!! Cake Sunday!! Cake Monday!! Why? "Ginger" Mario, Jerry Anthony and Elsie Seifert celebrated their birthdays. And Mr. Sterner, our porter, also chalked up another year. Now we're waiting for the "day in May" when "Willie" Peterson will celebrate his sixteenth... New additions to Pneumo Lane on Wednesdays include "Snooks" Dahlin, "Jo" Stevens, Pat O'Hare and Dot Eckert...So anxious to know if those sewing instructions our night nurse, Mrs. Johnson, is taking will make her an A-#1 seamstress. We certainly hope so.

More Here's and More There's: --Angelina Briano and Perry Parazoo are feeling swell again after their trip to surgery. We'd like to thank Mr. McPhee for the joyous Easter greeting he sent us at Easter. Oh, yes, and Mrs. Saunders completed her vacation by breaking a bone in her leg. We've assured her that if she hadn't left us this could not have happened. But who wants to work when they're entitled to a vacation?...And does Toni Verdonk look pert?...Irma Beck and Elsie Seifert have joined the happy throng of "up" patients...Gladys McKenzie and Mabel Nelson will soon know what "Home Sweet Home" really means...Wonder when Soledad Sahagen will decide she's not too cold to listen to the radio...And when will "Ginger" Mario decide she's not so-o-o tired?

Edna Larson, erstwhile songbird, has decided that she has other talents. Her new field is very short, short stories. For her public, which waits with bated breat we present her latest effort - the characters having been named after her three room mates Clara Ragazzino, Donaldina Tom and Angelina Briano. She assures us that they are not actually a part of the story but she has used their names in a sort of dedication. And so on with the story —— "There was a girl named Clara. She was going somewhere. Who knows where? She fell and there she sat. Along came a girl named Donnie who was a Good Samaritan and tried to pick Clara up but she took a 'tumble-sault' and there she sat. Finally the girl called Angelina came along and asked, 'Why are you sitting there?' To which Clara replied, 'Don't ask us how we sat down. Tell us how we are going to get up.'" And thus endeth another story from the facile pen of our newest authoress.

-- Letitia Dunne

___ AT HASSLER HEALTH HOME _____

wards 384

Dear Diary:

Here is something I read in Barbara's letter to her gal friend: "What a plutocrat! Who? Peggy Murphy, of course. Early one Monday morning, following Easter Sunday, three "beeg" letters were handed to our Irish lassie. "All the gals looked on with that "Golly Moses" expression. Imagine, three letters on one sunny day!! To top it off each letter had money enclosed and her collection amounted to \$4.00. Smooth missives, eh? Methinks Peggy knows the right people."

Jennie Law, since being christened the "Belle of Hassler", has been living up to her name by turning out a very lovely house coat and taking in this skirt and let ting out that blouse. Such a flurry of sewing you never did see, so I sez to her, "They all look nice, Jennie. The first thing you know you'll also be christened the "Best Dressed Woman at Hassler!"

Caroline Young's cute little face turned a delicate pink when "Mr. X" mentioned the fact that she had gained 2 lbs. It seems he overheard her telling her pals one night. My, my, such over-hearings. Do walls have ears? Dunno!!

Our "Week of Peace" has ended. Easter vacation is over and all the school girl have gone back to the ol' grind. It was wonderful to be able to pick up a book of an evening and not be interrupted by some lassie pondering over her homework assignment. The old saying, "All good things must come to an end" is certainly holding true at the Triple H ranch.

Nicky, our flower from south of the border, is learning English fast enough!! She also has a knack for imitating people in English or Spanish, and that's more that the rest of us can do. Muy Bien Hecho, Nicky!!

Pauline Que, June Roberts, and Adele McEntee are the lucky girls who always have flowers on their stands. Just a bright spot in the room I'd say. But then look at the girls. Do you blame the fellas?

Roselpha Oberg can be seen carrying around a plush bunny given her on Easter by her gentleman friend. You would think it a real bunny to see the loving care she gives it. Must be the maternal instinct said to be lurking deep in every woman.

It's nice to have Mary Sullivan with us. She is always good natured and cheery with a happy smile for everyone.

I heard Joy shouting congrats to Betty "Rrains" Ryan. Yep! Yep! Believe you me she's our Star pupil with a capital "S". Nothing at all for "Bett" to come home with two maybe three brilliant A's shining in her direction. Isn't it wonderful?

Another happy person these days is Agnes (Angel) Gallo and with a good reason. Soon she will leave here to start a new and exciting life on the outside. Best of luck, Ag.

Blonde Levon Flynn is in our midst and we've waited with eyes open as the scarcity of fair haired damsels dwelling here has reached a high, so Welcome! Welcome! Of course Elmo Crawford is the proud possessor of those dreamy baby blue orbs. Do you get it my friends?

What do you think of people who claim other people think they look like a grey-hound pup? M-m-m me too!!

20

Methinks we've put our assistants in the background long enough, so here's where we compliment Joy "Bubbles" Flynn and Clare "Silver" Fennell for their wonderful work in helping out with the news. Both have bloodhounds' noses (not literally of course, so our compiling of news is a purty easy job after they have done the dirty work!!! Isn't it so, Barbara?

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-- Miriam Meono

Way, the builder of battle ships, who has constructed many such craft from pictures in the funny papers.— Mayor Ed. Shaw has decided that some handmade suspenders and a belt are what he needs, and he's so busy making them.— Then there is our illustrious astronomer who is "walking on air," but not in an effort to reach the stars. He receives many letters whose contents surely would explain. He has a sideline in addition to his pursuit of astronomy. — advt!!

Then tell me the day

And I'll read by the stars

What's coming your way.

Yogi Yahnigen

(Office hours: 8 'til 8 daily)

Mike Flynn is fast beoming a man of letters. With only the slightest provocation he'll recite something from Cmar or Longfellow. He still sings. Let's hope that he doesn't combine these two vices.

Howard Anderson and Bill Flynn are busy every morning (almost) with the help of Jackson Lee who plays "Teacher." Studying is alright, but Howard prefers to get his education via his new radio. Is "Latitude Zero" considered educational?

The wild life is being well fed by Otto Remele and George Bassil, who continue to plant more seeds as fast as they're eaten. The garden "where the hogs and the rattlesnakes play" is growing well though, under George's care. Persistance boys, that's what counts.

Ernie Barkman is the funny man of our ward, while the two most playful kiddies are Gus Hohn and Leo Baker, whose cavortings are well known. The best cure takers are Nikky Braun and Ng Bock, who appear to be asleep most of the time. The leading artist of the month is none other than Leon Lym. Knitting needles are appearing again. Will it be an epidemic?

The three hermits who live on the hillside, namely Doc. Norden, Jerry McEvilly and Gottfried Wagner are men of many interests. Doc is a familiar sight to us all as he goes the rounds with his candies, newspapers, etc. Jerry is known as the "tooth man" and his garden is swell this year. You should see his prize roses. The radio gives good reception, thanks to Wagner's vigilant care — and who said that those earphones were delicate?

-- Charles R. Racine

Ward 5B After seeing the girls at the movies, their hair all bedecked in in flowers, we feel certain that the rainy season is on the run, and spring is definitely here. The new set-up of having a weekly movie is a great improvement over the old hit and miss method. Your reporter is glad to report that the patients on 5-B are all for this new system of entertainment.

In the Craft Dept: -- Egisto Ratti and Joe Doyle are busy making ladies' purses. The latter gentleman also finished a veda, veda beautiful red sweater. Hoo wudda thunk it? Even Charlie Gercken is making a sweater, or so he calls it. However, it looks more like a washrag to us. Either Gerk has his dates mixed or we should have our eyes examined. The Sands and Silagi Co. is busy on a variety of leather articles. If it's in leather they'll make it (plug)...John Fisher is busy concocting what he calls a salt and pepper belt. Seems it has him worried though. Looks more like a snaky effect to yours truly.

Jerry Sylvia and George Seley have graduated. Jerry has gone back to San Francisco and George to his old stamping grounds in Sacramento. If you see an aeroplane doing fancy dives over H.H.H. look for George at the controls. He says he is going to try for the air corps. The place doesn't seem the same since the departure of these sharp lads. Good luck, fellows.

5-Bees: Jimmy Fung's homework seems to be everybody's problem, especially his English...Robert Higgins is our crossword puzzle expert. Give him a crossword puzzle and he is set for the day...Herbert (Satchelfoot) Burkhart, the ward's best knitter, gives valuable advice to neophyte sweater makers...Ceferino Ruiz, discharged a month ago, still wondering when he is actually going to leave...Joe Gregg just getting the knack of talking with his new clacking crockery...Eddie English the ready and willing checker challenger — and Albert Wong always winning.

Wonders: -- Why does Burkhart see red every time someone says "Moo"? Was he frightened by a cow?... And then there's "Moon" Mullen who gets hot enough to light a stove when he hears "Juke-box" mentioned... There's a feud going on but more about that next month.

--Barney Sands

Ward A is now a full fledged one, so a word or two about the occupants:

Harry Anderson whose hobby is taking strolls, claims he saw a for but the doubting Thomasos rose in arms saying maybe it was our dog, Tippy, or one of the hogs. Even his friend Andy accused him of "talking thru his pajamas."

"Johnnie the Greek" Sklavos and George Rea are the same old pals as they were on the East Porch during the winter of '40. Jesus Arillano our little Mexican dancer weighs 6 stone, 4 lbs. and has a 200 pound voice.

James O'Meara, known as the "Durable Mick", gained 3 pounds since having his molars removed. He must be gumming things up!!

Alexis Podchernikoff, a man of many letters is, strange to say, a man of few words. A student of history, he mumbles in his sleep about Sitting Bull fighting the battle of Bull Run. Then he wakes up and says, "Quiet everybody."

Ival (Baden) Powell, modest and unassuming, is an expert Pedro player. Never mention "Mah Jong" to him. On his arrival he thought she was someone like Ma Perkins or Ma Ferguson so his friend James Grover told him she was a nurse in the women's ward.

Glenn Hunt, "The Village Cut-up", deals out what you might call spectacular nair cuts. He leaves a vacancy in the back of the "noodle" or a horizontal streak resembling a miniature tunnel, then leans back and chuckles until another victim comes his way.

Among this month's visitors we saw the smiling faces of "Ma" Christian, Mrs.

Michelson and Father Clark. Mr. and Mrs. Galen Drake spent a recent Sunday evening with us too and we all enjoyed seeing Mr. Drake and talking to him in person. His radio programs are great favorites.

-John Fisher

Ward B Having succeeded in driving the Indian from this particular section of Hassler and after getting accustomed to the long trek to the dining room, the place is gradually taking on a more permanent character. For instance, every Sunday evening it gives guitar music by Souza (who said bar-room?) with Barney Barnett leading a right smart hoe-down ("Give me that old time religion, hoe it down, hoe it down"). Another thing is the hogs. They were funny the first time and maybe the second, but it is time now to give Joe Miller a little rest from the constant turning in his grave. It is never too late for some individual to get original at the expense of one of the straying.

Another thing that is getting to be altogether too permanent is the constant beating we have been taking from those two keen old chess masters, Reno Dal Balcon and John Sight. Oh, well, it can't go on forever, or can it? "You got to develop our pieces," says John and then, "Check."

What strange attraction does that state of Missouri exert!! One shot of that old railroad station at Liberty, Mo., in the Frank James flicker and "Bud" Hammons, ex of the "show me" state must get a pass to Redwood. Just to look at the station and watch the trains go by, huh?

H. Belles is currently staying off the subject of the wild animals which abound in the hills. At any rate he is not sticking out his neck on foxes anymore. The "foxes" playing on the hillside turned out to be deer when Harry Lowe put his binoculars on the little fellows. "I used to work in the forest service," he says. Must have been Sutro forest.

In spite of the distinction the other wards may have because of the assorted kmitters, leather workers and battle-ship cutter-outers, we can bask in the reflected glory of the one and only clairvoyant on the reservation. Introducing George keep it down and I will stay with you" Souza who is as much at home with the signs of the zodiac, a deck of fortune telling cards or the lore of St. Germaine as a squirrel with a hickory nut. Step up and get that pile of dough and get started on that long journey and look out for that dark woman. "It's in the cards," says George you just have to know how to read them."

-- John M. Grahame

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Fatalism is not necessarily pessimism. The most fatalistic person can be the most optimistic, depending on the individual's point of view. Fatalism, as related to optimism, is the most sane and comforting attitude for the tuberculous patient to adopt......

...

Many patients fret about what might have been and what is to be, instead of forgetting the past and letting the future take care of itself. Today is the only day you have.....It would be well to adopt the slogan, "What is to be, will be." Remember, today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday.



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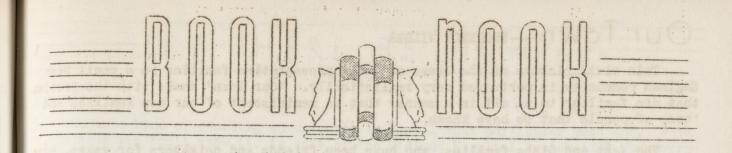
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TUGENE O'NEII born in 1888 was the son of a popular actor of that time. His parents travelled about the country taking their little boy with them. When he was seven he was placed in a convent school - later in a preparatory school, and at the age of eighteen, he entered Princeton University.

He hated discipline, and college life wasn't to his liking. By the end of his freshman year he was suspended. He did not return. Instead he gave free rein to his desires and roved, working when and where he pleased and wherever a job offered. It resulted in a great variety of experiences. He prospected for gold in Honduras and shipped as a seaman, was a newspaper reporter and a hanger-on in a water front dive. It was a precarious existence. During these unstable years he contracted tubercubosis.

He was twenty-five years of age when he entered Gaylord Farm Sanatorium. The enforced rest gave him time to think and take stock of himself and the kaleidoscopic impressions that had crowded one after another since he could remember. His short newspaper experience had helped him to express himself and he had much to tell. In the sanatorium physical activity was barred, but mental activity was not, so he began to write.

The first year after leaving the sanatorium, he wrote eleven short plays and two long ones. He managed to study a year at Harvard to perfect his technique of the larger Success did not come instantaneously. He worked persistently but publishers save scant attention to his efforts. Recognition of his genius was deferred several ars until H. L. Mencken, then editor of Smart Set Magazine, published three of leill's plays. Gradually his reputation grew until he came to be known as "The lambdane Playwright".

At one time when asked about his scheme of life or philosophy he said; "Well, I suppose, it is the idea I try to put in all my plays..... Any victory we may win is never the one we dreamed of winning. The point is that life in itself is nothing. It is the dream itself that keeps us fighting, willing, living! Achievement, in the narrow sense of possession, is a stale finale. The dreams that can be completely realized are not worth dreaming..." This marks Eugene O'Neill as an idealist, yet his plays are stark realism to the point of tragedy.

Eugene O'Neill is now fifty-two years old, married and has children. He believes that sanatorium treatment taken in the right spirit, changes one for the better. In early life he resented routine, he wanted change and freedom to follow his own desires, now he voluntarily follows routine. This changed attitude came about after his stay in the sanatorium. There he learned that one must follow the established rules to attain health, just as one must follow a regular habit of work to accomplish anything. The opportunity for retrospection which came as a result of his taking the cure for tuberculosis, played a large part in his development. He might have drifted into literary work, but undoubtedly, it was in the sanatorium that he caught the vision that has resulted in his great success as a playwright.

Our Town—THORNTON WILDER

This vivid picture of the lives of two representative families in a small New England community is portrayed very realistically. "Our Town" deals with the problem that are familiar to us all in a manner that is reminiscent of our own families and those of people that we have known.

The Webb and Gibbs families, who have been friends and neighbors for years, have two children named Emily and George. They fall in love and marry to carry on the traditions of their prederessors. The story is carried beyond the grave into a realm of fancy that leaves the reader with the impression that perhaps the writer has found the answer to that of which we know nothing.

The ideas expressed by Mr. Wilder are both lovely and sordid, but the story is very enjoyable and thought-provoking. It is a clever play that has had a long run on Broadway and in the movies. Anyone who is interested in the traditions of American family life and in having an enlightening evening's entertainment, will find what he wants in "Cur Town."

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Reading Maketh A Full Man-

Studies serve for delight, for ornament and for ability.....To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar.....Crafty (craft's men) contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them.

Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy (insipid) things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little he had need of a good memory; if he confer little, he had need of a present wit; and if he read little, he need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtile; natural philosomely phy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. Abount studia in mores. (Studies are transmuted into character.)

Nay there is no stond (obstacle) or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out (removed) by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins (kidneys); shooting (archery) for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the Schoolmen for they are cymini sectores (hair splitters). If he be not apt to beat over matters and call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

-- Francis Bacon - Essay on Study

LET THERE BE LIGHT

We were kind of standing on our ears in Ward A that particular week end. Ward in case you don't know it, is sort of the Midland Hospital "catch all" for everyne who's got something that hasn't been classified yet. Me, I'd been there ten day ith the docs playing tit tat toe on my legs and tummy and so far all they'd got was bunch of O's and X's.

When I said we were standing on our ears maybe I should have said lying on our cars instead. At any rate, there were forty-two of us trying to get along in a thirty bed ward and there were beds down the middle aisle and double spaced along the walls. The nurses and orderlies were doing sort of a rhumba arrangement whenever they passed one another and one time when I was going past the desk I heard Doctor Patton ask floor nurse Lane if she wouldn't like to join him in some nice quict nuthouse. At any rate, it looked more like the confidential contents of a can of sardines than a hospital ward.

Well, it isn't the number of beds in a ward that make trouble, it's the people in them and if you've ever been in a hospital ward you know what I mean. I mean the bloke who's coffee's always cold, his milk sour or his bed improperly made. The kind of a guy who treats everybody like they were Hatfields and he was the last of the McCoys.

We had one of those. You'd think, what with the rest of the grief we had, the Deity could have spared us Persimmon Puss, but He didn't. I guess we must have been awful wicked children or something. We called this guy Persimmon Puss because of his uniformly non-cheerful nature and we finally shortened it to just Percy. Percy didn't like us or the world or even himself and I've a sneaking hunch he didn't think much of God either. He started right out making himself popular his first day by declaring the food wasn't fit for hogs, that it was served like it was for hogs and that the people who served it bore a strong resemblance to hogs.

Well, that was a pretty warm starter even for an irritable first morning patient and I could see trouble ahead for Percy. But the trouble was that Percy was a hard not to crack. Every bit of trouble we steered his way had a habit of bouncing right back in our kissers. And the guy was smart. He had sense enough to clam up and not spout too much when the head nurse or one of the docs came around to see what was wrong. And the pious look he'd get on his pan made everyone want to massage his shull with a loaded dinner tray. Once I was just in time to stop Sandy McGavin when he was sneaking up behind Percy's bed with a bowl of noodle soup. Not that I didn't approve of the general idea but I didn't want Sandy to get in trouble.

Blinky arrived the day after Percy moved in. We called him Blinky because he was so near-sighted he couldn't see three feet past his nose, even with his glasses on. Everybody liked him at once...that is, everybody except Percy. Blinky got in bad with Percy the first day when he accidentally stumbled into the foot of Percy's bed. Like I said, Blinky couldn't see three feet in front of him but the way Percy carried on you'd think he'd been maliciously attacked.

Well, from then on, Percy kind of forgot about the rest of us and concentrated his spite on Blinky and I must admit Blinky gave him plenty of chances. If there was a tray of dishes, or a wheel chair or a toothpick anywhere in that ward, that poor blind bat would stumble over it. No one jumped him much because he really couldn't welp it and he was always sorry afterwards. But Percy never lost a chance to sound

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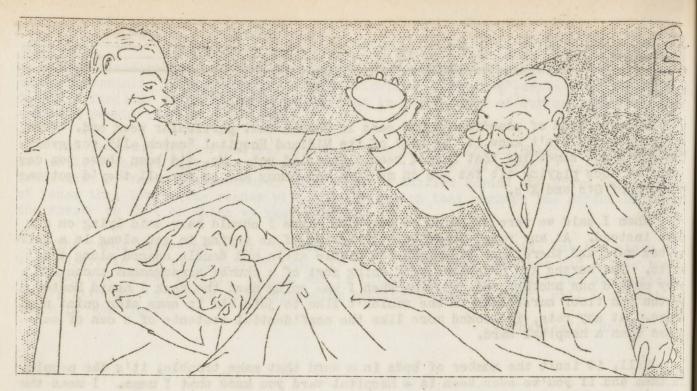
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his A and the riding he gave that poor guy was terrific. Believe me, there were plenty of times when I found myself wishing I hadn't stopped Sandy and his bowl of noodle soup.

Things went from bad to worse 'til Doctor Patton and nurse Lane were going whacky. Now I'll say this for the doc. He was trying to give everyone a fair shake but he didn't know whether it was a case of one guy being out of step with the whole parade or if everyone was just picking on one patsy. Like I said, this Percy was plenty smart and his apparent frankness to the "powers that be" had them guessing. At any rate, Dr. Patton tells nurse Lane one day (in a voice you could hear for a mile) that the next bit of trouble would be investigated thoroughly and the guilty person or persons would be removed from the ward immediately. And the way he said if you knew he meant it.

The payoff came Thursday morning about three o'clock. We all woke up with a jump, to the tune of crashing glassware and pots and pans. It sounded like the Nazi had blitzed into Woolworth's kitchen equipment section. Everybody mumbled sleepily and a minute or two later the night orderly came out of a private room looking half mad and half scared.

Nothing more happened then but we heard all about it at breakfast. Someone had knocked over two trays full of glasses and instruments in the treatment room. Whoever did it either did it purposely or was blind as a bat as the trays were squarely on the drainboard. Well, inside of five minutes everyone in the ward had sneaked a pitying glance at Blinky. Of course, we all liked Blinky, but if he was going to wander around where he had no business, breaking things up....

There was just one thing that bothered me. When I had been awake just a minute after the crash, I had a vague impression of someone scurrying past me in the dark. I threw a suspicious look at Percy but kept quiet. After all, accusing a guy of malicious damage is pretty serious. If only the night orderly had been at his desk...

About nine o'clock the investigation began with Doctor Patton asking all the questions and nobody knowing the answers. It wasn't long 'til Percy showed his hand and I regretted that bowl of noodle soup more than ever.

"There's only one man in the ward stupid enough or <u>blind</u> enough to have done it." Percy sings out.

Patton, like the rest of us, looked at Blinky.

"I didn't do it," said Blinky firmly.

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With his most pious look, Percy addresses Patton. "As you know, Doctor, I slee very poorly and about 3 a.m. I was awake. I saw that man"..pointing to Blinky... "turn on his light for a few seconds and peer down the aisle. He's very short-sighte and was evidently getting his bearings."

"And then what happened?" asked Doctor Patton.

"He then put out his light, got out of bed and went down the aisle. Shortly after, I heard the crash."

"Very interesting," says Patton. But he wasn't looking at Percy and gradually, one by one, our glances followed his. He was staring intently at the bare wall of the emergency space into which Blinky's bed had been pushed.

There wasn't a bed light within five feet of Blinky's bed in either direction.

---James Cook

THE CLARION

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THE CLARION

San Francisco Hospital
San Francisco, California

EHASSLER PERSONALSE

Betty O'Mears:

May your P.G. course be a short and

Willie has spring fever and so have I. What to do! What to do!

Etta:

Please take good care of Oscar and feed him well.

Joy and Dottie

China Doll:

Please write Gus 'cause Gus misses China Doll.

East Porch Horticulturists:

A little love, a little care, Along with water, will make them flare Gertrude

Blue Eyes:

Insomnia is a new word for it-well, have it your own way.

Ann L.

Tish:

My, chula?--Who's Willie?--Am tak- Rose Holland:
care of Barbara!!

Come on down and kill the bugs. ing care of Barbara!!

Dear Evie:

Have your spot-believe it or not. Come and get it before they fill it. Madam Plushy

Gang on East Porch 19:

I like it here but miss the gang. What's the matter pal? How Come down as soon as you can, about dropping me a line?

Zalkaske dear:

Your conception of butterballs,

What's cookin', Tuttle?

Fitz Mike Gleason:
And Tuttle wants Nagy to tell him if Wise up and join us. cabbage is still a head???????????

Florence D:

Shall be up to see you soon. Am getting my walking papers.

Agnes G.

J. Keaihui:

Hoomanawa Mui, Malama pono kou kino. Aloha, pau keia.

Leimoni

Lupe:

No tengo tiempo de escribir---Pienso en usted.

J. Jockey McDaniel:

Doris says hello. How is the other girl.

G. Snookey Hunt

Ray, Mike and Joe:

Come on down and kill some rattler's.

Ralph Dempsey:

Come on down and smell the wild flowers.

Hamburger Nick

Chiq. Hope you do it soon.

Howard Anderson

C. Schlund:

How's the silent man?

Allensworth:

Burkhart

Keogh:

Yes, Ed, instead of picking horses we are picking flowers. E. Lowe Good Luck!!!

F. M.

Medical School And

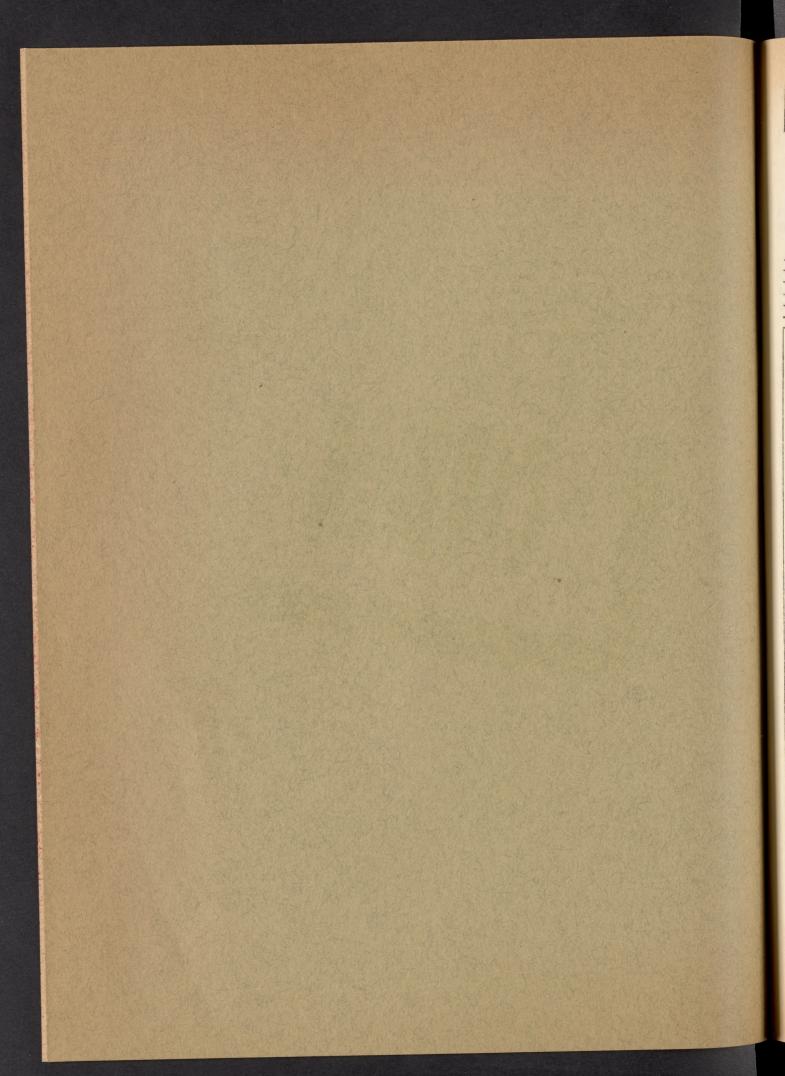
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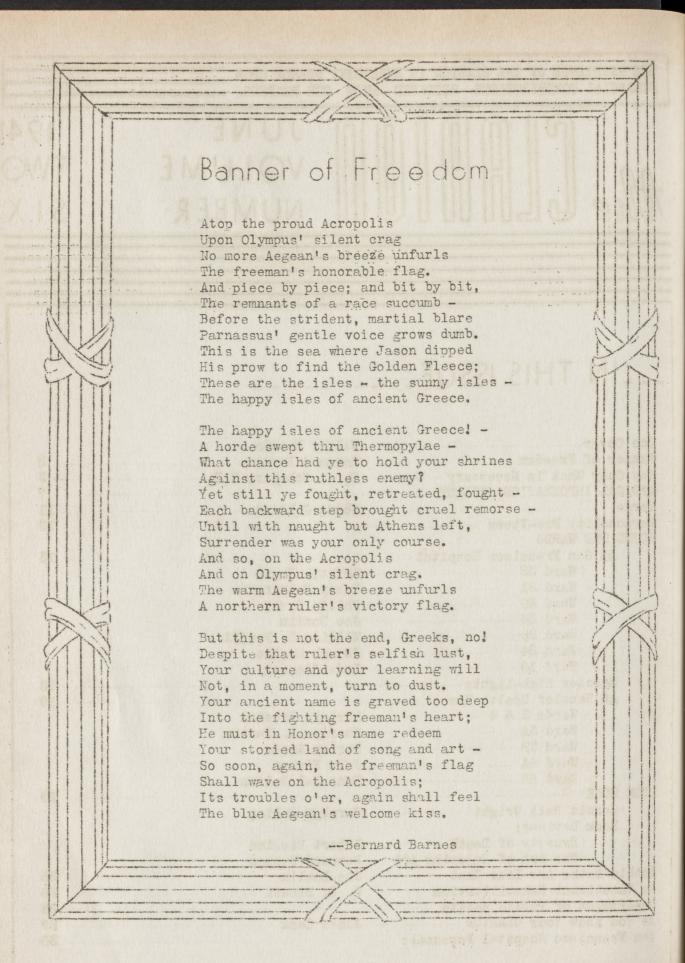
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SAY ONLY WHAT IS NECESSARY By E. A. SCHAPER, M.D.

The longer I live the more I'm inclined to think that most of the joys and sorrows of this life are the direct or indirect result of the right or the wrong use of the tongue.

The Bible, which I love to quote because it is a veritable storehouse of the accumulated wisdom of the ages, makes frequent reference to the use of the tongue. James tells us, "If any offend notin word the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body."

After many years of dealing with the sick I have come to the conclusion that what the physician says to his patient is just as important as what he actually does to him. In our relations and contacts with one another what we say and how we say it usually makes the difference between success or failure in our daily work.

Looking back over fifty years of experience in using my own tongue I am appalled at the grave errors made. I am surprised that I have any real old friends left. I prided myself upon my frankness, my saying right out just what I thought; enjoyed saying sarcastic things to people just to see how they would take it; made fun of the ideas of others, and was harshly critical of those who didn't think as I did; would burlesque the most sacred things, and had little regard for the feelings of other people. I had all the stubbornness and cocksureness of the average American youth, and no one could tell me anything. I was able to learn only by my own bitter experiences, by the trial—and—error method. I would take no advice from anyone, and there is at least one person living now who has resented me for twenty years because of an unkind and unnecessary remark I made when an interne. "Brightest links of life are broken by a single angry word."

Human beings are so naturally critical that I have come to the conclusion this trait is a defense reaction which has been handed down to us from our caveman ancestors when every man's hand was against them, and they had to continually wage a physical battle for existence. Very often we pass hasty judgement and begin to criticise upon the basis of slight, partial or incorrect information. We make an unkind or perhaps only a critical remark which is passed on by some gossipy person until it reaches its object. The one criticised feels resentful, and soon a barrier is built up between two or more people who should be working together in peace and harmony.

Our natural impulses are nearly always wrong. We would all come much nearer to the mark if we would follow the rule of doing the exact opposite of what we feel like doing on the spur of the moment, especially if our first impulse is to do or say something harsh or critical. Solomon says, "The fool telleth all his mind but the wise man keepeth it until afterward."

There are times when harsh face-to-face criticism of another is justified, for there are some people so callous, so stupid, so unresponsive to the gentler methods that they can be impressed only by strong language. If it becomes necessary to rebuke or to criticise another it is well usually to begin by a little commendation or praise. I often think of the method used by God when He wished to correct the faults of the churches as recorded in the second chapter of Revelation. He says there in speaking to the church at Ephesus, "I know thy works, and thy labor, and thy patience, and how thou canst not bear them which are evil:.. Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee...." Then follows a gentle but firm reminder of faults and shortcomings. I have often used this method with great success, for it is always possible to find

something in the most hopeless derelict to commend.

This reminds me of an experience I had as a boy. In the small town in which I was brought up we were all more or less like one big family. On certain occasions, such as weddings and funerals, almost the whole town would assemble. One of our prominent citizens was a quiet rather philosophic old German blacksmith, who always attended the funerals and as the last clod was placed on the grave usually spoke a few words of praise for the departed fellow townsman.

One day the town drunk died. As usual everyone turned out for the funeral and as the sexton placed the last piece of sod on the grave he straightened up, leaned on his shovel and looked expectantly at the old blacksmith. All the rest of us looked at him too, wondering what good thing he could possibly say about this most unprepossessing piece of human wreckage. The old man seemed very solemn and, I thought, somewhat perplexed. He looked thoughtfully off into space for a full minute while we all waited in hushed expectancy. Then he said very softly, "Vell, he vas a good smoker anyhow."

In hiring people to carry on the work of any organization I have managed, I have required two things. First, that the employee do his work well, and, second, that he he get along with his fellow workers. When workers failed to do the latter it was usually because the rule, "Say only what is necessary," was violated.

Sometimes unnecessary things are said which are misunderstood, resulting in an angry exchange of words and the formation of lifelong emmities.

Our first reaction usually is to be harshly critical. We do not realize that as soon as we start to find fault with others we, by so doing, take upon ourselves the mantle of perfection and either forget or fail to realize that we ourselves are just as vulnerable, as imperfect and as worthy of blame as the one we criticise. To avoid this critical tendency we should talk about things and not people. The discussion of people usually leads to gossip and faultfinding, whereas the conversation about things leads to an interesting exchange of ideas with resulting good to all concerned,

There is sometimes a tendency for employees of different departments of a large organization to criticise members of other departments. This is wrong, for in the first place we should all be working for the one object, namely, the greatest possible success of the organization as a whole. If there is dissension among the various departments the whole structure is weakened for, "In union there is strength" and "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Therefore, let us praise one another. Let us build up each other, and make ourselves and our organization as strong as possible so we can do an outstanding piece of work in whatever we are trying to do.

Those of us who are most prone to criticise, are often the least competent to find fault with others. "Let us first pull the beam - the block of wood - out of our own eyes so that we may see clearly to take the mote - the speck of dust - out of our brother's eye."

One should consider well before speaking a single harsh word, because the angry word once spoken can never be recalled. It goes on forever. Harm done by such words can sometimes be remedied, but often it cannot. I can think now of many words spoken in the past I'd give much to recall, but it is too late. The evil effect goes on "from everlasting to everlasting".

The tongue is a two-edged sword -- it cuts two ways. It can be used for great good or tremendous evil. A sharp, critical, merciless tongue will drive people from us, whereas, a tongue used to express words of interest, praise, and consolation will

multiply the number of our friends and thus enhance our chances for success.

Solomon said, "If thou wouldst have friends, show thyself friendly." Friendship can be manifested in no better way than by properly chosen words. Our success in our life's work depends almost entirely upon friendships we build. Even our patients come to us more because they like us than because they think we are especially skilled. Since most friendships are the result of the proper use of words, how important then that we should train our tongues to speak only words which will draw people to us rather than drive them from us.

Some pride themselves upon their ability to use sarcasm. How foolish and short-sighted such people are! They do not realize the tremendous price they are paying in lack of friends, the contempt of really intelligent associates, and loss in actual dollars and cents in many instances. Almost any fool can be sarcastic, but it takes a wise man to hold his tongue for "A fool is known by his much speaking."

There is a not uncommon type of individual who is a fine fellow most of the time, but when things don't go right pours out the "venom of his spleen" upon those unfortunate enough to be his subordinates. He shouts at his secretary, finds fault with his assistants, slams doors, shuts himself in his office, and petulantly refuses to see anyone. Those under him make excuses for him. They say he is sensitive; that he is a hypertonic person; that allowance must be made for his peculiarities. Such a man is to be greatly pitied. He loses so much of real friendship. People can never be their true selves when with him. They never feel they can trust him for he may seem to be friendly one moment and railing at everyone in sight the next.

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These people are usually shouters. They feel that the louder they speak, the rougher they are in conversation, the more forceful and effective they seem. They treat human beings like dumb driven beasts of the field, and they wonder why they are not loved and respected by those who work for them. Their technique is entirely wrong, for we do: not get the best results in handling dumb animals by abusing them, but by kindly and patiently leading them. Such a man would do well to ponder these words, "Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words, there is more hope of a fool than of him" for "death and life is in the power of the tongue."

We all seek the approbation of our fellow men. We wish to be loved and respected, and yet these shouters go through life doing everything in their power to keep their associates from respecting and approving them. Such a man would do well even though his years are almost spent to learn to control his own tongue remembering that, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

The opposite of the shouter is the smooth, ingratiating, flattering type. The one who praises everybody. He goes so far in the opposite direction that he fools only the most gullible. One feels his insincerity and distrusts him. He has the idea that to get the most out of people he must praise them. He is entirely selfish in the use of this true principle, and does not know that if praise is given at all it must be sincere, for insincerity fools no one for very long. He is the type who tells each co-worker that he is the best he has ever had. He likewise flatters his colleagues and they soon learn to take his remarks with a grain of salt. This type of talker is dangerous because some inexperienced young people are inclined to believe him, and for a time are likely to think more highly of themselves than they should until a rude awakening takes place when they are suddenly brought into contact with the realities of life.

Of these two I prefer the shouter to the flatterer, for at least we know the shouter is honest, and we usually know what to expect of him or that we may expect almost anything. However, the flatterer may tell us one thing while he thinks the

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opposite. Between these two extremes there are many intermediate types, a few of which I will mention here.

There is the honest, sincere but very quick-tempered person who goes along nicely until suddenly something happens to provoke him, and then like Saint Peter he impulsively cuts off the ear of the high priest's servant or denies his best friend. Harsh words are quickly spoken, hasty judgments are often to be regretted later. Such a one should ponder the words, "A fool uttereth all his mind, but a wise man keepeth it in till afterward."

There is the chronic grouch. He seems to study the best methods of making himself disagreeable. He snaps at all who approach him. His answers to questions are always curt and sarcastic. He is preeminently selfish and does favors for no one. He is thoroughly disliked by all, but somehow gets through life by hook or by crook, blaming all his troubles and griefs upon some one other than himself. At times he goes to the other extreme and becomes maudlin over some one he thinks he loves, and sends flowers or other gifts which are usually beyond his means to purchase. Such a person is vacillating and unstable. Nothing short of a miracle can change him.

Occasionally one meets a man or woman who indulges in mild conversational profanity a good part of the time. This method of self-expression by long practice becomes easy and matter-of-fact. Their friends become accustomed to their rather lurid language and are either somewhat amused by it or else tolerate it because of unusual virtues this person may possess. Because of the possibility of being misunderstood by casual acquaintances, or of being considered rude and uncouth by some, this type should, by a proper study of English, enrich his vocabulary to the point where a paucity of words would no longer exist, hence no need for using language usually associated with the pool hall and the bar room. We may overlook this fault in a man but most people do not appreciate it in a woman. Men especially respect femininity in the opposite sex. They may hob nob with, and seem to be amused by, a swearing female, but down in their hearts they pity her and wish she either had the ability to use good English in expressing her thoughts or that she would stick to the rule of saying only what is necessary and no more.

There is an impulsive, hot-tempered type who on the spur of the moment and on slight provocation takes it upon himself to reprimend others — often his fellow workers — for mistakes he thinks they have made. He usually jumps to conclusions on the basis of wrong or incomplete information, and in a moment of time has said things which have caused damage he can never repair. Sometimes one such outburst may make him a dozen enemies among his associates.

If one of my co-workers or one in a position equal in importance to mine has made a mistake, it is not for me to reprimand that person. There is a best or ethical way to handle such a problem. I should go to the proper person to make my complaint, perhaps to my foreman or superintendent, who, in turn, can take the matter up with the superintendent of the one at fault, and thus I do not need to come into the picture at all. The erring one will be corrected by the person ethically responsible for him. I have accomplished what I thought was necessary and without making a single enemy.

(This is the first in a series of articles entitled "Say Only What Is Necessary."
Others will follow in subsequent issues of The CLARION).





- Q.- If a patient needed a thoracoplasty but was negative would there be any particular point in waiting until the patient had gone positive before doing surgery?
- A.— There is a school of doctors who believe in prophylactic thoracoplasty. They believe time is saved by doing a thoracoplasty before a positive sputum is found. There is, however, another school who will not do a thoracoplasty unless the patient has positive sputum. There are logical arguments to support both schools of thought.
- Q.- Is pneumothorax indicated only when cavities are present?
- A.- No. Pneumothorax is now being done in minimal cases when infiltration only is apparent in the X-ray.
- Q How can cavities be caused to heal?

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- A.- This depends upon the type of cavity. They may be closed by aspiration, by drainage, or by some form of compression therapy or by rest alone.
- Q.- Is a cavity in the apex less serious and more likely to heal than one at the base of the lung?
- A.- Cavities at the apex are more amenable to treatment than those in the middle or lower portion of the lung.
- Q.- Should cases of fibrous tuberculosis be kept in bed longer than other forms of pulmonary tuberculosis?
- A.- No, because a large amount of healing has usually taken place and ordinarily they do not require as much rest as patients with soft lesions.
- Q .- Does exercise ever help to heal tuberculosis of the lungs?
- A.- Rest is the foundation stone in the structure representing the cure of tuberculosis. There comes a time when exercise is helpful in rounding out a cure; but, 'whenever in doubt, lay the emphasis on rest.
- Q.- What is the X-ray treatment for pulmonary tuberculosis and what have been the results?
- A.- So far as I know, the treatment of tuberculosis by X-ray has proved to be of no value.
- Q.- How long does it take to collapse a lung by pneumothorax if there are no adhesions?
- A.- About five minutes if you put in air enough. By methods now in use, the lung is usually collapsed enough within two to three weeks. For the first week or two, small amounts of from 200 cc to 300 cc are given two or three times a week. Then 300 cc to 500 cc once a week is enough to maintain the amount of compression desired.
- Q.- Would driving a car be harmful to a quiescent case of pulmonary tuberculosis? A.- Not if the patient is a good driver and does not exercise enough to tire himself.

((Answered by E. A. Schaper, M.D., Hassler Health Home))

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TUBERCULOSIS B

By CHARLES W. LEACH, M.D.

This type of tuberculosis is what one considers the primary or first phase of infection by the tubercle bacillus. We cannot always draw the line between primary or adult type of tuberculosis since there may be times when one leads directly into the other type. Adult type of tuberculosis means a re-infection state.

Infection is usually caused by inhalation, leading to either pulmonary or tonsillar tuberculosis but we must always be on the look-out for direct contact which may infect the skin, or ingestion of the bacilli which causes either intestinal or glandular infections. The last type, of course, is often associated with the bovine tubercle bacillus.

After a child has been exposed, an incubation period, usually of six to ten weeks, takes place, ending with a period of fever and the sensitization to tuberculin because of the establishment of allergy.

The primary focus of infection in the lungs is usually found in the lower portions of the upper lobes or the upper portion of the lower lobes, closely beneath the pleura. In most cases it is a single focus, although multiple foci may occur. The lesion consists of a small tuberculous pneumonia and if a patient is highly allergic there may be fluid or an enlarged allergic area around the primary focus, so-called epituberculosis.

From here on, in the ordinary case, the center of this primary focus caseates or "breaks down" and the bacilli in these lesions are carried in the lymph channels to the lymph nodes in that region of the bronchus or lung to which they drain. The lymph nodes follow the same pattern of breaking down as did the primary focus.

The next step in development consists of the placing of a capsule of fibrous tissue around the caseating lesions by the body. Then calcium salts are laid down to further the process of immobilization and occasionally there is even the formation of bone-like material in the lymph nodes.

The above description of the course is the usual one we see. Unfortunately, there are a few of these primary cases which do not respond as well, these being most common in small infants, members of the negro and oriental races, and those children who are constantly being re-exposed to infection. In these cases the primary lesion may continue to spread and break down so that they can break through into one of the large bronchial passages and so cause a tuberculous broncho-pneumonia of various severity or degree. Others may get into the lymph channels from the lymph nodes, infecting other lymph nodes and finally getting into the blood stream. Thus there may be lesions developing in such places as the brain, bones, kidneys or other organs.

If the focus should break into a large vein or the largest of the lymph channels a generalized miliary tuberculosis may develop. This last type is the most serious of the types we have to deal with.

What is the significance of the primary infection? This may be answered by quoting the work of Doctors Price, Braily and Tortone, who, in 1938 made a critical review. Their conclusion was that at least 90% of white children infected with tuberculosis in the first five years of life could be expected to survive the infec-

tion and that those who do survive the infection are confined almost entirely to the first two years of life.

What is the relationship of the primary infection to the re-infection or adult type of tuberculosis? Here there is an argument - one group feels that recovery from a primary infection fails to immunize and that it furnishes a source of virulent tubercle bacilli and confers allergy, both of which are requirements for the development of re-infection tuberculosis. The other group feels that recovery from a primary infection confers an immunity which in later years protects a person from ordinary re-infections. Both groups have many facts and figures to support their views so that the answer to this question still is not settled, although the papers of the first group seem to be more impressive.

Now it may be of interest to see how we go about finding the cases of primary tuberculosis. First of all, those children who are contacts of other tuberculous patients supply a very large proportion of our primary infection group. Since the use of tuberculin-testing of cows has become a common and accepted practice, milk as as a source of infection has greatly decreased. Detection of primary tuberculosis from the symptoms or other signs is not always easy. The factors we do notice that may be helpful may be a low-grade fever of unexplained cause, failure to gain weight, or an irritable or listless child. These, however, may be lacking and we may be struck with the picture of a bright child of good nutrition. The adult signs of spitting blood or a chronic cough are extremely uncommon in children.

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When children do cough, they usually swallow the sputum, so that the only way we can identify the tubercle bacilli is to pass a stomach tube and wash out their stomachs. Then we can sometimes find the bacillus, especially if the primary focus or lymph node is breaking down. We employ the guinea pig to find the bacillus since they are quite susceptible to infection and the organisms may be isolated after innoculating the pig with the stomach washings.

Now as to what we find on examination of these children. If the disease has progressed far enough so that there may be a spreading of the bacilli by the blood stream or lymph channels, there may be such findings as a large spleen, painful eyes which are caused by small lumps of the eyeball (called Phlyctenular-conjunctivitis), tuberculids on the skin, a rash on the legs (so-called erythema nodosum), enlarged grands or even deformities in the bones. The chest findings without the use of Tray are the least helpful of all the signs as a rule unless there is fluid or a very large pneumonia. Even in those very sick children with miliary tuberculosis the chest findings may be slight.

The laboratory findings, including X-rays are, of course, our standby in discovering the infection. The finding of tubercle bacilli is of great importance and establishes the diagnosis. The various methods have already been described.

The X-ray reveals to us the progress of the disease. Those taken after the primary phase has been halted will very often show the first infection as a calcified area out in the lung fields. This is so diagnostic that it has been given the name of Chon's tubercle.

Now for the tuberculin test. It is this test which the Tuberculosis Association has been using throughout the school systems in order to pick up unsuspected cases. As soon as allergy has been established the tuberculin test becomes positive. The interpretation of the test merely means that tuberculosis is present and unless there are enlarged glands, draining sinuses, phlyctenular conjunctivitis or bone tuberculosis — it does not indicate the intensity of the infection. The conditions mentioned above have to be tested with a weak solution of tuberculin since they give a severe reaction.

There are many ways of performing the tuberculin test but the one method which we hope will prove feasible is the patch test. This is appealing to those of us who deal with children because it would eliminate the use of the testing needle. At present, however, the most reliable test is the Mantoux or intradermal test. Does the tuberculin test ever become negative? The answer is yes - in a certain number of cases. Dahlstrom studied this question at Henry Phipps Institute by following the records of 3,919 people, of whom 76% reacted positively to tuberculin. Over a period of ten years 11% of these became negative to the test. It seems also that there is a correlation between the tuberculin test becoming negative and the intensity of the original reaction. It was found that the more intense the original reaction, the less frequently did it become negative. It was also found that the allergic state to tuberculosis tends to disappear if there is not frequent exposure to the bacilli. This, of course, indicates that re-infection is responsible for the maintenance of the positive reaction.

The contribution to the diagnosis of tuberculosis by X-ray can easily be estimated by all. In the past, case findings of primary tuberculosis by the use of X-ray has been greatly handicapped because of the expense. However, the development of the smaller films and the increased use of the fluoroscope have helped to bring the use of X-ray into broader channels. The use of the 4x5 film for instance costs only one-tenth as much as the usual 14x17 inch film.

The management of the case of primary tuberculosis consists of several items. First, and most important, is to remove the contact, for, as stated before, primary tuberculosis is serious mainly in small infants or in those children who are repeatedly exposed to the tubercle bacilli. This is the reason that we are always so anxious to find out where the children admitted to ward received their infection, since, if we can identify that contact, we may prevent others from getting tuberculosis. The feeling that children do not infect others is also wrong since we frequently find positive sputums or can isolate the tubercle bacilli from the stomach washings.

The second factor to be considered in treatment is rest. Infected children are placed on absolute bed rest for as long as there are any symptoms, any organisms found, or if the sedimentation rate of the red blood corpuscles is elevated. This last test is one of extreme importance to us because it gives us a good clue as to whether the disease is in an active or passive state.

Another part of the treatment is heliotherapy or sun-baths. For this part of the treatment, we have to use an extra amount of caution and careful selection. We usually send the children whom we feel are far enough along the road to recovery out on the porch where we keep a careful eye out for any symptoms or signs that may indicate trouble. Very seldom do we have to stop sun-baths on the children that have been selected.

So much for these. We now come to that large field of diet, and also that rapidly growing use of our knowledge of the vitamins. Naturally, a nourishing diet is important to any one who has tuberculosis, but in a growing child it is even more so. Protein foods must be supplied in proper proportion and amount to insure growth and replacement. Plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables must be supplied as well as milk, eggs and vitamins. The latter is especially important in the dietary of a convalescent patient, particularly the two vitamins C and D. The latter plays an important part in the calcification of the foci of tuberculosis. We have to allow for mineral salts also. Many of these children require the use of medicines to bring their blood up to the proper levels.

In addition to the discussion of diets, there are other factors that have to be met. Many of the children have defects of one sort or another which require correction if we are to get anywhere. Probably one of the most numerous of these defects

are cavities in the teeth. Due to the excellent cooperation of our dentist, we have a very good dental report to make of our wards at present. We also encounter such conditions as infected tonsils and adenoids, hernias, malnutrition, running ears and, of course, colds and other infections common to all.

It may be of interest in closing, to mention some of the developments or progress made for vaccination against, or further prevention of, infection in children. It has been suggested, for instance, that prospective mothers have tuberculin tests performed so as to avoid infecting their newborn infants; a procedure which was tested out at Santa Clara County Hospital. 805 women were tested there of whom 41% were found to have positive tuberculins. Unsuspected active tuberculosis was found in 1.7% of those tested.

Another approach was made in England just before the war broke out. Investigators discovered a tuberculosis-like infection among the wild voles caused by an acid-fast bacillus such as the tubercle bacillus is. They found that this bacillus was fatal for the voles but did not affect rabbits or guinea pigs as severely. A vaccine from the vole infecting bacillus was made and injected into the guinea pigs and it was found that a high degree of protection against the tubercle bacilli was given the pigs if they were later inoculated with either the bovine or human tubercle bacilli. This is the most encouraging vaccine that has been reported but it is only a preliminary study and probably won't be carried to completion until after the war.

Doctor Leach was born and spent the first twenty years of his life in Duluth, Minn. His early education was received there. The last part of his college studies were completed at the University of Southern California and his medical studies were taken at Stanford University. After graduation in 1932, he spent several more years on the hospital staff, after which he went into general practice for four years. Since then he has specialized in pediatrics, with special interest on tuberculosis in children. At present he is on the staff of the San Francisco Hospital and Stanford Medical School. He is married and the father of three children.





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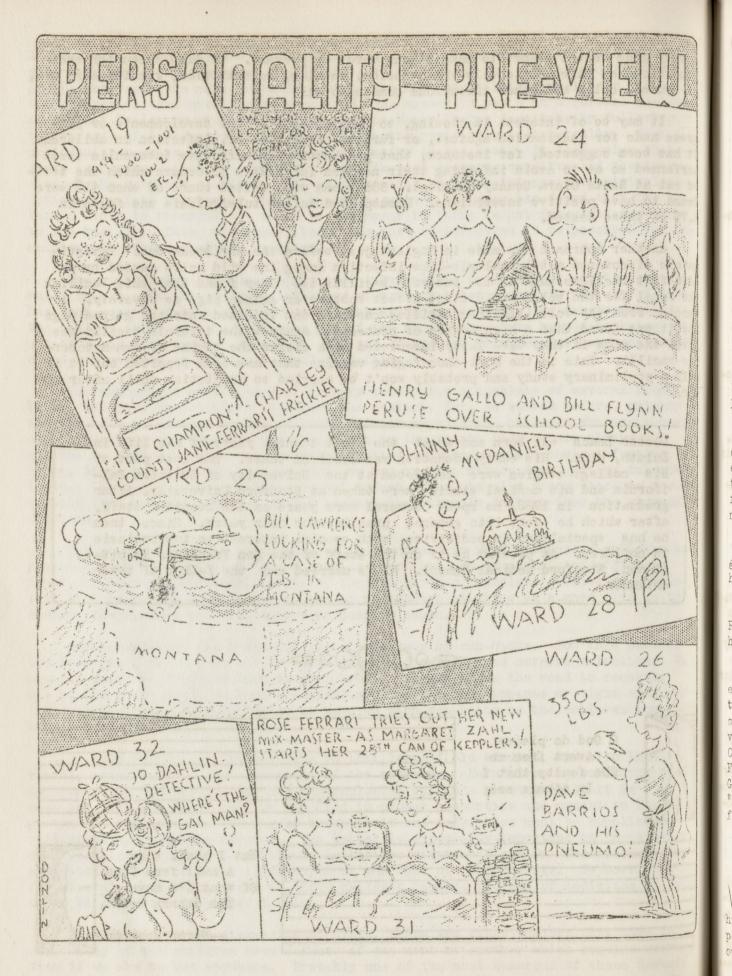
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--- Norma Johnson



ENDUMD THE WANDS

AT SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITAL

Ward 32 Josephine Dahlin, master detective, (ahem! ahem!) has, to her way of thinking, solved the mystery of Jack Benny's gas man. She states that Carmichael, the bear, could not possibly have had anything to do with the gas man's disappearance. In fact the gas man hasn't even disappeared. Nora Bunner's husband, who works for the gas company visited Nora the other day in his uniform. And if he could come out here for a visit how could he have disappeared. clever deduction, Jo.

Claire Winter is certainly happy these days as she will soon be home (perhaps before this reaches print). A new brace, which is already ordered, and she'll be on her way. We'll miss her but can't help but be pleased that she's well again.

Victim of a broken toe is our practical nurse, Iola Ridings. Discussing the incident, one day, Mrs. Saunders said, "Two people with broken bones on one ward are enough." To which the ever encouraging Marie King replied, "But, Mrs. Saunders, those things always happen in threes." Now Marie has us all wondering and with the fingers crossed. We're all glad, however, that Mrs. Saunders has had her cast removed and is able to step freely again.

'Twas a sad day when our talented Edna Larsen, song bird, authoress, and linguist, left us for Ward 31. We all miss Edna but are glad to have Marie King and her comph (??) with us again.

Well, we found out what put that starry gleam back in Agnes Johnson's eyes.
Reason? Rumor has it that ASCAP will soon be back on her pet station and she can hear her favorite song, "Stardust".

GOIN' ONS: Most of the girls are now braiding belts of dyed shoe laces, assisted by Mrs. Hill and Miss Waters, our recreational workers... Agnes Enright is so happy to be back from Ward W after an operation... "Jerry" Anthony is also happy over her successful pneumo... Why does Dixie Davis get that "far away" look in her eyes every visiting hour?... Everyone is thrilled to hear of Gussie Cuevos' speedy recovery... Claime Tracy has taken out her yarn and is learning to knit... Virginia Hansen and Frances Kelly are looking better and better every day... Pearl Leon, Toni Verdonk and Glaims Poon have been granted long awaited "ups"... Special message to Theresa Herrera "Perry" Parazoo and Sadie Fernandez; Hurry out to the Solarium... We're all waiting for you.

-- Letitia Dunne

Ward. Rose Ferrari's husband showed up, bright and early, with a box almost as big as himself. It contained a Mix-Master, no less. Complete with all gadgets from potato peelers to spare tires. It takes away the housewife's last excuse for not turning out batches of golden brown biscuits and fluffy cakes...Gen Shields wasn't satisfied

with just celebrating Mother's Day but had herself a birthday the same day - replete with lovely presents and a beautiful cake which we all shared.

Hassler's gain will be our loss when Dee Winward and Flo Whitaker pack up and leave on the southward journey. Flo will leave soon but Dee expects to be with us until some time after June 13th. That's the day she graduates. Speaking of losses we were sorry to lose Marie King to Ward 32.

Pat Amundsen came into Room 5 & 6 the other day and with a shocked expression on her face told us that Bernice Kelly was suffering from all manner of horrendous ailments. We gullible "Gerties" believed it hook, line, sinker and half the fish market and just about had Bernice shipped to Molokai. Finally Virginia Camilleri undeceived us. We are cured girls - no more inquisitiveness - until the next time.

Mary Smith certainly had a run of bad luck last week when she was planning a day out for her husband's birthday. Because of some surgery she had to take the day earlier than planned and then got mixed up in a flock of nose bleeds. Better luck next time Mary...Rumor has it that our practical Mary Healy is not leaving just because she wants to become a lady of leisure. His name is to be "Tony" we hear...We understand that one of our doctors is soon to become a father. Congratulations Dr. Drew...Hilda Sterner has been serenading us all with a gradually diminishing "seven more days and seven more nights and they're going to let me go home." Hilda has finally left us with cheers ringing in her ears and being kidded about the "peaceful nights" that were in store for us.

Things I can't figure out: How Margaret Zahl got away with 27 cans of Keplers.
...Where a certain eminent physician goes every other week end and why he carries his little hammer (rubber) around with him all the time. Self protection?...What Babs Strachen can possibly think is wrong with her "figger" after seeing her in that midriff get-up...Why Claire Costantini and Rosanna Hoyt can't have a coming out party here since they are so anxious to become debs?....That's all now, so long.

--Rusty Halvorsen

Another page off the calender and with it have gone Goodman Loy, Pete Basuino, Jimmy Jung, Herman Neubrand, Charley Mason, Ralph Fanucchi and Dick White - all off to Hassler and a step closer to home. Our last two ward reporters, Dick White and George Souza, both retired to the farm after only a month or two of service, so here's hoping that this month's reporter will soon be able to follow in their footsteps. A good many of our hospital friends go to Hassler and that's the last we hear of them, How about a list in The CLARION, each month, of patients discharged from there. We'd like to know that they are out and well.

We wouldn't know who sent the "huge bouquet of lilies and stuff" to one of our more popular belies but Ray Winrott insists that long stemmed, red roses are a much better way of expressing that feeling. And his roomie, Bud O'Ferrall, he of the far seeing eyes, decided to take a gander at the landscape here abouts. Imagine his constituted and acute embarassment when he found that other residents of the institution had the same idea as to what constituted good clean fun. Yipe!!!

According to the dailies the recent State Convention of doctors held at Del Monte was a very successful one and our Drs. Eloesser and Pierson both presented papers that were well received...And on National Hospital Day a very well presented description of an appendectomy was broadcast over station KSFO from the Surgery Department of our San Francisco Hospital — and a real blow by blow description it was,

Willie Withers is with us again which should mean better business for the 24th Street merchants...Jerry Hensel is very lonesome since Mrs. Hensel has the measles...

Ricco Ceci is patiently waiting for his flower garden to grow...Johnny McDaniels back from a pass and telling how he spent his birthday...Louie Oy making up for lost time on the rice after Sunday visiting hour.

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Orderly Al Lacey has left us and is now grabbing nickels on the rear end of a Muni street car...Rumor has it that Mrs. Hayden picked up a new Plymouth while on a six week tour of the east...Vince Cangelosi also vacationing but unable to convince the Mrs. that Hobergs "among the pints" is the place to spend it...And "Boomer" Brennan up from 26, his new station, to say hello...Mrs. Johnson sporting a new Nash coupe but commuting to work via the 24th Street bus - probably saving the Nash for her trip to the Pendleton Roundup come September.

Henry Vincent takes issue with Dick White who reported in last month's CLARION that he (Vince) was recovering from a thoracoplasty. Vincent wants it distinctly understood and I quote, "It is an Eloesser Flap that I was and am recovering from. In the thoracoplasty the surgeon is confined to the ribs alone whereas in the Flap he is hampered by no such petty restrictions and no holds are barred. I completed a two stage course in Thoracoplasty in my Freshman year and hope to finish my course in the Eloesser Flap by graduation time: "End quote.

Herb Caen, in a recent broadcast over KPO, paid tribute to H. H. H. for raising \$45.00 for the Chinese Rice Bowl...Realization that Robert Brown has been here about three months without ever getting a tumble from The CLARION reminds us that the Brown clan now surpass the Wongs in numbers, at least as far as this ward is concerned. At the last census we had Robert, Ted and Jimmy Brown and only Bock Wong...Attention F.D.R. Thomas Burke has just been re-elected Mayor of the Boneyard for his third consecutive term. Charley Gong is contesting the election on the grounds that the ballot box was stuffed and Burke got more votes than there were voters.

--Philip Casey

Ward news is finding a beginning for your copy, and seeing as to how I have found not only a beginning, but am merrily on my way, it is no trouble at all; which makes a lie out of my opening statement...So you see if you read anymore of this, you must take it with a grain of salt, for the man who can't even tell the truth to begin with certainly doesn't care what happens once he gets started.

But that's still no news, or is it? Or maybe I should bite a dog. So while Joseph Murphy passes the frankfurters, I will proceed to interview a patient or two.

Starting with Herby "Irish" Svenson I find he has the only cure that is near perfect. His modus operandi consists of; (a) develop a good snore, and (b) scare the bugs to death. The one fault is that he expends so much energy on the snore that he finds it necessary to stay in bed and rest. So leaving the "Mick" for further probings we simply pause to say, "Shoot the derby to me, Herby."

And now as the golden sun sets below the shimmering horizon we regretfully dry a tearful eye as we bid fond adieu to the little isle of "Makemineashortbeer" - and - wait a minute old top, that was last weeks travelogue - oh, yes --so as we steam back to the porch on Ward 26, we encounter Wiggles Hulse who is doing his best to find what Dave Barrios did with those 350 lbs. per square inch of "pneumo" he was so proudly explaining to a group of dubious visitors.

It is noted our poet-laureate, Bernard Barnes, manages to stick fairly close to bed - but we do hear he's showing lots of improvement... And while on the subject of improvements we might mention that Art Baker - art and layout man - is said to be on the "gettin' better" list.

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Proceeding with our maniacal meandering we pause to consult with Sabura Suenaga who has just put in for a return engagement after a brief sojourn down on the farm. As Sabura so aptly put it, "Be it ever so Hassler, there's no place like home."

Just a matter of a few steps brings us to the foot of Frank Berg's bed. The "Bug" is like his old self again after a trip to surgery. They say it took six men and a gollon of ether to hold him. Well, they always say, "You can't keep a good man down." Which, by the way, makes us wonder why Kisset is spending so much time in bed. Have you been a bad boy, Estel?

Oh, oh! We now meet Stovsky finding his way down the hall after surrendering another rib or so. He doesn't seem to miss them a bit; or does he?...It seems that Julie Pommer loses a chess opponent every time a patient goes to surgery. Incidentally Julie, the artist, says he wouldn't mind his cast so much if it wasn't for his "etching." (With apologies to Pommer - and we do promise to turn Joe Miller back.)

George Clapp has made enough trips to surgery to be able to find his way alone, but we think the worst is over now. Happy landings, George!! Speaking of trips "Mama" Christian should be enjoying a swell vacation by this time, and we might add that it's 100 to 1 that she's having a better time than was expected.

And now we feel that before putting this issue to bed we should let you know that "Mike" says the "Boneyard" on a hot day reminds her of a fairy tale. Something about some bears. And so as we leave, we wonder what Mrs. Snyder says to Miss Spears as she leaves work every 12 midnight. Goodnight? Or good morning?

-- Joe Donlin

Ward anything can happen. They tell me there's T.B. here, even. We of the south porch scoff at such a suggestion. Unthinkable - is the consensus of opinion. "Cowboy Bill" Lawrence says, "There ain't no such thing in Montana." That bringing up the question what and where is Montana?...This person thinks it unfair but "Diamond Jim" Diamond won't let anyone play with his little piggies as he relaxes atop his bed on these hot days...Louie Benitez, "D.I's" personal physician, wants passes issued only to the pure who visit this porch. The newest of the "Fifth Porchists" is Joe Dolan, hack hand de luxe, whose Irish wit is refreshing. Mr. Dolan's side-kick, A. "Red" Postolos has a speaking acquaintance with him, at this time, thru the screen door.

Fred Blake, generalissimo of the solarium, is trying to give up his post and become a Farmer. The position will then be open to a three cornered contest between Ralph Woods, who towers over his opponents, E. Anderson, an ex-gob, who should know the ropes and Bob Evans, a baker, who should have plenty of campaign dough.

"Mich" Mitchell should learn to speak Cantonese as his porch contains Messrs. Yim Fong, King Chan and George Wong. Not that there's any connection but Ward 25 has lost two of its members to Ward 26. Freddy Carroll and Jim Montgomery who are now slated to become members of the Ribbers Club... The sole surviving porch (east) boasts Marko Beshir who is, I hope, learning to play Pedro; and Harry Leininger who is learning to say "phrenic, phrenic"; also "Tony" Pardella who is panting to get back to his painting - house painting that is.

The farm having taken so many of the old timers that made news, such as Reg Scofield, Joe Yeazell, Sharpe, English and others too numerous to mention, your correspondent apologizes for not having made the acquaintance of many of the new "enlistees." Of course it's just possible that it may suit them just as well, at that.

It is no longer necessary to travel to Geneva to attend a session of the League of Nations. One can do just that right here. At the last meeting of our own little League of Nations one of the primary questions on the agenda was, "Who discovered California?" The principal participating countries and their representatives were: England, Herbert Fraser; Portugal, Robert Edwards; Spain, Jack Paulis; France, Glen Dyer; Italy, Ralph Dempsey; Russia, Tal Williams; China, Jim Malone and Jan Siwy for Poland. Each member maintained that one of his countrymen was the discoverer. After a long and arduous debate with no verdict in sight, the members finally began delving through their books, and with the help of some of the younger generation, finally found that Hernando Cortes, of Spain, was the discoverer.

Top honors for the most industrious room on our ward go to the "Nursery". Lay Lee, a recent arrival from China, has astounded many with his rapid acquirement of English. Mike Romano is studying bookkeeping assiduously. Jan Siwy is still endeavoring to learn what makes a diesel engine tick. Dong (Din) Gin, Henry Gallo and Bill (Snakey) Flynn continue to labor over their school books. To break the monotony of too much study the boys have gone in for belt making in a big way.

Nothing irritates Ralph Dempsey more than to listen to the thick hooey some of the more loquacious radio announcers spread about their products. While listening to a news broadcast one day he remarked, "Well, I suppose I'll have to listen to this guy cook his pot of oatmeal before he gives us the dope." Dempsey took a trip to the farm but the quiet country life (and perhaps he couldn't hear about the oatmeal cooking) was too much for him and he got homesick for home.

After having recently voted our ward as having the most handsome men the local forum, when it reconvenes, will take up the matter of which ward is gifted with the most beautiful women. Rumor has it that Ward 19 should be given the award and unless some information to the contrary is received they'll most likely win in a walk. We are a little handicapped as we must work entirely on hearsay.

BRIEFS: We hear that Charley Green has a secret formula of some kind, renowned for its tremendous powers. For more details see "Tex" Minnows - he knows...Tony Banioza, our ace artist, and Michael King have been moved to Ward 28. How's the air up there, boys? Rumor has it that some one in Ward 19 objected strenuously to our male beauty contest. Wonder why?...And what's that strange racket that issues from Room G come nightfall??

-- Joseph Maglio

Ward 19 Our former ward reporter, Evelyne Crueger, has gone to the farm and with her departure the fashion level of our group has gone down several degrees. To find a substitute was an impossible task. The only hope was to find someone who could fit into "Evie's" shoes (physically). Just like that the job was mine.

Mildred McQuillan, who has been here for a couple of years, has finally arrived at the destination of all good cure takers — out and home. After a brush up on her business technique she will be back on the pay rolls again. The "Good Samaritan" was the best knitting instructor the ward has ever had and will be sorely missed when someone gets tangled in some purls. The search is on for a new unofficial hostess.

It takes a red head to pick up the news as Etta Foley did and we haven't been able to find a double for her since she left for the farm. . And instead of our Bonnie lying over the ocean she, too, has gone to the country. To complete the song we'll say when they "bring back, bring back," we hope it isn't as a patient again.

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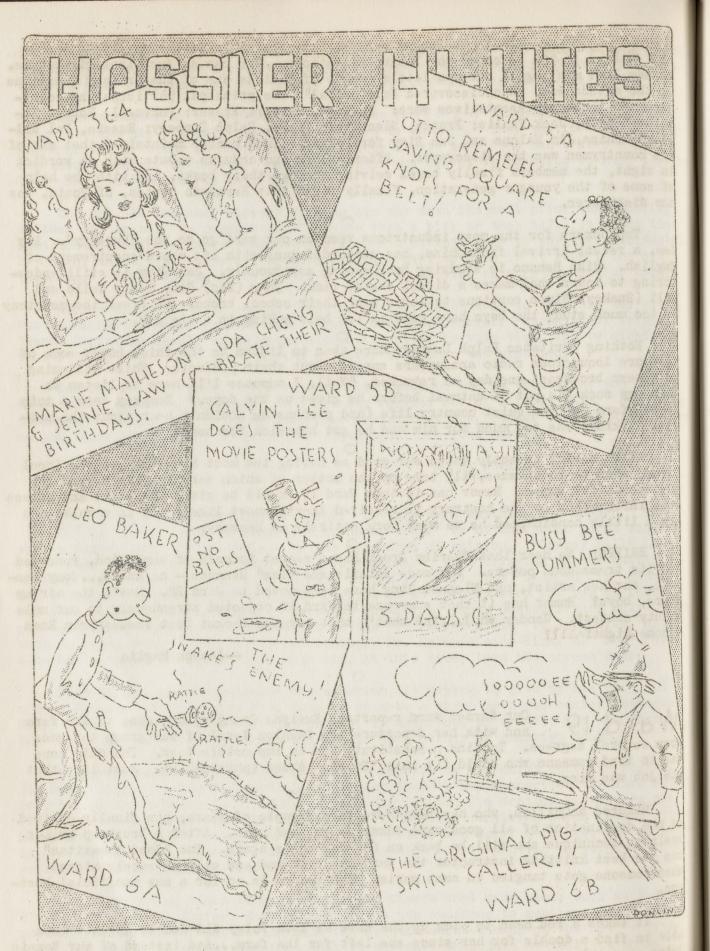
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Monday, May 19th, Doctor Hutchinson reported back to work with a beautiful suntan and an expanded chest. He was a member of the crew on the 30 foot sloop that took second place in the Hearst Regatta on the previous day...and speaking of doctors one recently attached to this ward will go a long way with his ability to make each individual patient feel that they're his favorite patient. That plus his unmistakable aptness in things medical...and another was heard to remark, "Rest must be good for the complexion because I don't know where you could find more good looking girls" and later, "A doctor certainly is lucky to be assigned to Ward 19 where everyone talks so pleasantly." Unsolicited, too!!! Speaking of the staff our thanks to Mrs. Stolier for her attentions. She will deserve the vacation that she gets soon.

The "Shy Shrinking Violet", Caro Shaw, has always been willing to settle most of our discussions with her eyes...Charley has been taking a daily freckle count and declares Janie Ferrari the Champion. Certain fascination about freckles...Lottie Wilson has gone home after making many promises to visit us. No visits, but we still think she's swell...Dora Adams takes a perfect cure. Just dozes her days away but must manage to hear all the funny things that are said. All we hear is her ha, ha. ...Mary Lucich, another new patient, hasn't been interviewed as yet but we'll get around to her one of these days...Lizzie Hensen has joined the east porchers and has kept us entertained with her summer wardrobe problems. Should she wear dusty-pink or saddle-tan?...The Spanish speaking Siamese twins are to be parted when Maria Ducca leaves. Eleanor Poggi will be the bereft half...Mary "Skippy" Pineda has moved out to the northeast porch. The better to drop your stitches over the ledge m'dear? ...Marge Maillard has had a very successful thoracoplasty. The visiting patients report her as rested and beautiful.

Take it away!!!!

-- Leda Clausen

AT HASSLER HEALTH HOME

Wards 384 Goody, goody, Mary Sullivan has planted her belongings, along about the whole thing as one so nice and friendly is pleasant to live up to. Shall we dub her "Smiling Sully?"...Dottie Hinman and Etta Foley are also bunking with us now. It's swell having you gals and we hope you like our side of the tracks.

We are terribly sorry about Peggy Murphy (punster) having to leave our happy surroundings due to a little upset in her illness. However, here's a toast to you, Peggy, with all and every best wish for a speedy return here. Even your teacher, Mrs. Milani, sends good wishes, So-o-o-o hurry now!!

What would be your reaction upon receipt of twelve sweet-smelling gardenias on one Mother's Day? It actually happened to Gertrude Haucke. Need I call this surprise one of those terrific reactions?...You know, the kind that make you red all over, jump around in happiness and such. Oh yes, 'twas a happy Mother's Day for Gertrude.

Marie Matheson, Ida Cheng and Jennie Law recently celebrated their birthdays with a hip-hip-hooray. Best wishes were bestowed on our blushing gals and we're still hoping their lucky star will lead them home soon!!

HASSLER'S ADVICE COLUMN

Advice for crocheting: Hilda Albury can fix anything for you and good too!!

Advice for sewing: We have two in line -- Mildred Bettin and Alma Crawford, the experts when it comes to needle and thread.

Advice on corny jokes: Never fail to see Evelyne Crueger!!

Advice on the Islands: Pauline Que, the real McCoy, can give you the low down on all Hawaii.

Advice to the lovelorn: Sorry, can't tell you, Barbara Freeman, doesn't want her name mentioned.

Advice to eye-rollers: Contact Chiquita Meono.

Advice to Uncle Sam's Mail: Earle Satee's the expert. See Ward 3, Room 1, first floor.

Advice on shorthand: Ruby Low's your gal!

Advice on Clothes: Ah! Can't miss Dorothy (Adrian) Hinman!!

Advice on lipsticks: Rosita can even give you lectures. You'll be wearing blue, if you're not careful, girls!

Advice on Paris: Our flower from France is Marie Maquignon! She can teach you to parlez-vous, oh, tres bien!! Tres bien!! Oui, oui, Marie?

For further information write or phone to The Utopia Co., 0000 Blockless St., Utopia, Utopia. --Barbara Freeman

There have been many changes in the personnel of this ward. Ward 5A Transfers from other wards and newcomers from the hospital account for these changes. We miss Ray Jahnigen who has been replaced by Barney Sands - a nice guy, too - but quieter. Al Walheim, the recluse of Ward 5B, is now just one of the common herd in Ward 5A - and stamps he's collecting yet!!

· Mayor Ed Shaw was a recent visitor to San Francisco and returned decked out in sartorial splendor - a blue suit that matches his eyes. It's a loo-loo, Ed. Johnnie Fitzgerald also returned from a trip all starry-eyed and quieter than usual. Might have been the tall buildings.

The hillside rock-garden beside our ward is rapidly developing into a spot of beauty due to the constant care of many loving hands headed by George Bassil and Ernie "Petunia" Barkman. And Otto Remele has finally come out of his corner and is now tying square-knots which he hopes to incorporate into a belt. He is ably assisted by his new neighbor "The Yellow Peril."

The laugh of the month is on Leo Baker, who was seen daintily preparing a bubble bath with half a box of Gold Dust Soap. That surely cleans things up, doesn't

Your correspondent apologizes for the briefness of this column - but I have been released and am on my way home. Adios, my friends, and best wishes to you all for a happy and healthy future.

-- Charles A. Racine

That enigmatic gentleman Moon Mullen, alias the Deacon, defen-Ward 5B der of the weaker sex, is still feudin with Herbert "Egg" Burkhart. 'Twould seem a peaceful Shangri-la up here in the north end of 5-B if these two pundits of chicanery and Machiavelianism would make up. But enough of this for the nonce.

Seems the artistic talent among the Hasslerites comes to the fore when there's an old jallopy to decorate. However, "What is one man's poison is another man's meat," (Trite isn't it?) George Seley, former cure-chaser, has found out to his sorrow. George's poor old lizzie - bless its soul - looked like something the cat

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ing our dragged in when these artistic fiends got through with it. Well, George, the next time you pay us a visit bring a watchdog along to guard the "old can."

"I cried for you" is now apparently the theme song of Barney (Judge) Barnett. According to Barney's last letter he was crying for the old gang. Don't feel too bad, old boy, just eat the egg you thought was a crystal ball and make believe we're all there sharing it with you.

Those posters you see in the dining room advertising the weekly movies are designed by that handsome artist Calvin Lee. And, incidentally, here is our opportunity to say Calvin is our idea of what a gentleman should be. While compliments are being handed out we may as well pass an orchid to Calvin's inseparable companion Douglas Lee, who most of you know, is our faithful and dependable librarian.

5-Bees: The boys on our ward have really gone "sweater-dizzy." We used to think of this as a girlish pastime but with such rugged fellows as Doyle, Ratti, Gercken, De Lago and Sabado doing knit one, purl two (whatever that means) with bright colored yarns, this knitting business has apparently developed into a manly art... Good luck and best wishes to Vincent Ng, a recent graduate who we understand is back to work again. Ditto to Joe Gregg, Pete Frediani, Ceferino Ruiz and Eddie Hon.

---Barney Sands

Ward of The latest form of outdoor sport is snake hunting. Leo Baker "snaked" up on a large one a few days ago, and with the help of Albert Anderson, bagged it... Speaking of hunting - George Rea stalks lizards! He caught a beauty recently, and while admiring her contour and coloring, "Little Lizzie" took the opportunity to escape. She is now residing at Lizard Point.

Although Ralph "Gunner" Coil is the humorist of our ward, he is certainly no idler. Between jokes he finds time to make baskets, sweaters and model boats —versatile, ain't he?

Dick White aspires to poem writing, but is stumped for a word to rhyme with Hassler. Wrassler and passler (meaning one who is out on a pass) were suggested, but were of no avail - and did fail. Muse wooing isn't easy!!

Tommy Mun, whose pursuit of the English language is commendable, approached The Captain with his pen and wanted "the savvy" between "stay" and "sty". He was told that pigs sty in pens except when they don't sty, (The Editor was supposed to put in an Editor's note: Such corn!! It's even rumored that they feed it to pigs.)

Glen "Mike" Hunt has put away his shears and clippers for his barbering days are over. His few customers, who are slowly regaining normalcy, didn't like his "original hair styles."

Believe it or Not:--

Rodney Sargent has never been a private or a corporal.

Goodman Loy is no relation to Myrna (worse luck) - nor is George Poole any relation to "Ma."

-- John Fisher

Ward Among those who have left a noticeable void in this ward are Arvid Anderson and George Souza. They were known as the "Plunking Plucker" and many a merry tune was to be heard. However, all that is made up by our capable Johnny Sigut, ukulele player. One of these days we think he's going to

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burst out with a Hawaiian tune. But for the present we content ourselves by listening to his magical touch, tuning his ukulele. We have hopes ...

In spite of all the nostrums of his closer ones, Dick White has emerged victorious. His mild attack of poison oak had covered nearly all of his body beautiful and at least three times he had a coming out debut. Each time he came out of a layer of skin, what with his scratching and continuous itching. He managed to salvage a budding mustache, a small scrimpy one at that. He has hopes.

One of the most ambitious and industrious, for the past month or so, is, "Busy Bee" Summers. Under the capable guidance of John Fisher he has been turning out some rather unique leather paraphernalia. "I like to be original," he says, and original he is. He thinks pigskin would make very beautiful wallets, with the result that all stray pigs are instantly shooed off to the hills. He, too, had hopes.

One of our newcomers, Larry Flynn, has perhaps the smoothest feathers of us all. Quiet, unassuming, he tears apart, then patiently starts to knit the sweater together again. Perserverance pays its dividends...We're going to miss the drawl of "Texan" Belles, who has just left us. Once again the invigorating air of Hassler's has worked its charm.

-- Reno Dal Balcon

THE CLARION

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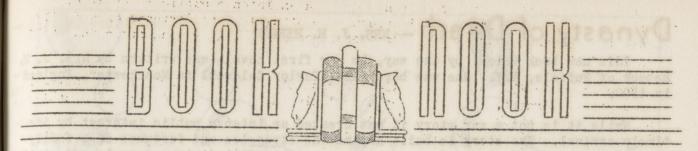
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San Francisco Hospital San Francisco, California



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Harold Bell Wright, like the hero of an Alger story, contended with terrific odds and won. At age ten he was left an orphan with the necessity of shifting for himself. For ten years he did odd jobs of every description, including a fling at house painting and decorating. He did not propose to be handicapped by lack of education, so he arranged to enter a preparatory school, and work his way through college. He was twenty at this time and eager to learn. For two years his plan worked well, then a severe attack of pneumonia cut short, the schooling and sent him to the Ozark Mountains in western Missouri to regain his health.

While there he tried his hand at sketching and painting and almost decided to become an artist. By a curious chance he happened to attend a "meetin" at the little school house. The minister failed to appear and the congregation of disappointed country folks were loath to go home without some kind of service. One of the deacons approached Mr. Wright and said, "You look like an educated man. Will you preach to us?" The extemporaneous sermon was good, and they kept him as a preacher all winter.

This experience turned him to the ministry. He was sincere in his desire to help others, and this no doubt accounts for the fact that his next few years saw him called to one pastorate after another. During these years he began his literary work. His first story, "That Printer of Udell's", was written in installments to be read to his congregation while he was the minister at Pittsburgh, Kansas. It was after repeated urging that he offered it for publication.

During his ministry at Kansas City he suffered an attack of grippe. There was the threat of tuberculosis, so the doctors advised a change of climate. At this time the Wrights moved to the Imperial Valley in Southern California. Here he devoted all his time to writing. "The Little Shepherd of the Hills" was written before he left the east, but here in his open air study he wrote, "The Winning of Barbara Worth", "The Calling of Dan Matthews", "Their Yesterdays", and "Eyes of the World". His stories were best sellers, and he was easily the most popular writer of that time.

The threat of tuberculosis became a reality after a serious accident Mr. Wright suffered. In writing of it he says he was releived to learn just what he had to fight. He feared to jeopardize his family by remaining at home, so went by himself to live in Arizona. It was a hard pull to regain his lost health. He found it helped to interest himself in whatever he saw about him. To quote his own words, "There is no hope for the one who eats out his heart in self-pity... If you can't find anything to think about except yourself, you ought to die on general principles... and you probably will."

Mr. Wright recovered. He is still actively engaged in literary work. His story "Little Shepherd of the Hills" has recently been filmed for the second time, and he took an active part in preparing the production. He gives this message to those taking the "cure". "Don't exaggerate your trouble, and don't belittle it; for these are two sides of the same ditch. An exact, clear-eyed examination of the facts, with an impersonal, cool-headed estimate of the situation, this is where you must begin. Having done this you can then, with intelligence set yourself to get well."

Dynasty of Death-MRS. J. M. REBECK

This new book which, by the way, is her first novel, was written by Mrs. J. M. Rebeck of Buffalo, N.Y. She was born Janet Taylor Caldwell in Manchester, England in 1900.

While it is not a war story it has created an intense public interest by its timely arrival. The story is built around the struggles and fortunes of a family engaged in the manufacture of war munitions; and is filled with quarrels and strife among themselves.

Reading it is like seeing an all-star cast picture. The dominant character is the eldest son, Ernest, who with a cold, calculating, and analytic mind is ruthless in his greed for wealth and lust for power. He dreams of a world empire in the producing of war materials, and brooks no obstacle to stand in his way. He crushes love, family, friend or foe in the fulfillment of his dream. However, he is opposed by his younger brother who hates anything pertaining to war.

The novel is at no time tiresome, for, weaving its way through the narrative, is a tremendously powerful love tale which is so full of life and action that the reader is held in suspense until the end.

After beginning to read it I found it hard to lay down, and heartily recommend it to any lover of good fiction.

--Robert Higgins

The Art of Enjoying Art - A. PHILIP MCMAHON

To those readers who have little or no knowledge of painting, sculpture and kindred subjects, "The Art of Enjoying Art" will prove of inestimable value. The author assumes from the beginning that his readers have the sincere desire to enlarge their scanty knowledge in order to enjoy and understand the works of the masters.

Naturally any such volume of instruction must take on the nature and form of a text-book. "The Art of Enjoying Art" is no exception to this rule. In order to get the most benefit from its pages, the reader should be actively engaged in some form of art work; or, if that is impossible (as it is for most of us) a supplementary reading of the art sections in our daily papers will help - at least, in familiarsing the student with the all-important nomenclature of art.

In "The Art of Enjoying Art," Mr. McMahon approaches his subject from three different points:

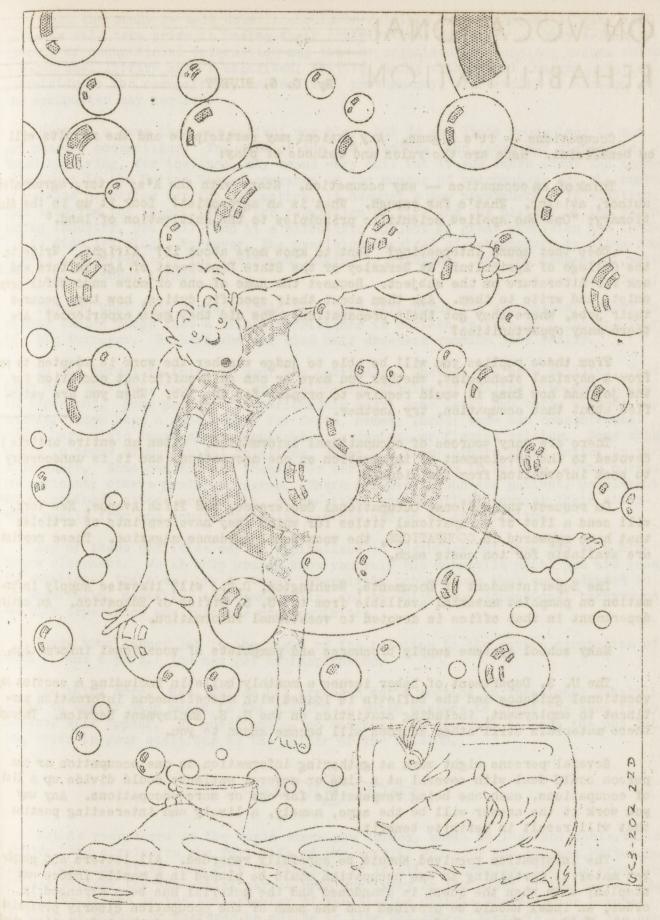
I. Art at the Level of Sensation II. Art at the Level of Technique III. Art at the Level of Form.

Each of these sections into which the book is divided takes the reader deeper and deeper into this engrossing subject. Slowly but surely they stress the point that all true art is not an anaemic imitation of nature; but, rather, the result of an emotional experience intended to produce an emotional reaction.

The first pages contain photographic copies of some of the better known works of ancient and modern art. These form a ready reference for the reader and student; and serve to illustrate the author's statements and contentions.

We readily recommend "The Art of Enjoying Art" - particularly to the interested novice in art.

---Bernard Barnes



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ON VOCATIONAL By C. G. BLUETT

Occupations -- it's a game. Any patient may participate and the results will be beneficial. Here are the rules and methods of play:

Think of an occupation -- any occupation. Start with the A's; actor, agronomist, author, aviator. That's far enough. What is an agronomist? Look it up in the dictionary; "One who applies scientific principles to the cultivation of land."

Does that sound interesting? Want to know more about it? Alright. Write to the College of Agriculture at Berkeley or the State Department of Agriculture and ask for literature on the subject. Request the name of one or more successful agronomists and write to them. Ask them about their specific duties, how they secured their jobs, where they got their preparation. How did they gain experience? Are there many opportunities?

From these replies you will be able to judge whether the work is adapted to you from a physical standpoint, whether you have or can gain sufficient education for the job and how long it would require to prepare for the job. When you are satisfied about that occupation, try another.

There are many sources of occupational information. Often an entire article is devoted to the development of information on one occupation, and it is unnecessary to seek information from individuals.

On request the National Occupational Conference, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, will send a list of occupational titles for which they have reprints of articles that have appeared in OCCUPATIONS, the vocational guidance magazine. These reprints are available for ten cents each.

The Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D.C., will likewise supply information on pamphlet material available from the U.S. Office of Education. An entire department in that office is devoted to vocational information.

Many school systems supply brochures and pamphlets of vocational information.

The U. S. Department of Labor issues a monthly bulletin including a section on vocational guidance and the bulletin is loaded with miscellaneous information pertinent to employment, including statistics on the U. S. Employment Service. Through these materials still other sources will become known to you.

Several persons might work at gathering information on one occupation or one person could deal with several at a time or several patients could divide up a list of occupations, each one being responsible for one or more occupations. Any way you work it the answer will be the same, namely, a lively and interesting pastime that will result in definite benefit.

The information received should be carefully recorded. All letters and pamphlet material pertaining to one occupation could be placed in a manila folder and stapled; then when the quest is abandoned and the material has been arranged in order, an index should be provided and the name of the occupation clearly presented on the folder. The name of the person or persons who gathered the information should also appear on the folder.

When the study is well done it should be retained in a permanent library and patients will take pride in having their contributions retained. A very valuable library of occupational information may thus be organized as a nucleus around which a vocational library may be organized; that is, books with actual content material pertaining to the occupations, mathematics, photography, electricity or anatomy as the occupation may require.

Here is a game that any patient may play, but do not limit yourselves to new and unusual occupations. Try some of the old standbys and learn new viewpoints. Watch repairing, for instance, may sound very dull but if you learn about the number of watches in the United States compared to the number of watchmakers and the number of persons preparing for the occupation, it assumes a new atmosphere. In addition, upon studying the theory behind the regulation of time and the history of the watchmaking industry, you will find it a scientific subject of great precision and leading to wide learning. Moreover, the precision required of watchmakers is often considered a pre-requisite for instrument making in aviation. Had you thought of watch repairing in those terms?

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Did you know that barbers could be placed throughout the depression? There are so many barber shops that a little persistance is certain to turn up a job for there is a big turnover. Barbers who are also hair dressers command jobs easily.

Do not forget to think of your own aptitudes. Whether you have skillful, fast hands or a skillful, fast head, or a talent for drawing or dealing with people are all important. Some persons find arithmetic easy; some learn new words without any trouble. Some have a good memory for facts, names, faces; some can concentrate; others have vivid imaginations applicable to design, or fiction writing. Some think easily in terms of mechanical relations, shape and form; others think better in terms of language. Some can express themselves verbally; others in writing. Some persons are dominant; others prefer to serve. There are people who are patient, persistent and determined; others are facile, quick-witted and impatient turning their attentions easily from one consideration to another and so on ad infinitum.

Any of these qualities may be capitalized to advantage but they may be a hindrance elsewhere. We'll help you to know yourself but meanwhile until you are ready for vocational training, try to study intensively occupations that seem adapted to you physically, mentally, temperamentally, and to which your educational background and work experience are suitable pre-requisites.

Study your former job in the light of its relation to the entire occupation of which it was a part. You may get an inspiration.

One thing more. Mrs. Julian has arranged for a section on Vocational Rehabilitation to appear each month in The CLARION in which answers to questions sent in by patients will appear. No questions — no answers. If you wish to keep the pot boiling, write in your questions to the Editor of The CLARION.

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Art is everywhere in the world where man abides, where he fashions tools, builds shelter, and carries on the full life of the spirit. Whatever man touches, he touches lingeringly, imparting some gift of himself. It is all one impulse, the one creative process, whether the man artist carves bone and ivory on the coast of the Bering Sea or applies fresco in the anti-chamber of the Sistine Chapel; whatever the purpose at which he works, or wherever he may be in time and space, there is always the same preoccupation with perfecting a skill and the same effort to triumph over the limitations of the material. —D'arcy McNickle —NTA

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ESO YOU KNOW YOUR CLARIONIE

If a visitor to the average patient were to ask, "Do you know that hospital magazine, The CLARION?", the answer undoubtedly would be, "Yes," Yet the writer ventures to doubt if any of us has more than a superficial knowledge of our magazine. Having plenty of time on our hands, a long inquisitive nose and no place in particular to stick it into, we have wasted several hours of our valueless time in analyzing back issues of The CLARION, finding out what makes it tick. Our findings resulted in several startling disclosures, including the discovery that it wouldn't hurt us any to go back and review our fourth grade arithmetic.

Be that as it may, we have avoided any astronomical fractions or decimals, chief ly for our own peace of mind and also for the benefit of any stray readers of this article. At any rate, here are the figures. .take 'em or leave 'em. And if you leave 'em we can always feed them to Horace, the Office Cat, who eats anything from typewriter stencils to thumbtacks anyway.

The average CLARION contains 30 pages. Of these pages an average of 24 are devoted to reading matter, the other 6 being special features, cartoons, etc. (The figures presented are from an analysis of the 24 pages of text. Reference to The CLARION means an averaged issue.) The magazine contains I2.863 words. These words form 1029 typewritten lines which in turn sub-divide into 164 paragraphs. A page consists of 536 words which break down into 43 lines or six and five sixths paragraphs. (If you think this is complicated, just wait 'til we really get warmed up). Of course, if an author just sails along without stopping for breath, he can crowd 60 lines into one page but the Editor has a deep regard for such details as punctuation. The average line contains twelve and one half words and the average paragraph has seventy eight and one half words or six and one fourth lines.

Turning now from the magazine in general, we take a peek at the staff's Pet Pride and Joy...the ward news. There are 8 pages of ward news containing 92 paragraphs or 4,472 words. Accordingly, even the writer (with the aid of his fourth grade arithmetic book) was able to figure out that the ward news constitutes slightly more than one third of the text of The CLARION.

If you are the average ward reporter, you will turn in 327 words of copy. (This doesn't include certain terms you may employ while gathering it.) Your items will contain twenty six and one fourth lines and unless you get clear out of step with the rest of the parade, your contribution will amount to six and two thirds paragraphs. (Provided your ward mates don't suddenly lose interest in everything except rest.)

Summed up, the editor and the staff of The CLARION have to "ride herd" on between 13,000 and 14,000 words each issue. These have to be edited, retyped and then made into mimeograph stencils which in turn have to be proof-read and corrected. When all the individual pages are printed they must be assembled and distributed. All in all, a sizeable chore when you consider the necessity for accuracy. An enraged lion is mild stuff compared to an author whose brain child has been massacred by the typist.

So there you have it. If you've staggered along with us this far you've been through the insides of The CLARION like a G-man going through a gangsters private mail. At any rate, you've got the "figgers" and we've gotten rid of our tediously accumulated statistics.

Won't some people do the darndest things to pass the time in a hospital?

ESAN FRANCISCO PERSONALS

Dear Marie:
Miss you - How's Red?
Love, Eleanor

Hello Etta:
I miss your hearty laugh.
Jane

"Baby Dumplings" Loy:
Oh how I miss you tonight.
"Blackie" Moore

Pete:

Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here. Don't you.

Foghorn.

Ray:
Why don't you send her a bowl of gold fish?
Guess Who.

Blue Eyes Crawford:
The Finns aren't like that! Most
of 'em answer their mail --Stinky's Ma

"Snuffy" Hunt:
The girl is O.K. Tell Dot hello.
J. "Jocky" McDaniel.

Loy:

How's about writing to the gang in Room G again and Tony Messerschmidt wants to know what's cooking?

B. Schreiber

Dear Jack:
Will write most any day now.
Skip

Barbara:
Now Willie wants to know which
"Willie". Life is getting very complicated. Tish.

Hello Chiquita:
Thank you for writing and don't forget to keep that little chin up high.
Love, Lupe.

Can you write, Joe. Charlie.

Dear Evie:
I still put in a quarter.
Leegee.

Dear Anne:
 Insomnia is leaving; got another brand now.
 Love, Blue Eyes.

Dear Jackson:
Don't study too hard. Write to me soon.

Love, Emma.

Hiya! Gals:

How about answering my letter?
You girls Ho la ma? Pearl

Hello Adele:

Remember me? Have you lost your pen and run out of postcards?

Marie

Chiquita, my chula:

Hope you're taking your "Keplers".

Hurry and get big and fat like me. (Ahem)

Tishie

Norma J.

Still hungry for dill pickles? Howsa 'bout it.

Donnie

Hello Bonnie:
Did the baggage department make proper delivery?

Emile

Grahame Martin:
Thanks for writing, cookie! I'll
answer the first chance I get.
"You Gotta Snail" Donlin

Walter & Kiyoshi:
Come up and see me sometime.
Sammy

Bob Higgins:

How's it feel to be a farmer?

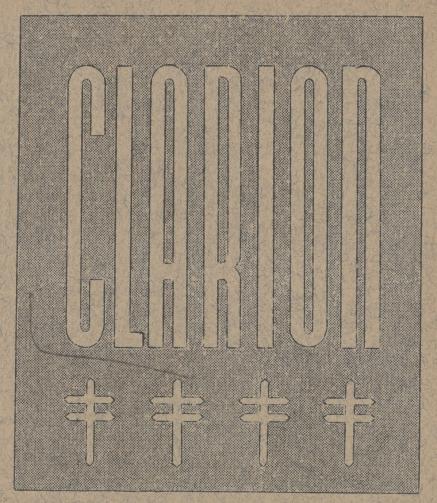
Svenson & Murphy

Calling Barranca: I've gone home.
Ray.

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VOL. 2 NO. 7 JULY 1941



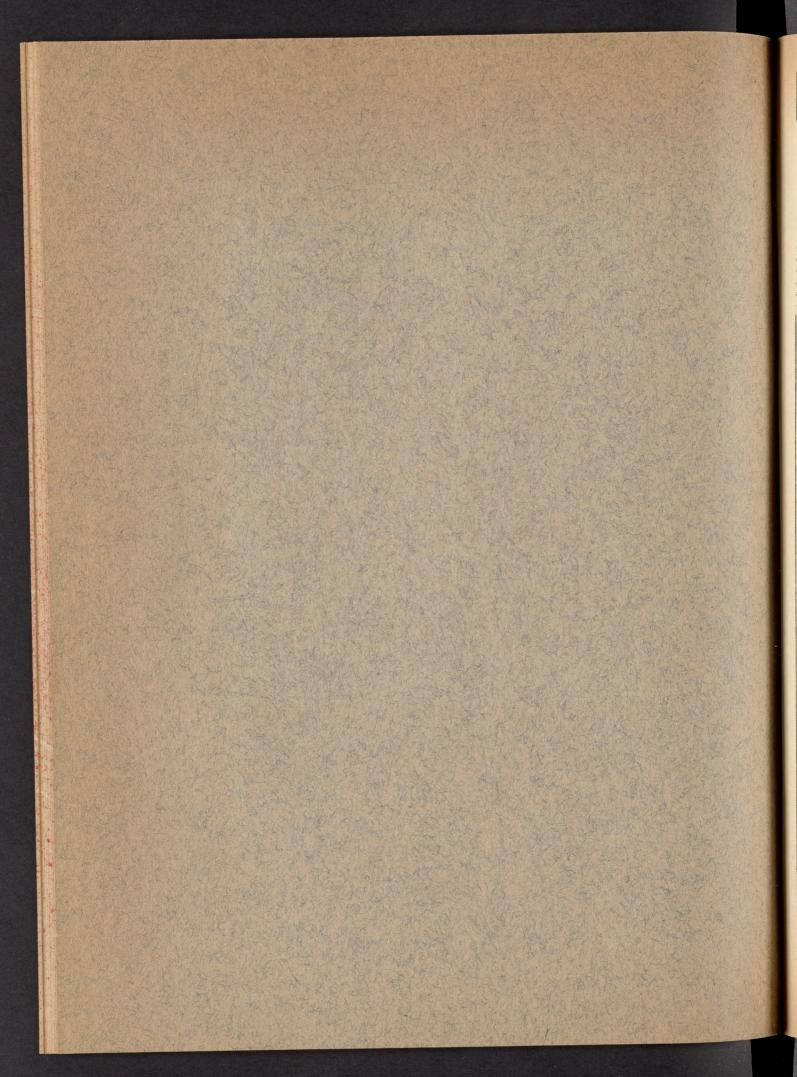
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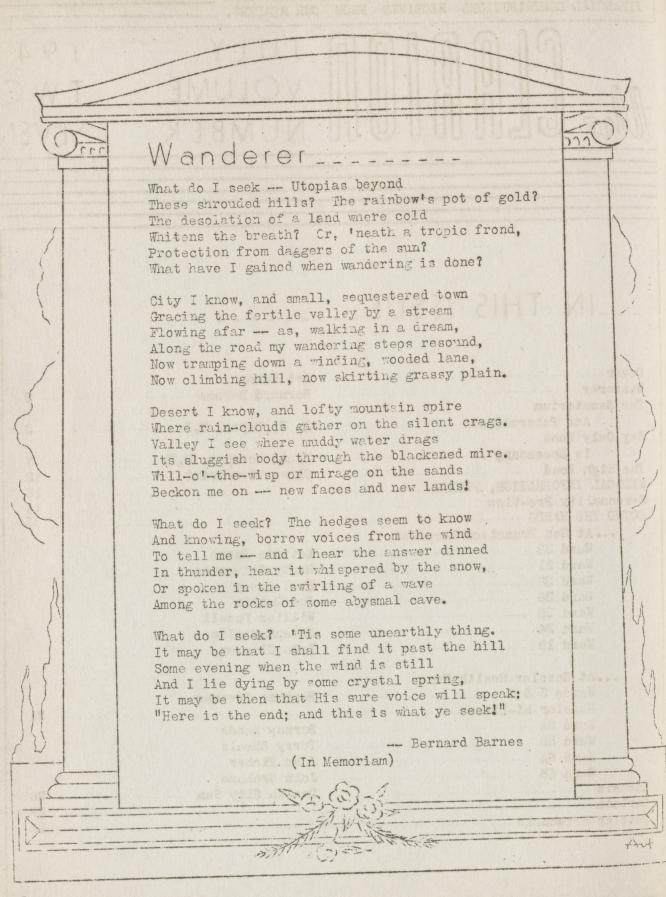


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THE SANATORIUM _______ AND TUBERCULOSIS By E. W. HAYES, M.D. T

By E. W. HAYES, M.D.

Records indicate that tuberculosis is a disease as old as civilization. Through the centuries it had itsway unhampered, causing much suffering and many untimely deaths. Until recent years it held first place as a cause of death, and because of its ravages it became known as the great white plague. Less than ninety years ago the first step in institutional treatment of tuberculosis was taken when Hans Bremmer of Germany founded the first sanatorium for the treatment of this disease.in 1852. This institution afforded an opportunity to group the patients, to remove them from the home and to isolate them to some degree.

At that time rest, as a fundamental factor in the treatment of tuberculosis, was not recognized even by Bremmer himself. Peter Detweiler who was working with Bremmer, as one of his pupils, became convinced that those who took the most rest were the ones who more frequently overcame their disease. In 1874, Detweiler established an institution in another part of Germany, based on rest as the principal factor in the treatment.

The great drawback to any clear understanding of the disease at that time, or to any intelligent effort to prevent or cure it, was the fact that the cause of the disease was not known. There were innumerable theories, many of them very fantastic, as to what produced tuberculosis. It was not until 1882 that Robert Koch, an obscure physician, who followed his profession in a small German hamlet, discovered the tubercle bacillus. He demonstrated, without doubt, that it was the cause of tuberculosis. Koch's discovery served as an inspiration and stimulus to the development of the means of prevention and the rational treatment of the disease.

Today we know that tuberculosis is not hereditary but that it is an infectious disease. The primary cause is the tubercle bacillus. The secondary cause is lowered resistance brought about by strain - strain resulting, for the most part, from intercurrent disease, poor hygiene, overwork, worry, improper food and lack of rest. Today we also recognize tuberculosis as an entirely preventable disease as well as the most curable of chronic diseases.

Through a campaign of education, both of the medical profession and the public, the incidence of, and mortality from, tuberculosis has been reduced so that now, instead of occupying first, it occupies seventh place as the cause of death. If the medical profession and the public would cooperate in putting into effect the facts which we know today about the prevention and the cure of this disease it would be but a short time until tuberculosis would no longer exist as a serious problem. This has been done in the case of smallpox, typhoid fever, diphtheria and other infectious diseases which not long ago wrought havoc among humanity. It can very well be done with tuberculosis.

Following the example set by Bremmer, and later by Detweiler, and stimulated by the discovery of the tubercle bacillus, others began to build institutions for the treatment of tuberculosis in widely different areas. While there were two or three homes for the treatment of tuberculosis established in the United States previously, the first sanatorium with the idea of carrying out, in a degree, the modern rest regime, was established in this country at Saranac Lake, New York, in 1886 by Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, assisted by Dr. Alfred L. Loomis. This is known today as the True deau Sanatorium. It is endowed, and patients are cared for there at considerably less than cost. The first sanatorium in the United States to take patients for pay

was established in 1888 by Dr. Von Rook at Asheville, North Carolina. Today there are many sanatoria throughout this country, both public and private.

I have been asked to discuss briefly the treatment of tuberculosis in private and public sanatoria, and in the home. I have been caring for patients under all these conditions for more than twenty years. The first step in such a discussion is to understand clearly and in detail the modern concept of the treatment of tuberculosis. In this article I shall discuss the treatment of clinical disease, rather than the prevention of tuberculosis. At the outset it should be understood that pulmonary tuberculosis is a systemic disease, with local manifestations in the lungs. As a systemic disease it affects the whole body and is accompanied by a general lowered resistance and a depleted vitality. To cure the disease this resistance and vitality must be restored. It is through rest that this restoration takes place.

Notwithstanding the fact that collapse therapy has reached a high degree of efficiency and is responsible for the saving of the lives of thousands, we must keep in mind that rest is still the fundamental factor in the treatment of tuberculosis. It is as an adjunct to rest that collapse therapy saves lives.

Rest for a patient with tuberculosis means twenty-four hours out of every day and seven days out of every week. It means lying flat in bed with one pillow, mentally and emotionally relaxed. This schedule must be followed unless otherwise directed by the physician who not only knows tuberculosis but knows human nature and especially knows the individual patient. We have never seen two persons exactly alike. In the same way, we have never seen two persons whose tuberculosis was exactly alike, or whose tuberculosis could be treated in the same way. Patients remaining in bed cannot obtain physical rest unless they are relaxed mentally and emotionally. On the other hand, they may and often do exert themselves in bed to a degree equal to a hard day swork for a well person. At the same time a lack of mental and emotional control causes a disturbance of the bodily functions to a degree, in the average patient, that very often interferes seriously with his recovery.

Patients should be told and made to understand at the first interview that getting well depends more upon what they have in their heads than upon what they have in their lungs. They should be told that by what they have in their heads is meant first; their ability to reconcile themselves to their disease, what they have to do and how they have to do it, and where they have to do it, and second; their will power. Their determination and self control must enable them to enter into the job at hand with an enthusiastic cooperation. Patients should be made to understand that the physician can tell them about their disease; that he can outline the course they should follow; that he can guide them and give them moral support but that he cannot take the cure for them. They should understand that it is their tuberculosis; that it is their life that is at stake, and that it is they who must take the cure. Patients should also be made to understand that there are a few cases of tuberculosis that seem to get well in spite of what they do. They apparently have a high resistance to the tubercle bacillus and its products and were infected with bacilli which have a low virulence or disease-producing power. At the same time, they should understand that there are some people who do not get well of tuberculosis no matter what is done for them. They apparently have a low resistance and have had a virulent infection. On the other hand, they should know that between these two extremes is the great majority of patients whose disease is either cured by attention to details, or whose lives are lost by lack of attention to details.

Those sick with tuberculosis should understand that, for certain individuals, such activities as going to the bath room once a day; or sitting up in bed for their meals; or talking too much; or listening to the radio too much - especially to disturbing programs; or reading too much - particularly the wrong things; or entertaining visitors, especially those who stay more than a short while or who come in mum-

bers, or those who say the wrong thing when they are there, may be the factor or factors that turn the tide of their disease in the wrong direction.

The physician should tell patients the truth about their disease as far as he knows it. We have always followed the policy of showing the patients the X-ray pictures of their chest and explaining to them, as far as possible, the character and extent of their trouble. This enables the patients to visualize their disease and to better understand the part that they must play in order to regain their health. It is the uncertainties in life that make us worry, whether it is about our families, our finances, our health or what-not. The truth may many times be a great shock to the patient at the outset, but it is only by knowing the truth that they can adjust themselves to the situation in such a way that they can settle down and reconcile themselves the the task at hand. Patients who do not have the courage to face the truth do not have the courage to overcome tuberculosis.

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The principal function of the physician in treating tuberculosis is to keep his patients thinking rightly. To do this he must not only see his patients frequently, but he must tell them the truth. By telling them the truth he goes a long way in establishing that bond of confidence that should and must exist between the patients and the doctor. The physician can always be optimistic in talking to patients about the outcome in tuberculosis, because we know that patients, even with extremely faradvanced disease, can and do get well.

Patients should understand that the physician cannot tell how long it will take any particular persons to recover from their disease, because, as has been stated, there are no two individuals that have tuberculosis alike. The primary factor in determining how long it will be before they recover is how they adjust themselves to the situation and take the cure. Time alone will answer that question. It has been said that "Truth is the daughter of time, not of authority." This statement applies with particular force in answering many questions regarding tuberculosis.

Patients should especially be made to realize that they cannot govern their conduct by how they feel or how they look. It is only the physician, through his understanding of the disease process in their lungs, who can outline what the patient may safely do. There is an old but very sound adage which says that "He who has himself for a physician has a fool for a patient." The late Dr. Burrell, in his book "Recent Advances in Tuberculosis," expressed the same thought a little differently when he said, "A patient, though he may be very brilliant in literature and in art and in certain sciences, if he is a fool toward his own well-being, has very little chance of recovering from tuberculosis."

It is evident from what has been said regarding the cure, that a sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis must be an educational institution where the patient is taught the details of the cure, and trained to follow those details. Some one has defined a tuberculosis sanatorium as an atmosphere; an atmosphere created by the physician in charge, and reflecting the attitude of that physician, not only toward his work, but toward life in general; an atmosphere wherein the patient has the moral support and mutual sympathy of a group of well-trained patients, and the judicious sympathy and intelligent guidance of all the attendants including the doctor.

Fortunate is the patient who has tuberculosis today in comparison to those who and the disease before the recent development of institutional care of the tuberculous. At the present time there are 390 public sanatoria and 630 special departments of public hospitals for the care of the tuberculous, as well as 170 private sanatoria scattered throughout the United States.

According to statistics published in the American Medical Journal in 1940, of the 70,078 patients in public sanatoria, 63,856 were being treated free, 4678 were paying part of the cost of their care, and only 1544 were paying the full amount that

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it cost for their care in the institutions. The majority of these sanatoria offer everything that could be desired by the patients in the way of opportunity to regain their health. All that is asked of the patients is that they take advantage of this marvelous opportunity, which is theirs, by adjusting themselves to the situation and doing their part in carrying out the cure.

Taking the cure for tuberculosis in the home is a problem that frequently confronts both patient and physician. There are times when circumstances seem to necessitate that the patient attempt to take the cure in the home. Under such circums stances, if the patient is to have a reasonable opportunity to get well, the home must be made into a miniature sanatorium and that is a difficult task. In the first place, if a patient goes to a sanatorium, he removes himself from being a source of infection to the rest of the household, and that is a factor that must always be considered. This is more important in a household where there are children present or where it is hard to enforce regulations regarding sanitation. On the other hand an institution, if it is operated as a sanatorium and not just as a boarding house, offers to the patient an atmosphere which is conducive to taking the cure, as well as an opportunity to learn how to get well and to stay well.

Patients frequently find it hard to understand why they cannot stay in bed and do the same thing at home that they do in a sanatorium. They will argue that they can. As has been stated by Dr. Le Roy Peters, in an article in the Journal of the American Medical Association, "The answer to that argument is that as yet it has never been done," and, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." It is hard for the patient to understand that the cure is something that the doctor cannot tell him, in so many words, but is rather something that he must learn through environment, through observation, through practice and through being under close and constant medical supervision. For those patients who find it necessary to take the cure in the home, a short course in a well-regulated sanatorium is of much value in enabling them to follow the right course. For those patients who refuse to go to a sanatorium, it should be made clear that tuberculosis is not cured by following the path of least resistance.

It is true that the initial cost in the home may be less than it would be in an institution. It may appear, on the surface, to be even less. In reality, however, if the patient receives the attention that is necessary for adequately following the cure for tuberculosis the expense in the home is as great or even greater than it would be in an institution. Again, since it is more difficult to take the cure in the home, it is obvious that it will take the average patient longer to get well from his disease. Finally, the patient in the home will not have had the opportunity to learn the things that he should learn about staying well, once he is well. In considering the expense of home treatment we must take into consideration the long-range view of all the circumstances involved.

At the present time we regard tuberculosis as a curable disease. Within the memory of some of us institutions for the treatment of this disease have been established throughout our entire country - institutions both private and public. They offer to those sick with tuberculosis all the phases of the modern treatment of this disease. Whether patients get well or not depends, to a large extent, upon the attitude they assume in taking advantage of these opportunities.

Dr. Edward W. Hayes graduated from the University of Minnesota Medical School. After four years of general practice he developed pulmonary tuberculosis and cured at Saranac Lake for about a year. Since that time his work has been devoted entirely to the diagnosis and treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis. His practice is located in Monrovia, California.





SAY ONLY WHAT

IS NECESSARY By E. A. SCHAPER, M.D.

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Last month we began a discussion of saying only what is necessary. In it we mentioned some of the more flagrant types of "over-talkers" and some of the predicaments into which their tongues could get them. This is the second in the series of articles entitled "Say Only What Is Necessary."

The other morning I came down to my office and there was the husband of one of our patients waiting for the mail to come in. He had written a letter in anger the day before, and here he was trying to intercept it because now he repented of his words of yesterday.

It is just as foolish to write harsh, critical, sarcastic letters as it is to speak such words. It does no harm to write the letter and it may help to relieve the pent-up emotions of the writer, but to send the letter is not best. Keep it a day or two and then tear it up for "He that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his life, but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction."

The English people recognize this safety-valve principle. They know that after a man has said all that he has on his mind he is no longer dangerous but that it is pent-up, restrained emotion which breeds revolution. Therefore, one end of Hyde Park in London is set aside for all who wish to speak. A soap box orator may go there any time, collect an audience and unburden himself. One May first I saw 250,000 people attending a Communist demonstration. There were hundreds of orators going at the same time, each with several hundred auditors. They all said what they pleased as long as they wished, and then went home. There was not a single arrest.

Therefore, I'd suggest that you write your letter, say just what you please, save and read it again a few days later, and then nine times out of ten you won't mail it. Thus you will avoid losing a friend and making an enemy.

In my experience as a hospital superintendent I often come in contact with the demanding type of patient. He is harshly critical, finds fault with the nurses, orderlies and the food. He takes it upon himself to correct those who wait upon him; makes sarcastic remarks and may even use profane or obscene language in dealing with ward employees. This type of patient obeys only such orders of the doctor as please him, and usually fails to make a recovery but is so ornery and resistant to the tubercle bacillus that he lives on and on for years. Such a patient deludes himself into thinking that he gets better service by using such methods. The opposite, however, is the case. The ward nurses and orderlies give him just what is expected of them but not one bit more. What they do is done from a sense of duty and not because of any friendly interest they may feel. At the same time they have only contempt and often hatred for such a disgruntled, unappreciative person.

I have known post-operative cases and others chronically sick to throw their trays in anger upon the floor cursing and swearing at their attendants, using the most foul and unseemly language. While some allowance can be made for the fact that a patient who has been bedridden for a year or more develops a certain mental angle to his illness, nevertheless even such a person should know that he will get far better service, more thoughtful and conscientious attention, and may even make a few warm personal friends by being kind, courteous and thoughtful for those who wait upon him in his need. Such a one should learn the value of the words "please" and "thank you" and the power of a pleasant smile. They bring forth unselfish service.

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A LITTLE PRAISE WORKS WONDERS

The most successful leaders of men are not the harshly critical individuals. The intelligent leader takes advantage of certain true psychological principles in order to get the most and the best out of those who help them.

Charles Schwab, one of the few men in the world who have received one million dollars a year as a salary, when asked if he was paid so much because he knew steel so well said, "No, it is because I know how to handle men. " When asked the secret of his success in getting work and cooperation from the men under him, he said, "I am hearty in my approbation and lavish in my praise," He always praised work well done. He always found something to commend, no matter how humble the worker. We are all like Schwab's men. If our efforts are appreciated and we are given a little sincere praise by those under us or over us, we redouble our efforts to make good. Complaining patients and fault-finding doctors would do well to consider Mr. Schwab's methods.

One of the most intelligent handlers of help I have ever seen was in charge of the nurses, orderlies and janitors of a medium-sized tuberculosis sanatorium. I learned much about handling people from watching her methods. She had the gift of being able to get the best from those she supervised. She was quiet, gentle and dignified. She expected much. Her standards were high. She watched her workers closely and made frequent tours of inspection. She said very little, but always found something to praise. She would commend the nurse on the neatness of her records, the orderly appearance of the patients' rooms, the bedside tables and lockers. The janitor would be told how clean and shiny his floors looked. Each one received a sincere and appropriate word of praise. After the praise would come suggestions for doing the work better or a practical idea or two which were always gratefully received,

The employees under this superintendent of nurses were unalterably loyal and even those of small abilities, and naturally lazy, became conscientious workers under her direction. She was one person who naturally followed the rule of saying only what was necessary and it certainly worked beautifully for her.

Too many people are like my father, who was born in Germany. He had married an American girl. When he came home from work he would sit down in the rocking chair by the window and smoke his pipe while he read the newspaper. He would say very little. In fact, he usually said less than was necessary. My mother, however, was talkative, and a trifle sentimental. She would sometimes angle for a compliment. She would say, "How do you like the supper tonight, Will?" or, "Don't you think the dress that I made for Mildred today is nice?" The answer was usually silence and an impatient puff or two of smoke from the pipe. Finally, if his wife's effort to get a word of praise persisted in spite of his silent protest, he would say brusquely, "Wenn everything is all right I say nodding; if not you vill hear from me." Think how many of us are like that. We fail to appreciate those who do the most for us and say nothing when a little word of praise now and then, which we could so easily and justly give, would be the difference between drudgery and happiness to them. If you don't believe this go home and try it out on your husband, wife or other relatives as the case may be and see how well it works.

The ones who love us best, who would sacrifice the most for us, even to dying for us if need be, are often treated the worst, neglected, forgotten, disregarded

for strangers until some calamity overtakes us; then we expect them to give to the uttermost for us. Why not a few words of appreciation for them now before it is too late?

One of the best ways I know to get along with others is to be more than willing to acknowledge one's faults. Arguing usually gets one nowhere. It is far better to begin by acknowledging you are at least partly wrong. Then very soon your adversary weakens and before you know he is willing to accept his share of the blame if not all

It is my belief, therefore, that usually, unless there is some great fundamental principle at stake -- such as religious liberty, political freedom or a false accusation -- it is best to agree with thine adversary quickly, for by so doing you will all the more quickly get back into working harmony.

I cannot pass fault-finding by without referring to that most tactless type of person who begins the interrogation of his or her victim by such questions as, "Why did you do this?" "Why did you say that?" "Why? Why?" I suppose more righteous indignation has been caused throughout the ages by the wrong use of the simple interrogative "why" than by all the other words in our language put together. The best way to anger one and to stir up at least passive resistance to our efforts to deal with him is to begin to ask him why. No two patients can be handled in the same way. Each one should be studied as a separate problem. Our line of attack should be mapped out according to his individual needs. Each human being has a "tendon of Achilles." It is our job to find out what it is before we begin to discipline him or to try to get information from him.

Many patient disciplinary problems come before me. When they enter my office they are suspicious and on the defensive. My problem is to help them, if I can, and at the same time preserve the discipline of the hospital. My first object is to find their weak point, their "Achilles' tendon." Each patient is a different problem. Each has a different weakness.

I remember a very hard faced-Irishman who had caused trouble on the ward. When he came in and sat down, instead of taking up the matter at hand at once I asked him from what part of Ireland he came, "County Kerry", he said. "Oh, I was there not long ago," I replied, "Were you ever in Limerick?" We conversed about Ireland for a while and later returned to our problem which settled itself then very easily.

By our words we can draw people to us or we can drive them from us. Words properly used make people love us, but if wrongly used make them hate us. It is within the power of each of us to decide which it shall be.

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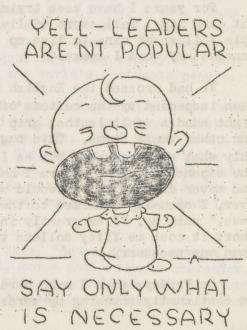
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"A soft answer turneth away wrath." There is no better way to demonstrate the truth of this statement than by trying out the principle the next time you are stopped by a traffic officer. If you argue the point, a ticket will be forthcoming. On the other hand, if you reply softly, admit your fault, agree with him that you were careless and thoughtless in violating the law and thank him for taking the trouble and time to inform you, your Meeting will become a worthwhile experience by which you make a friend instead of an enemy and save money as well. If your soft answer can be accompanied by an honest, pleasant smile, the combination is unbeatable. There are few who can re- IS NECESSARY



sist it. It is worth thousands of dollars in money and hours of happy communion with innumerable friends.

One of the best examples of the man who says more than is necessary is the omnipresent "wise cracker." This common American pest is trying to be funny not knowing that very few people can be really funny even when paid well to try to be that way. Will Rogers was about the only man I ever knew who could be consistently funny most of the time.

Europeans sometimes complain about the loud talking, boisterous, often discourteous and inconsiderate Americans. In fact, many foreigners think all Americans are that way, and if an American happens to be quiet, saying only what is necessary and attending strictly to his own business, he is thought to be an Englishman.

Again I repeat, say only what is really necessary, for even a fool when he holdeth his peace is counted wise. We should have purpose in all we say. If we make a mistake in regard to our speaking it should be on the side of saying too little rather than too much.

So often in conversation with relatives, friends, acquaintances or in giving a talk or making a speech we realize suddenly that we have said one word or one sentence too much. The whole effect we had intended to cause has been ruined. Nothing we can do or say can remedy the damage done or alter the effect of saying more than was necessary. Therefore, I have come to believe that, except when talking to those who will overlook any wrong things we may say, we should study to say only what is necessary and not one word more. This, however, is very hard to do, for "every kind of beast and of bird and of serpent and of things in the sea have been tamed but the tongue can no man tame."

How we say things is more important than what we say. It is possible to say almost anything to another person without causing anger, to call another almost any name if it is done in the right way. If I call another a liar he may want to fight but I can tell the same person the same thing in another way and he may even take it as a compliment. Therefore, it behooves us to study well the use of words. Let us analyze ourselves critically, carefully, honestly, to see wherein we are at fault. We should continually ask ourselves — Am I saying too much? Is this really necessary? If we say too much it may be harmful or, if not, it is at least a waste of time for both the speaker and the hearer.

For years I have been trying to follow the rule, "Say only what is necessary," but each day I fall short of living up to this maxim. I shall never forget one notable failure of mine to live up to the rule because it cost me ten dollars for each unnecessary word I spoke.

We had crossed the English Channel and had landed at Dover. Our baggage had been inspected by the customs officers and passed without a hitch. I carried in my right hand a small leather grip in which I kept my photographic equipment, note-books and other small items. This bag had been overlooked by all of us. So far I had said only what was necessary but as I turned to go toward the London train I thought of the expensive German camera I had in the grip. I had brought the camera from America and never dreamed any one would want to charge me for taking it into England. However, I casually remarked to the customs official, "I have a camera here." "Oh, you have," said he, "I am greatly interested in cameras." Anyhow, to make a long story short it cost me fifty dollars to take that camera into England. I had said more than was necessary.

On Fridays when I make ward rounds and casually greet 400 patients, although I am continually watching my words and trying to say only what is necessary and nothing

that will do harm, I rarely get through with a record which satisfies me. I have usually erred on the side of saying more than was necessary — I cracked a joke which was misunderstood or I advised some new patient too energetically, causing tears. Perhaps I made a promise and later forgot it entirely. Promises should, of course, be kept no matter how simple they are or to whom they are made, for nothing makes others lose confidence in us so quickly as to use the tongue in making promises we do not keep.

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In particular, a physician in dealing with his patients should be very careful about his words. He should weigh each one carefully. He must remember that what he says is quite likely to be repeated many times to friends, relatives and frequently to other doctors. Often what he says is misunderstood or garbled in repetition until when he hears himself quoted later he cannot recognize what he is supposed to have said. On that account a doctor should be very slow to believe what a patient may tell him some other doctor has said concerning him. Many enmitties have been created between physicians by tales carried from one doctor to another by patients. For that reason a wise physician will never say anything but words of praise about any other doctor. If he cannot praise he should keep silent.

It is much better to be a good listener than a good talker. Of course, there is a proper place in this world for both. A good listener is appreciated by all and especially by those of us who are inclined to talk too much. We are subtly flattered, consciously or unconsciously, by those who sit and quietly listen to us talk. It makes us feel important to be able to talk and to have some one else evidently enjoying what we say. It is at such times we are all inclined to say too much. When we are finished the advantage is mostly on the side of the listener who has said nothing, while the talker has said much more than was necessary and may later suffer from having said too much to a poorly chosen confident.

Nevertheless, I enjoy talking to a good listener whom I can trust. This stimulates my thinking, helps to crystallize my ideas and gives me that feeling of importance which each one of us enjoys whether we admit it or not.

Of course, for everything there is a time. Therefore, there is a time to talk as well as to keep silent, but it is a wise man indeed who always knows when to talk to whom to talk and what to say, for society judges us as much by what we say as by what we do.

I have known only a few quiet more or less silent people in my life. I have often thought I'd like to emulate them and now and then I have feebly tried. They are safe people. They never say anything wrong. They say only what is really necessary. They avoid strife, commotion and worry. They have no enemies and many friends. They are usually given credit for being more intelligent than they really are, but, nevertheless, I think they are to be considered among the world's fortunate people.

One of these quiet people I have had as a secretary. In her work she was most efficient. She was quick, accurate and used her head well. She could take dictation as fast as I could talk. She never said one unnecessary word. If I talked about the weather or made a casual remark there was no answer. She just listened stolidly and sat motionless. The expression on her face never changed. I called her Miss Sphinx. Months went by. She was always the same. I have often wondered how much trouble that girl has saved herself by so strictly adhering to my rule, "Say only what is necessary."

I heard a saying once which goes something like this, "Sow a thought reap a word, sow a word reap an action, sow an action reap a habit, sow a habit reap a character, sow a character and reap a destiny," It is true that thought should precede the words we utter. Then the secret of saying the right thing depends upon being certain that

we are thinking what is right. If we think what we ought not to say then we are faced with the task of selecting from the many thoughts of our minds the necessary words to speak.

In harmony with this thought I shall paraphrase Paul's advice to the Philippians in regard to thinking to read, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, speak of these things."

For years I have wanted to write down what I think about the conversational use and abuse of the tongue. I have now said all I have had on my mind. Perhaps in doing this I have once more violated my own rule. Maybe I have said more than is really necessary. However, if this article will be the means of helping one person to avoid a few of the conversational mistakes I have made and will be the means of helping one to reduce the number of unnecessary words he speaks then it will not have been written in vain for "Who so keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles." In closing let me repeat these five key words: "SAY ONLY WHAT IS NECESSARY."



The High Road -----

Often through illness or other circumstances, we are compelled to lead a life in which there are many restrictions. However, restrictions need not necessarily mean stagnation. From restrictions we gain a certain self-discipline which develops qualities necessary for a fuller life. Take stock of your mental attitude; keep a careful watch on reactions, plan your restraint so that it will bring you something of real value. Cheerfully accept what comes your way; live each day as it comesone day at a time. You will learn deep and important things about yourself, build within yourself a tower of strength, self-control, cheerfulness, calmness and courage to face the uphill days of life.

There will be circumstances in your life, either real or imaginary, in which you will be tempted to give way to feeling sorry for yourself; for calling to others for sympathy—support—comfort. Don't do it. Be too courageous a person to wallow long in self-pity, resist the evil mood of martyrdom. Pull yourself up before you crash into one of those emotional tailspins. Keep your thoughts and acts under control—do something for someone else—look around for someone with troubles that outclass your own. Put your shoulder under someone else's burden; if you cannot do anything large, do what you can for another. Write a note to a lonely soul, lend a book, share flowers, give a world of encouragement. In service to others we learn to forget self.

Keep a tight grip on your hope and faith. An earnest effort to keep going uplifts and reveals unsuspected strength and peace. Remember, that which would embitter and harden the heart of one would mellow and sweeten the life of another. Heat melts and refines gold, but it also hardens and sometimes cracks clay. Do not be clay; but strive to emerge from trials and suffering through which you pass with a mellowed spirit and sweetened life. —Olive View-Point—

- Q.- Is there any way that fluid, following pneumothorax, may be guarded against?
 A.- Yes. If high pneumothorax pressures are avoided fluid is seldom troublesome.
- Q .- What is oleothorax and why and how is it used?
- A.- Oil in the chest. It is used to maintain compression instead of air. This is advisable when the leaves of the pleura tend to stick together.
- Q.- What is the maximum size of cavity that can be effectively collapsed by means of pneumothorax?
- A .- There is no limit, provided the lung is not adherent to the chest wall.
- Q.- What is fibrous tuberculosis? Would prognosis be more favorable in a fibrous case than in other types?
- A.- Tuberculosis characterized by the formation of scar tissue. It progresses or retrogresses slowly, as a rule, and in this sense the prognosis may be favorable.
- Q .- What is the mediastinum?

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- A.- The space between the lungs containing the heart, blood vessels, some major air passages, the esophagus, lymph nodes and fat.
- Q .- Can the lung be collapsed when there are adhesions present?
- A .- Yes. By cutting the adhesions or removing the overlying ribs.
- Q.- What is the average variation of temperature in a patient with tuberculosis?
- A.- It varies. The temperature in cold climates may be very low in the morning but usually climbs to normal by afternoon or evening. In a climate such as ours the variation is seldom more than two degrees Fahrenheit.
- Q .- How long after a meal does the temperature usually remain elevated?
- A .- From one half to one hour.
- Q What would cause the chest to be sore to the touch?
- A.-There are reflex sensations which manifest themselves along the intercostal nerves in lung tissue. Muscular strain from coughing may also cause soreness.
- Q Does pleurisy cause shortness of breath? If so, why?
- A.- Yes, because of pain and involuntarily limiting the respiration; or in the case of effusion, by limiting the vital capacity.
- Q.- Could a cold bring on a hemorrhage?
- A .- Yes. Congestion will produce hemorrhage at times.
- Where sputum has been negative for a period of one year could one reasonably assume that it will remain so?
- A.- NO.

(Questions answered by S. J. Shipman, M.D., Chief of U.C. Tuberculosis Service.)

13



ENOUND THE WANDS

AT SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITAL

Pearl Leon has us all worried about her lovely black hair. It is our earnest desire that she let it grow. However, she will soon be the proud possessor of a new coiffure. Maybe we're all jealous...Marie King wants her sincere thanks extended to the "Gang" for the gift she received on her day out...And speaking of "days out" we should mention Sadie Fernandez, Soledad Sahagun and Pearl Leon as being among those who were also out.

Ruth Davis has moved up from Ward 31 and is doing fine after her "op"...Betty Manning, Lucy Moreno and Olive McCloud still won't make any noise...A welcome to our newest patients, Elvera Jardinoff and Bernadette Carroll...And even being a CLARION reporter brings its fan mail. Makes one feel like a celebrity.

Helene Rice excitedly celebrated her 21st birthday this month. There were also celebrations for Clara Ragazzino, Claire Tracey and Gloria Gonzalez. More cakes and more fun!...Alyce Dawley just celebrated the fact that she can get up once a day... Ethel Warren looks bright and cheerful...Swell to see Agnes Enright up and around again...We're all glad Isabelle Driskell is back in the solarium after her "op"... Nice to have Dr. Fallon pay us a visit...Miss Clubhna had our sympathy when she was off for two weeks due to a siege of poison oak.

"Ginger" Mario's graduation from high school was really the event of the month as far as this ward was concerned. Jo Dahlin and your reporter were interested spectators at the diploma presentation...We'd also like to extend our congratulations to Miriam Meono on her recent graduation from Hassler High.

We're of the opinion that a retraction is due from a certain ward reporter because he handed the palm for lovely lassies to another ward. If only he could see Ward 32's glamour!!! He's missed Jo Stephens' sophisticated hair-do's; Nora Bunner's long, dark lashes; Jo Dahlin's be-e-eg eyes; Rose Holland's rosy cheeks; Jenny Vogt's blonde locks; Soledad's beauty marks; Marie King's figure (sans pneumo); Jerry Anthony's ruby lips; Helen Strachy's fluffy bangs. Space does not permit a complete resume. I haven't done the "gals" justice but it should give you some idea.....

-- Letitia Dunne

Probably as good a place as any to begin this column is by enumerating our losses - and they have been many. It seems that every one has either gone or are on their way. Flo Whitaker has gone to the Farm and it just doesn't seem like the same place without her. Rosanna Hoyt and Claire Costantini are also comfortably settled at Hassler's. Pat Amundsen is leaving us for home and will be missed. A lot of us will be doing more things for ourselves when she is sone. And it goes without saying that we miss Doctors Shenson and Drew, Good luck to both of them and we hope they'll find time to visit us some day.

If talking and wishing will get any one to the Farm Babs Strachen and Rose Fer-

rari should soon be there. They are so anxious to go that they have every minute of their day planned from awakening to sleep time. Dee Winward feels badly about not being able to go as soon as she had planned but we will be glad to see her smiling face around here for awhile longer. And speaking of Dee, she and Rosanna Hoyt as well as Virginia Mario of Ward 32, should be very proud of themselves as they graduat. ed from high school on June 13th. All appeared on Dr. Schaper's Friday Broadcast. Miss McKinne, their teacher, gave each of the girls gardenias and lovely bracelets with clips to match.

If you have noticed Gen Shields going around with a very expansive grin it is because she is so proud of her dentist's job. It took a lot of trips to town but was worth the trouble.

Lillian Young had an out and came back very pleased with herself. She had accomplished everything that she set out to do. Just purchasing the red outfit she is now sporting should have made the trip worthwhile.

Nedra Cole fetched up with the most attractive hair-do we've seen in many a day but it only lasted a few hours. The near and the dear objected to bangs, as they sometimes will, and Nedra being dutiful got rid of them.

Amelia Richards had a levely birthday about a week ago. She received some beautiful gifts, a chicken dinner, and we all enjoyed the two birthday cakes. Amelia is a very busy girl with her leather tooling and wood burning. Some of the rest of us could use some of her industry.

. We've read many times of a person feeling righteous indignation and we've often wondered how it felt. We think that, without being far wrong, we can say that we are righteously indignant with a certain ward reporter. If he was trying to arouse the ire of the girls on this ward by casting aspersions on their pulchritude, he succeeded. Without mentioning any names we think that said writer should have sought further information - even if only to ask those who really know - before forming such an erroneous opinion. Fini.

More things I can't figure out: What Mary Smith does with all the air she gets every Wednesday ... Why Rose Ferrari would not keep the lovely little flannel job her husband brought her... Where Virginia Camillari ever found the patience to do all of that stippling on her album... How news travels so fast... When, if ever, a guy named Joe will learn to play casino ... And why it is that I can never make dead-line with this column.... So long now 'til next month.

-- Rusty Halverson.

We of Ward 28 extend our congratulations to Rosanna Hoyt, Dee Winward and Virginia Mario who recently graduated from high school. Miss McKinne arranged a very fine program and the hospital and school officials and students who participated added warmth and dignity to the occasion. The broadcast of the exercises gave the patients a realization of the school work that goes on in the hospital.

And for the month of June, Elmer Horton was our only contribution to H.H.H. -Hello ma, this is Elsie. - Bert Hall spends his spare time making sponge pads for headphones and the many sets around the ward attest to their comfort ... Al Franklin has spent the past three months convincing himself and others around the ward that he didn't need any more surgery. However, it seems that he overlooked convincing the doctors ...

The latest popular sport around here is sending the other fellow's name to one of the Lonely Heart Clubs as a prospective customer. Some wires got crossed some

place and one patient, weighing all of 87 pounds with a chest full of pneumo, received a free booklet on how to reduce the easy way. - Hello ma, this is Elsie. - But the real climax came when the originator of the idea shelled out 89ϕ to the postman for a C.O.D. package and on opening it found that it contained - old razor blades.

Our very blonde Miss Savage joined the ranks of the June brides a recent Saturday when she became Mrs. Elmer Ferree. - Hello ma, this is Elsie. - And speaking of blondes brings up that recent article in the American Weekly entitled, "They Are More To Be Pitied Than Consored." Now that the truth is out we hope that their brunette sisters will put away the peroxide and continue to struggle for an existence while the blondes go on enjoying their orchids, diamonds and fur coats.

That sign you see on leaving the porch - "Please close the barn door" - is merely Charlie McLellan's way of letting artist Tony Banioza know that he believes Tony's most recent work of art to be a horse. There seems to be a slight difference of opinion as to just what Tony used for a model. - Hello ma, this is Elsie, - Ray Winrott continues the siege with long-stemmed roses and an occasional box of candy. And who eats the candy and admires the long-stemmed red roses?... There are still a few copies of the H.H.H. commencement program available and they may be had either from the nurse in charge of the ward or direct from Doctor Schaper. The fact that Goodman Loy was a member of the "double octet" which sang the Lowell School song caused considerable comment. There are those who consider him a traitor to his Alma Mater, Mission High, whereas others, who remember his voice, feel that he is a Fifth Columnist in the Lowell ranks... That's all from

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--Phil Casey

Ward 26 dere editor: - i here you wood like me to rite you sum ward nuze for the clarion paper. i ain't much of a hand at this sort of stuff, but i will see if'n i cant do you sum. by the time you get aholt of this it wont be nuze, but mama christian is back from her vacashun. she looks better an ever and we are all glad too. mike left on hers to, so i gess mike will be gone for 2 weeks.

i gess you no by this time that frank berg is playin chess all over this here ward an beetin most of his competishun to boot. i don't no if stovsky, that mad russian feller, will think this is muze of not. theres only one feller berg cant beat an thats our little irish friend herby svenson. i don't no nothin at all about chess but if herby is as good as berg sez, he mus be a champeen. an while im on the subjec i here that julie pommer the artist feller is thinkin of given up the game. mabe we should by him a set of tiddlywinx.

i'm not sure wether cuneo was called for the draft or not but i think he is gettin reddy to help out the defens program. he is practisin airyoplane spottin or sumthin like that with glasses.

we got a new chinese boy on our ward - his name is swing low. i ain't up much on this modern stuff, but that name of his sounds like one of them jitter buggy or-kestrys. joe fong is still here too. but from what the drs. sez he probubly will go home soon i gess. me sun is on this ward and he sez i don't belive it.

by this time fred carroll has made his secon trip over to that there surjory place. it ain't none of my business, but i can't figger out where they are gettin all those extry ribs of his.

suki yuki suenaga had a operashun since the last dlarion book - its sumthin they call a eloesser flap. i dont no what that is but im shure its gonna fix sammy up in no time. we shure would like to see him come back to this here bone yard. it wood seem like old times.

you remember ear hammons? well he is back from the farm. he sez he came back to get a thoroplasty whatever that is. i'm gonna wait an see what his looks like an if there any good i'll get me one i'll get me one if they have my size.

we are shure gonna miss dr. hutchinson when he leaves us for his new post. we'll all miss his smilin countenants and his cheery manner, but we're glad to see him go ahed too. this is a good chans to wish him the best of luck.

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misses snyder has been off our ward lately. i gess she must be takin misses malones place for the vacashun times. i understand to that we are goin to lose miss spears befor long. that aint so good for us but i gess it will be a lot better for her anyhow. they say the country is real purty around that lake huntington. we all hope she has a swell time and dont fergit us.

i saw some water color paintins that art baker done. art is the feller what does all the layouts an art work for that clarion book. hes purty darn good aint her i aint no athority on fishes but them ones in that water color he painted shure look ed right smart to me.

i tried to get sum nuz about that kisset feller but hes always so taken up with the view from his window that you cant git much outa him. i gess hes one of them nature lovers. armando the greek adonis of the ward is wearin a path between the porch and kissets room. i here they was old friends on the outside.

that feller murphy is shure gettin a lot of milage out of them chairs he pushes around the ward. he sez if he ever gits a blowout hes gonna switch to goodrich. dave barrios is still on the porch. he got his fine clothes from home and tries to make us all jellus by lookin like a fashion picture. he almost went to surjory, but he made a last minute come back an was saved by the bell.

now that wilcox has throwed his pump away, he seems to be spendin a bit more time gettin around the ward. we're always glad to see the bed paishents get back on there feet.

well mr. editor i gotta stop now cuz if'n i deep on writin i'll miss that death line you was a talkin about. maybe afore i close this up i orta put in that stuff like in the sinema pitchers where it sez: all the caracters what has been showed is fractional an if eny of em is livin or dead its a coincidents.

--Joe Donlin

Ward is kinda low down these days. We have lost a friend.

That he is destined for bigger and better things we know, but his going leaves a void for those of us who have known hem. Doctor Hutchinson leaves a lasting impression on those he contacts. We wish him luck.

This business of gathering news when news is scarce is work and so at this point I wish to pay my respects to my fellow newshawks. How do you do it?

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"Diamond Jim" Diamond is still touchy about his tootsies - definitely anti-so-cial. He is in the market for a seal-o-matic because they last a life time... "Doc Louie" Benitez has the south porch personnel seeking his advice. And such advice... John "Father" Dolan is in fine physical condition and blames it all on Kepler's Maybe Andrew "Red" Portolos is on better speaking terms with "Father D" now that his bunk is directly behind John's. Ah, well, that's life, I guess... I'm happy to report that Marko "Polo" Beshir is at last playing a nice hand of pedro... "Mitch" Mitchell, he of the afghan and euchre set, too, is mastering the subtleties of pedro.

Altho' he, at this time, plays the "Molly Burns" type of game. Another convert to the game is the euchre-playing Charlie Siegrist, a wily one, too.

Harry Leininger is positive that he can say phrenicotomy now and prove it, too. Bill Evans, whom I called Bob until informed to the contrary, is quitting the Solarium's mayoralty race throwing his votes to Ralph Woods. Some say it was Ralph's size that decided it but Bill claims the call of the farm was too much to resist.

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It seems that we started something when we mentioned, purely on hearsay, mind you, a locality called Montana. That was last month. "Cowboy Bill" Lawrence, who is now residing in Ward 26 because of a ribber, claims to have uncovered two irrefutable authorities on the Montana subject in the persons of Mesdames Oats and Okerman. Oh! Oh! But we still think that if they want it made a part of the Union they should see the President.

The dentist must have something because Carl Brown took three for five, that is, three trips for five teeth...We have a contender for the flyweight title in John Camillieri. Nice kid. But "Mike" Gibbons is still the boss of Room A. Next in line for the job is George Haslett, sparring partner for John C.

It is said that Howard Ralston is getting crafty - leather crafty, that is. And now comes, as it must to all columns - the end.

--William Powell.

Father's Day has come and gone as so many days will but the memory still lingers on for Albert Curtaz. That day brought him a beautiful picture of young Albert, Junior, and of his wife, handsomely bound in brown Morocco leather. Photographs and wife were chauffered here in a beautiful De Soto - we'd settle for a Ford - and Al's only regret was that he could not take his son to a baseball game that day as in days of yore. When next year rolls 'round they hope to be back at their old stand. And to those non-believers who look at Father's Day as merely another day to invite the spending of money ask Al how he felt about the day and what it brought him.

Having settled once and for all the question of beautiful women and their habitat, we turn our attention to other pressing matters. Word has reached this department that Ray Jorgenson is contemplating another venture into the business world after having had a number of reversals. This one is sure fire. Having noted the plethora of good looking men with which the ward is infested he's going to form a Lonely Hearts Club. All told he has eight prospective club members. Of course the initiation fee is a little on the steep side and the eight are a bit balky but Ray claims that his outfit "Will be strictly elite. And all will be beautiful." And wealthy, of course.

Willie Withers wishes it understood that his presence here will in no way affect or cause a business boom for the 24th Street Merchants. Ward 28 reporter please note...Dave Kirksey is rapidly recovering from a phrenic operation...Ray Jorgenson is trying to become a naval architect...Clarence Keel thought they meant it when they said "Watch the Fords go by" and has counted 16,325 from his bedside window... Lay Young wants to know if chop suey is also served in Mexico...Dan Curtin gets mighty "work-sick" every time he sees the car barn from his window. He's a conductor who is not conducting, temporarily...Tal Williams is now a proud grand-pappy. Congratulations from Ray and the boys, Tal...Ralph Dempsey says he can warm his cold feet simply by waving his arms. Alright. We can't figure it out either...Glenn Dyer claims to be a baseball expert. Tsk! Tsk! Bazeball, feetball, svimming in der tank; ve get der money and ve put dem in der bank. Lowell Hi, Lowell Hi, Ay! Ay! Ay! Submitted by "Wild" Bill Reulhausen - class of '29.

Since our ward was the recipient of an unsolicited compliment in the last issue of The CLARION rumors of an impending battle of the beauties have been rampant. So, naturally, I donned my largest and softest gumshoes and started stealthily down the ward swinging hand over hand on the grape-vine, all with the greatest of ease.

For beautiful new additions we have a variety of blondes, brunettes and two auburn haired lassies. Flora Overmohl, Gertrude Otis, Patricia Hurley, Louise Ulbrich, Hattie Lem, Dorothy McCarthy, Jennie Higdon, Angelina Martinez, Genevieve Whitman, Mary Klopper and Frances Husnar are our new members.

Peggy Murphy is very anxious to get back to the farm to trail Emma Lee, Amy Mor. ley, Claire Cathrew, Maria Ducca and Katherine Lopez... A general remark heard every Saturday morning is that the sun may shine forth and allow our genial friends "The Westerners" to perform in the Palm Garden instead of indoors.

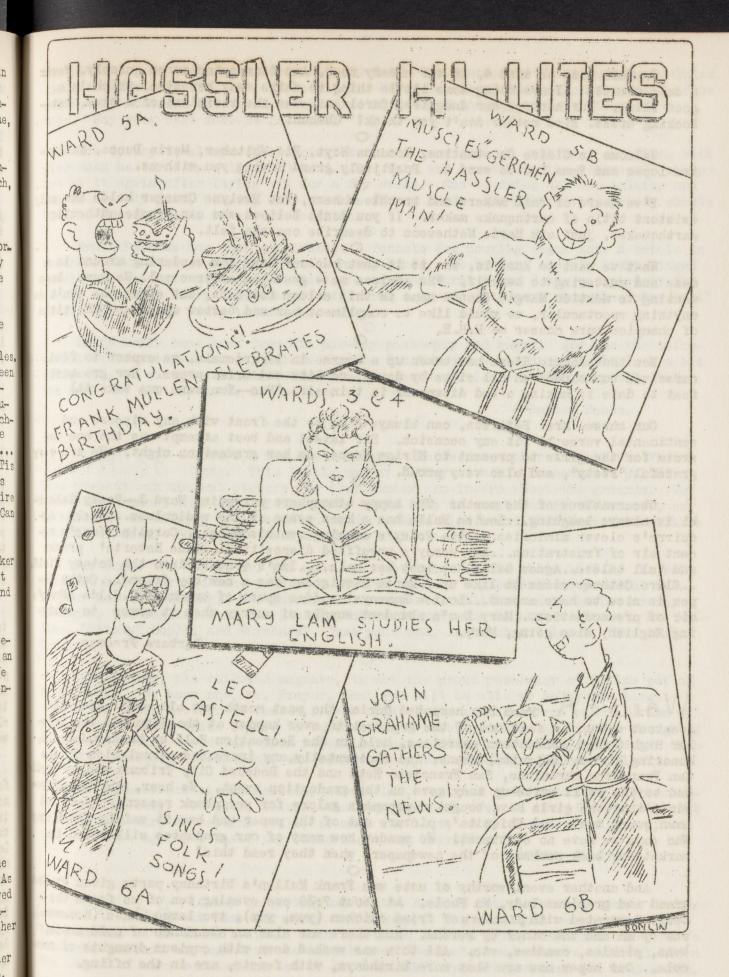
Aha!! Sniff! Sniff! Are the girls getting discouraged??—No. It's only Rose Kelley listening to another morning "Soap Opera" while pacing Luna patiently knits between giggles. Virginia Curtis, panting, trying to keep up with the ward schedules. Flo Davies is on the orchid list again!!! They're usually white ones — why the green onions on her stand the next day??...Jessica Whiting will spend her vacation at Yosemite. She returns to work at H.H.H... Edith, one of our best-groomed classic beauties, has a very unique way of entertaining guests... Emily Alt was kept amused watching Dorothy "Rochester" Washington and Frances Husnar when they listened to the Joe Louis-Billy Conn fight... Eleanor Poggi is becoming conscious of puglistics lately... H-m-m-m-!!! A nurse reports a madly racing pulse beating like a rabbit's tail. 'Tis who??.. The sleeping beauty Dora Adame recently engaged! Congratulations!! All this inspires Smithy to go about singing, "Ah, love in the spring, Tra-latra-la.".. Claire Knauss failed. Can you do it? They hold your tongue and then ask you questions. Can you answer?

A bird's-eye-view of the East Porchers will convince the most skeptical onlooker as to the studious capacity of our girls. We call attention to the good work that Janie is doing in preparing for citizenship; to Caro and her study of psychology and to Elizabeth and her assiduous study of English.

Now we come to the part that, in our hearts, we wish could be otherwise. We refer to the departure of our House Officer, Doctor Martin Hutchinson. Possessed of an energetic spirit and promising possibilities he has been with us for two years. He has aided us in our long and of times wearisome struggle with tuberculosis. Our sincere best wishes go with him into his new and larger field.

AT HASSLER HEALTH HOME

Wards & Apparently a bawling out or whatever you may wish to call it helps to some degree. Am referring to one I received not so long ago by one fine person, Fern Chandler, because of my failure to mention her name in The CLARION. As you all know, Mary Sullivan departed with loving farewells, so flash-like Fern moved into our room filling this vacancy. Of course, pounded persuasion on our part convinced Fern to move, as her personality is one we all enjoy. As a matter of fact her narrations on any, or all, subjects are marvelous, smooth, and flow beautifully; smiles galore; and eyes (what a lovely feature) so big and blue. To top it off her horse stories gallop right into our hearts leaving us wide-eyed for more and more. We're glad you're here Fern. How am I doin'?



On this side of ward 4, in our cheery room, Ann Lauryssins cures quietly. Never a dull moment! Always doing some little thing to while away her time, which is a good thing. Furthermore, her daughter, Carol Ann, was the recipient of a blue, cutelooking dress. Nice mother don't you think? Uh-huh!

Welcome to Claire Constantine, Rosanna Hoyt, Flo Whitaker, Maria Ducca, Katherine Lopez and Emma Lee to ward 4. Positively grand having you with us.

I've heard of rain makers and trouble makers, but Evelyne Crueger holds the only existent title of earthquake maker. If you don't believe she can create authentic earthquakes, just ask Marie Mathewson to describe one she felt.

What we want to know is, who is it that has our Ruby Low wandering around in a daze and muttering to herself, "He admires me - gee - he admires me"..We have been wanting to mention Margie Chan's name in this column for eons, but since she won't do anything spectacular, we would like to compliment her and bestow upon her the title of champion cure chaser at H.H.H.

Now that Jackie Sloan has taken up a course in legerdemain, we expect to find ourselves surrounded on all sides by doves, rabbits and trick props. Her greatest feat to date is making a bed disappear in thin air. (Pun-You sure can take it.)

Our nurse, Mrs. Peterson, can always come to the front with any sincere and sentimental verse to fit any occasion. Her latest and best attempt was the one she wrote for the girls to present to Miriam Meone, on her graduation night. We are very grateful "Peety", and also very proud.

Observations of the month: The happy atmosphere pervading Ward 3-Bonny Zalkaski is always laughing...Louise Halla has a keen sense of the ridiculous...Nicky Acquirre's clever mimicries...Etta Foley's amusing reminiscences...Caroline Yong's recent air of frustration...Amy Morey's unruffled disposition...June Roberts! pranks and tall tales...Agnes Gallo has lost her halo....Ida's venture into the botany field...Clara Cathrew seems to like us...Marie Maquignone has a new boy friend...Cathy Lopez is nice to have around...Louise Ramseys' sudden spurt of truckin'...Hilda Albury's air of preoccupation...Mary Lam's abundant supply of energy when it comes to studying English, nice going, Mary.

--Barbara Freeman

Ward 5 A Much has happened during the past month but all will agree the greatest event, in fact one of the greatest to ever happen at the Farm, was the Hassler High School graduation exercises, held in the Recreation Hall on Monday, June 16, honoring Miriam (Chiquita) Meono. And incidentally, any increased circulation in the San Francisco Chronicle, San Francisco News and the Redwood City Tribune can be credited to the swell write-up they gave on the graduation event. We hear, via the grapevine, that the girls have bought newspapers galore for scrapbook reasons. Yeh, and even yours truly cut Chiquita's picture out of the paper and has it safely filed away. Who says we have no sentiment! We wonder how many of our graduates will be on the market for back numbers of the newspapers when they read this?

And another event worthy of note was Frank Mullen's birthday party given by that grand and gracious lady, Ma Poole. At about 7:30 one evening ten of us found the table decorated with platters of fried chicken (yum, yum), two large cakes (homemade), one by Ma and the other by Bertha. And there was also an abundance of cold meats, buns, pickles, candies, etc. All this was washed down with copious draughts of cocacola. Our hopes now are that more birthdays, with feasts, are in the offing.

A number of changes have taken place in our ward. Leon Lym and Bertin (Frenchy)

chabot have been transferred from 5-B and 6-B. Bob Sperry and E. Horton are included among the new arrivals from the hospital. Mayor Ed. Shaw, Eddie Nesbitt, Willie Chow and Howard Anderson have been transferred to 5-B. Congratulations to these five boys. May your next move be for home!

Bob Sperry is always challenging every one to a game of cribbage, chuckling with glee when he turns up a 16 or 20-hand...Gus Hohn and Leo Baker, the "cooncan" champs are at it again after laying off for a few weeks. Gus is doing all the talking and Leo is usually mute, jeering only when he wins a hand. I wonder why everybody shouts "Quiet, Frenchy!" He is always so silent.

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Ernie Barkman has just constructed 2 funnels for pouring sugar into a bottle in order to make a sweet syrup for his humming-birds. He wonders how his light-winged guests are going to get the same loving care when wards 1 and 2 are occupied by the female element...Henry Nagy sleeps until 7:45 a.m. and gets sore when the "chow bell" rings. He says he wants to take the cure.

Yours truly came back from his one-day pass spry and happy! And for the information of the stay-at-homes, let us say the San Francisco buildings don't look a bit different. So sorry we couldn't find time to see our friends at the hospital, but one can't do all one wants in one day.

-- Barney Sands.

Ward 5-B now has a mascot. He is none other than little Victor Wong. This little son of Cathay with his inseparable pal, Wing Lee, present an unusual picture, as they wander arm-in-arm about the grounds. We have heard rumors that some of the girls would like to steal our little mascot, so it behooves us to keep a close watch on him... Have also heard that Suey Chin will be leaving us soon. "Oh, Suey!" how your Mama will miss you.

His honor the Mayor, Mr. Ed. Shaw, has now taken up his abode in 5-B. We welcome you Mr. Mayor and hope your stay with us will be a pleasant and peaceful one. In your new surroundings, Mr. Mayor, your associates will be such notables as Ray Jahnigan, the "Pagliacci of the piano", Robert Silagi, the "Adorable Adonis", Mr. Mullins, "Stinky" Doyle, and Burkhardt, just pals and, last but not least, "Muscles" Gerchen.

Herb Frayer, the railroad magnate, is now the proud possessor of a fine set of store teeth. We hope now, Mr. Frayer, that you will be able to enjoy the large steaks for which Hassler is famous...Last night I was awakened from a deep dream of peace. A far-away voice seemed to be chanting a sweet melody. At first I thought I was in some other world but, upon investigating, I discovered it was none other than our little mascot, Victor Wong, who in his sleep was crooning a Chinese lullaby.

Our eminent artist and scholar, Calvin Lee, returned this week from a brief sojourn in the city. We hope, Calvin, that on your next trip to the city you will not find it necessary to return. Well, so much for that, as Dr. Schaper would say, and until we meet again, I shall say "Good Night and Thirty".

-- Terry Sheals.

Ward of A It may be springtime in the Rockies but at Hassler summer is here at last and every one is happy. Why shouldn't we be when everything around us is in full bloom, with trees and flowers vying with each other as to which may present the more roseate appearance? Patients, too, are more cheerful since the advent of warm weather and are to be seen more frequently around the boulevards.

In last month's issue of The CLARION something appeared about writing poetry so

these few lines, written by a poet who's name is forgotten, may not be out of order at this time:

"There's a pleasure in the pathless woods There's rapture on the lonely shore There is solitude where none intrudes And music in its road."

Ward 6-A is a small one but still has some mighty warriors left, despite the fact that quite a few changes have taken place. Ivan (Baden) Powell has gone to Ward 6-B and in return we have Johnny Sigut, well known to most folks here.

The Deacon, Roy Summers, has moved so often he keeps us guessing as to which ward he calls home. It's embarrassing for him too. Only a few nights ago he was preparing to retire in one of his former beds. Absent-minded though he may be he manufactures fancy leather articles and is looking for customers. Sort of a plain "hide-and-seek game" he calls it.

Harry Low has recently returned from a visit to San Francisco. Judging from the amount of rare viands brought back he must be anticipating a severe winter. Andy Anderson also came back recently from a similar visit. He is still grinning and smiling. San Francisco, you've got something there!

Geo. Souza has settled down somewhat since coming to this ward. He has taken up the study of astronomy. Let us hope his star is in the ascendant...Leo Castelli had a birthday recently and to show a good spirit entertained the boys by singing folksongs of his native land. May he live long and sing hundreds of them... Leonard Woodward who often sailed "before the mast", is now making his home "aft". He says the enemy can't approach him from the rear ... Alexis Podchernikoff, (man of letters), occupies the bed opposite. They are both monarchs of all they survey. Fortunately no one here stutters - he'd have a hard time pronouncing the latter's name. He'd probably strangle before coming to the last syllable.

Eddie (Happy) Dadero has become an adept in knitting sweaters, meanwhile unfolding yarns of different varieties. There are three kinds of needles - regular ones, needles with eyes on the wrong end, and those without eyes. He uses the latter ... Folks of Ward A were in hopes the Quiz Program would become a reality. Several of the lads here are anxious to match their wits against those of another ward...Lots of people have heard Boogie-Woogie music. How many know the game of that name? Well, it is here and nearly every one in this ward is playing it. It may be a crazy one, as the name implies, but those who come to scoff remain to play.

Walter Harada spends most of his leisure time hunting black widow spiders without any success. Don't become discouraged old boy. There are lots of widows in black running around. It's up to you to spy them first ... The boys in the middle aisle are still carrying on with their jokes. Some of them (the jokes) sparkle like those of Vera Veigh. On the other hand, some are very vague indeed. That they are. That they are, Fischer.

Ward news in 6-B is largely concerned with the various occupa-Ward 6B tional therapy projects being followed by a good number of the patients. The charming Mrs. Watts, recreational therapy teacher, is responsible for keeping the boys in the proper frame of mind necessary for a good cure. Of course there are the usual number of cut-up's on the ward, who may or may not be classified as occupational therapists. Larry Flynn, for instance, poking our friend Powell. That may be occupational therapy, but not in our book. Oh, yes; the affair ends by by Powell slamming a book at Dal Balcon and everybody is then set.

But to get back to the work projects, we find that Blake is easily the outstanding designer and maker of those good looking little table mats, but wholesale. Casey is in there batting on the same thing, while Thomas is in the square-knot business. And then there is Herman Neubrand, who really goes to town on copper work, and who, take it from us, has tremendous possibilities along this line when he gets going. After hearing about copper plate etching he gets some acid and starts to work. As an etcher he is a good strong-box maker.

As we stumble on through the ward we come to Henry Lee, busy over a drawing board. And what do we see? A floor plan of the whole joint, as Henry says, "It is to be used in the office, and then they can see right where you are without running all over the place."

Johnny "Joe Cure" Sigut, is now one of the "intelligentia" of Ward 6-A and I guess he still follows that old bed rest technique of staying covered up to his chin and not saying a word but with those old eyes rolling around not missing a thing.

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-- John Grahame.

THE CLARION

Published by the patients of the Tuberculosis Division of the San Francisco
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THE CLARION

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ETAWASISE

The Indian word, "Tawasis," said to mean "friends and helpers," has been chosen as the name of their organization, by a group of patients and ex-patients in New Jersey, who are carrying on a program of rehabilitation for the tuberculous, and planning future activities on a National scale.

Tawasis came into being, through the experience of William J. Lahey of Newark, a machinist by trade, who broke down with the some years ago, and spent four years in a sanatorium trying to lick the bugs. During those four years Lahey had a chance to study his own plight and the plight of others like him who were chasing the cure. The future didn't look any too bright. He was about ready to be discharged from the san, not a complete cure, but with an arrested case, and he began to ask himself the same question a lot of arrested cases are always asking.

"Where," Lahey asked himself laconically, "is it possible for a man to find a job, that requires his attention for only two or three hours a day?" Not content with considering the question and finding no immediate answer, Lahey decided to do something about it.

Consequently in March, 1937, after he was discharged from the san, Lahey called together in Newark four other men and two women, who were also ex-patients. Varied occupations were represented in this small group. They included in addition to Lahey Walter Schaeffer, an electrician; Bertram Tiefeld, a salesman; Morris Hoffman, a machinist; James Di Stefano, who was 16 when admitted to the san, and 24 when discharged; Mrs. Irene Kline, a housewife, and Miss Emily Venturini of a college in Italy. At this first meeting the Essex County Chapter of Tawasis was formed and a campaign for membership began. In November, 1938, the organization spread to Hudson County, N.J. The chapter here was started by raffling off four pocket books made by a young woman member. Organizers in Hudson County included John Camporini, George Kreuder, Samuel Kline, James Dickson and John Lynch, through whose efforts 250 patient-members were secured, and 50 more sustaining members. The sustaining members are not necessarily ex-patients, but are sympathetic with the ideals of the organization. Organizations of Tawasis quickly sprang up in Union and Passaic Counties, N.J., followed by others in New York and in New Bedford, Mass.

One of the contentions of the organization is that in addition to early discovery of the disease, and the subsequent hospitalization, there is an equally important step to be considered, before the patient is able to resume work, and that is the question of rehabilitation. And the matter of rehabilitation for the tuberculous is the main work stressed by Tawasis.

In reality it is the purpose of Tawasis to take over a discharged patient at precisely the place where doctors and sanatorium care were discontinued. The program sponsored by the organization is designed to adjust the ex-patient to his new mode of life. It will keep him occupied for a few hours each day, he will receive wages for the work he does, and, if there are days when he does not quite feel up to his work, he will not be expected to report.

As a starter the organization has established headquarters at 203 Washington St., Newark, N.J., where a small workshop has been fitted up. Here the members do woodwork, and print the Tawasis literature. Articles made by the ex-patients are sold or used as awards at affairs sponsored by the various chapters, and the returns are used to keep the work shop going, or are placed in the treasury.

Carl J. Lederer, of Newark, is writing the script for a Tawasis motion picture to be used for visual education at New Jersey sanatoria. The picture will feature

members of Tawasis, it is believed. These enterprises, however, are only a means of keeping the ex-patients occupied and preparing them for more strenuous work later on. Lahey, who is now state president of the Tawasis, explains he and other patients have in mind a program that would bring about a more complete solution of the rehabilitation problem. In order to get this program of large scale rehabilitation under way, it will be necessary for them to enlist the cooperation of state and county tuberculosis specialists and officials.

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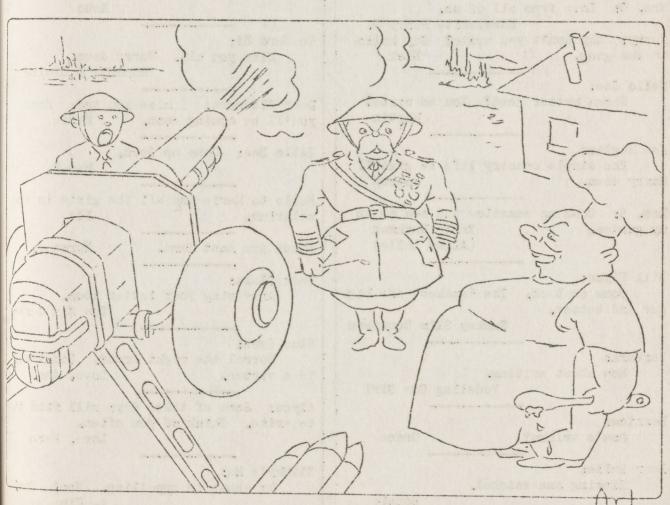
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This plan in brief consists of furnishing the patient part time work right in the sanatorium where he makes his cure, and let him gradually harden up until he is able to go out on a full time job.

Another important accomplishment of Tawasis is the social life it creates for its members. After spending from four to ten years in a sanatorium, the discharged patient finds that he has very few of his former friends left. Social activities sponsored by the organization are attended by ex-patients who have the same problems, the same outlook and the mutual understanding that brings about a greater understanding and closer companionship.

(The above article was copied from the HEALTH CITY SUN. They printed it with the following Editor's note: Our best thanks to Mr. Chester J. Redfern, who wrote the story of Tawasis for the Jersey Journal, and which we have condensed.....)



"TAKE IT EASY GUYS! I GOTTA CAKE IN THE OVEN."

==HASSLER PERSONALS=

Nedra:

er. My love to them. Rosalba

Tishie:

You know my Willie. Shame! Shame!

Peggy:

We're waiting for you. Hurry now. Your Old Pals

meteratory retectors and and ac

Clara:

Se come un fiore sempre, bella. Q quando udi guardi come una stella. Amore Chiquita

character and the base of the base

Ed Costodio: How ya comin'?

Mrs. O: Love from all of us. Hasslerite Henry N. Jerry: Why don't you write? Say hallo to the gang. Dick

Hello Joe:

Wassa matter keed? You no write? Martin

Joe Maglio:

The simple country life is great!! Sperry Hurry down.

Mrs. S: Come up sometime and see me in Ernie Barkman my garden. (Alias Emile)

Bill Flynn:

Come on back. The "snakes" are bigger and better.

Snakey Slim Dennison

Barbara:

How about writing.

Yodeling Cow Girl

Bernice:

How's tricks? Grace

Dear Emile:

Missing one satchel. Bonnie

How's Kenneth and the football play- | Mitchell: Have you found your jokes?

died bod and one are me bed one one and bed are

Greetings to the east porch. Write soon, June

Hi Hank: Still waiting for that letter!! Agnes

Hensel: Come out while the weather is still fine. Souza

R. Dempsey:

How would you like to be in the Mavy now? Aboard the 09? Sailor Kelly

From Mom Hello Tal.

Say Bud: When ya coming down?

To Ward 31:

Miss you all. Hurry down. Rosanna & Claire

Dear Eleanore: I miss you too. Hope you'll be coming soon. Marie

Hello Dee: Come on down.

Mae R.

Hello to Marie and all the girls in the solarium.

Thank you Aunt Emma.

Norma J.

Dear Clara:

Answering your letter soon.

The Six Jerks

Blue Eyes:

Corral the right brand. Constancy is a virtue. Love, Ann.

Alyce: Some of these days will find time to write. Think of you often.

Love, Fern

Stinky's Ma:

My ennui is appalling. Woo! Woo! A. Finn

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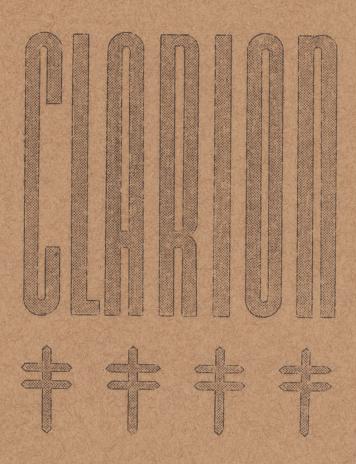
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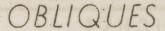
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The slanting shafts of wind-blown rain That tap and beat the window pane; A crooked, turned up, friendly smile Gives sweet assurance all the while; The courting coyote woos the moon With plaintive song that ends too soon;

The flight of geese at summer's endTwo swift obtiques that southward wend;
A searchlight, ruthless, stabs the nightReveals a moon-moth plane in flight;
The sidelong glances of coy flirtationThe subtlest weapon of discrimination;

A dagger thrust; a work tired back; The optical illusion of a railroad track; A brave old face with sorrows twist; A dereliet ship; its deck a'list; Uplifted arms of tiny tots; The homeward course of village sots;

These things are not quite real to me— Just patterns I view unfeelingly For one can't see with eyes too dry— I still keep hearing you say goodbye. I feel as though I stand apart And look obliquely at my heart.

--Norma Johnson



DIAGNOSIS AND X-RAY By JOSEPH LEVITIN, M.D.

When I was asked to write a paper on the subject of the X-ray in the diagnosis and treatment of tuberculosis, the first thought that occurred to me was, how was the diagnosis of tuberculosis made and what was the plan of treatment before X-ray became universally used?

It is well within the memory of most of us to have witnessed a revolutionary change in the handling of this disease. There is a great difference in the diagnosis and treatment of tuberculosis today from that employed twenty years ago. In fact, the difference is as great as the difference in the armies of this war and the last. The change is as great as the change in the air force used by the present army and that of its predecessors. The means used for the diagnosis of tuberculosis among the soldiers of the A.E.F. were closer to the methods employed in the Cival War than to those of the present. And how was the diagnosis made? Chiefly by a wasted appearance and tenacious cough. Everyone who had a chronic cough was considered to have what was popularly known as "consumption". And coughing was very common. The heroines of opera and drama, Mimi of La Boheme, and Camille, wasted away with this disease. Every family had some one who was weak and ailing. Everyone who was losing weight and coughing was labeled as "consumptive".

And what was considered adequate treatment? How could the physician make a diagnosis? He had to rely on the scund he could elicit with his fingers by tapping on the chest or what he could hear through a transmitted tube. He could only guess what was going on because all he knew of the disease was the study of the lungs after death. There was no specific treatment for tuberculosis. Usually the patient was sent as far away from his home as possible. If he lived in the interior he was advised to take a sea voyage. If not, it was suggested that he go to Arizona, and Arizona was far away. The trite phrase to one who was coughing, "Better go to Arizona", was more than a "wise-crack". Many a coughing patient went there for a cure.

These things were destined to change. Not many years after the discovery, in 1882, of the bacillus which was the cause of tuberculosis came the announcement of a discovery by another great German scientist. From the town of Wurzburg on the eighth day of November, 1895, came the startling announcement of the discovery by Herr Doctor Roentgen of an invisible ray whose beams were destined to reveal a new world of wonder. It was actually possible to see a living skeleton. For the first time the heart could be seen in motion, the lungs expand with respiration, the stomach express the food into the small intestine, and the movements of the digestive tract studied.

The discovery and development of the X-ray did not immediately change the treatment of tuberculosis or the means of diagnosing this disease. Many years were to pass before X-ray came into universal use. Twenty years ago the Tuberculosis Service of the University of California was allowed only twenty X-rays a year for teaching purposes. This was during the time of post-war prosperity. Today, on the same service, twenty X-rays are taken in less than one week. It was a long journey from the first X-ray of the hand, taken with five-minute exposure, to the chest plate taken today at one-thirtieth of a second. The physicians also learned that only a few persons who are infected ever develop active disease. However, of these people who are infected, some may develop the disease and the earliest one can tell of its presence is by X-ray examination. Long before any symptoms appear the X-ray will show the presence of this disease.

Among other things the physician learned was that not everybody who coughed and lost weight had tuberculosis. He was able to differentiate other diseases. He found that some were suffering from diseases which gave similar symptoms such as tumors, bronchiectasis, or fungus infections. He found that many had the disease without symptoms and in this group were some who were spreading the germs unsuspectingly to the public. He found he could no longer depend on symptoms of the patient or what he might be able to hear through a chest wall but would have to rely on X-ray to pick up these early cases. Indeed, at San Quentin, where every new arrival has included with his complete physical examination an X-ray of his chest, it was found by Dr. Stanley that one out of every hundred cases admitted was suffering actively from the disease and half of them did not know they had it. At Mayo Clinic every patient has an X-ray of his chest irrespective of his complaints. Marin County has started to examine all high school and junior college students by X-ray. San Francisco County is not unmindful of the importance of this means of study. The City of Detroit is planning a survey by X-ray of the entire population. The United States Army recognizes the importance of X-ray examinations in detecting early cases of tuberculosis and is ordering an X-ray examination of the chest, together with Wasserman, on every recruit entering the army. This will be the largest single chest survey in this country.

What is X-ray and what can we expect from it? X-ray has been called the invisible light. It is similar to light in that if it strikes a photographic film it will act the same way. The film can be developed like the negatives in your camera. X-ray "pictures" are negatives. These are not truly pictures but are shadows of varying degrees of density depending on the density of the substance through which the X-ray traveled. X-ray has the property of being able to penetrate matter. The amount that gets through depends on how dense the substance is through which it is passing. The image we obtain is flat, that is, all points along the same line of a particular beam will be superimposed upon each other. But we can get an impression of depth or the third dimension by a simple procedure known as the stereoscope. This is similar to the principle employed in the old hand sterioptician which was present on the parlor table, with views of Niagra Falls and the Grand Canyon, at the turn of the century. Or we may take two views at right angles to each other, one from the front and the other from the side.

To return to the X-ray of the chest. The lungs filled with air are less dense than the ribs which are bone or the heart which is a thick muscle; so more of the X-ray gets through to the film, thus more of that part of the film is exposed. This will develop to a greater extent and approach black on the developed film. The dense bone of the ribs prevents most of the X-ray from passing through, so little gets through and this part of the film approaches white. Between this we have all gradations of grey from black to white.

If something happens to the lung so that the normal air-containing space becomes congested, or the smaller tubes of the lung become plugged so that no air can enter, or something is growing and taking the place of this normal air-space we will get changes that can be seen on the X-ray film.

It is the character of these changes that gives us clues as to the diagnosis. One thing we can quickly tell is whether an individual has been exposed to tuberculosis and had contracted a lesion which healed. We may see a small calcified shadow in the lung.

Almost all of us who have lived in cities and reached twenty years of age have had an initial tuberculous infection. The lesion occurred sometime in childhood and started as a wedge-shaped area of inflammation about one-half to an inch in area situated well out in the lung. It rarely produced any symptoms and soon healed. The dead cells produced in the process were absorbed and the lesion shrank. In a period vary-

ing from a few months to a few years calcium was deposited and bone may have even formed within it. This is the healed parenchymal lesion known as the Chon's Node, and is seen on the X-ray film as a dense calcified shadow. In the early stage there was an extension of the infection by means of lymphatics about the bronchi and blood vessels to the glands at the root of the lung. These glands became inflamed, softened, and went through a process called caseation. They varied in size, some becoming very large. Eventually they shrink and become calcified. This triad makes up the primary complex—a healed calcified node in the parenchyma of the lung, lymphatic infiltration to the hilus terminating in calcified lymph nodes.

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The primary lesion may shrink to such an extent that it may not be visible on the X-ray film. But the initial infection has sensitized the individual so he will respond to a skin test with a positive tuberculin. The whole process may have been so benign that no symptoms were felt by the patient. Usually the enlarged hilar nodes seen in childhood are rarely due to any disease other than tuberculosis. In unusual instances, the primary infection may be multiple and scattered throughout a considerable portion of the lung field. This may be the result of a spread of the bacilli from the single primary lesion to other parts of the lung through the bronchi. This is, no doubt, what happens when the primary lesion breaks down into a cavity and the contents of the cavity spill over into the bronchi.

In childhood we do not have a chronic tuberculosis; the disease either progresses rapidly to a fatal termination or it shrinks down, becoming surrounded by scar tissue and is clinically unimportant.

In the adult the tuberculosis which occurs is rarely a breakdown of the child-hood infection. It is most commonly due to a reinfection by way of the air passages. This takes the form of an exudative lesion known as an early infiltrate. It usually begins as a bronchopneumonic process in the upper lobe beneath the clavicle. There are usually very few or no physical signs but this infiltrate is immediately evident upon X-ray examination.

These lesions are usually posteriorly in the lung and may reach considerable size. On the X-ray they may not differ from the appearance of a pneumonia except sometimes discrete shadows of conglomerate tubercles may be seen. More rarely the initial onset may be in the lower lobes.

This early infiltrate shows a great tendency toward resolution. The entire lesion may disappear in a few weeks without leaving a trace, but usually the absorption proceeds more slowly and is complete in a few months. In the meantime there has been destruction of the lung tissue which is replaced by scar tissue. On the X-ray the scar tissue appears as a few straight or irregular strand-like shadows and represents a healed stage.

The laying down of this scar tissúe is a means in which the body holds the infection in check. This encapsulates the tubercle bacilli and prevents them from causing increased local destruction of lung and further spread to different parts of the lung. This defensive proliferative reaction varies in different individuals. When it is lacking it predisposes to a spread of the disease. Also the tissues may be unduly sensitive to the tubercle bacilli and there will be a more widespread inflammatory, reaction and more destruction of the lung. Either of these factors will determine whether the disease is severe or benign.

The spread of the disease is usually through the bronchial tree by local extension or by the lymphatics. This may occur soon after the initial infiltrate occurs but it is more likely to follow a hemorrhage or the formation of cavities.

The exudative tuberculous lesion, whether it represents the infiltrate or the result of the bronchial dissemination may undergo cascation. If the lesions are small

٢,

and localized they may become surrounded by a capsule of connective tissue and appear as dense, sharply demarcated shadows. Calcium is deposited in this area. More often if this area of caseation is large, there is an extension of this caseous material through the bronchi leaving a cavity.

Cavities have an annular shape and are more easily recognized on X-ray film than by physical examination. When cavities are present it denotes an active disease and usually that patient has tubercle bacilli in the sputum. However, other confusing shadows may give the appearance of cavities. These annular shadows may be small blebs (something like blisters) on the outside of the lung on the pleura. Cysts in the lung may also give annular shadows. All annular shadows are not tuberculous cavities and it may require considerable study and correlation with the sputum findings to determine this point.

After a diagnosis of adult tuberculosis is made, the progress of the disease can be followed closely by repeated X-ray examinations. When pneumothorax is given, the amount of collapse is closely followed; likewise, the success of proper collapse of the cavity can be checked. If a surgical procedure such as thoracoplasty is performed, the results are again closely checked to see that the cavity is successfully closed.

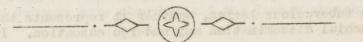
What may we hope for the future in X-ray as an aid to diagnosis? We are nowhere near the top of the crest. The recent development of the tomograph, which is a method of radiographing the body by layers, enables us to get the structures hidden by dense scars and ribs and has opened a boundless field for study. The introduction of the miniature film makes group survey possible at one tenth the present cost. To put it another way—we can spread the examination ten times further for the same cost. We can look forward to a future when every member of society will have had an X-ray examination of the chest and all early cases whether with or without symptoms will be found and finally cured.

Joseph Levitin was born in San Francisco on September 3, 1901. After graduation from Lowell High School he received his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of California in 1922 and the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the same school in 1926.

Doctor Levitin interned at Mount Zion Hospital and spent an additional year there as resident in surgery. He was also resident in X-ray at the University of California, under the late Dr. Ruggles, from 1927 to 1928. During the fall of 1930 and the spring of 1931 he visited important radiological centers in Vienna, Stockholm and Hamburg.

At present he is instructor in roentgenology at the University of California Medical School, visiting roentgenologist in the Tuberculosis Service at San Francisco Hospital, roentgenologist at Mount Zion Hospital, Green's Eye Hospital, Ross General Hospital, Victory Hospital of Napa and at San Quentin State Prison.

He is author of numerous articles. One article entitled "The study of the Lobes of the Lung and Interlobar Fissures", written in collaboration with Dr. Harold Brunn, received international recognition.



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THE LAW By E. A. SCHAPER, M.D.	

Some day we shall understand all the obscure sciences as well as we now do physics and chemistry and then we shall really know how to get the most out of life but not before.

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Whatever we undertake as human beings, without previous instruction, nine times out of ten we do wrongly at first. As an example, if we learn to play the violin by ear, we make every possible mistake because at first we do not understand the laws which pertain to playing the violin properly. No matter what it is we undertake, at first we do it the wrong way or at least the worst way. Time, experience and education will teach us the best way.

The longer we live the more certain is my conviction that everything in the universe is governed by law. This conclusion applies to all that exists from the largest known sun to the tiniest microbe, from the most simple movement of an infant's hand to the most complex human emotion.

Some of these laws, especially the physical ones, are readily understood by anyone who can do even the simplest kind of thinking. For instance, the law of gravity is soon learned and applies to every form of animal life. Even very young children soon learn that any object heavier then, if released, will fall to the ground. The sparrow teaching her young to fly knows this law as she bears them up on her wings. There are laws just as definite as those, discovered by Newton, governing our intellectual, our spiritual, our moral and our physical well-being.

We understand the laws of physics and chemistry fairly well for it is possible to perform experiments in these sciences which will enable us to demonstrate the truth and accuracy of the laws involved. However, when it comes to the more intangible sciences such as psychology, metaphysics and general human behavior there is as yet great differences of opinion in the interpretation of the phenomena pertaining to them.

Let us consider for a moment what we may call the laws of the spiritual world. I do not know whether or not there is such a world. There may be one for all I know. It is not to my way of thinking, impossible. Being pretty much of a materialist I am inclined to believe only in what I can see and hear and feel and smell and taste. To me, what I cannot demonstrate by the use of my senses, does not seem to exist. We can however, see the folly of this attitude because some of the most vital things in our lives today are not perceived by the use of our senses as, for instance, oxygen, which has definite substance, weight, occupies space and is so essential to our physical life. There is also electricity which does most of the world's work and yet we cannot see it.

Because we cannot see or hear spiritual beings is no reason why they do not exist because our vision is limited to a fairly narrow band of light vibrations above and below which we cannot see, although we can photograph ultra-violet and infra-red, the upper and lower ends of our light spectrum.

Our ears likewise are limited to a relatively narrow band of sound vibrations. We know that there are vibrations above and below this scale which the human ear is incapable of receiving. How then can we be sure that there are not sights and sounds around us too high or too low for us to see or hear?

In different parts of this world, manners, customs and morals are different. What would be wrong here in the United States might be right in Japan, China or Central Africa. What we refer to as moral law varies with the tribe or race. It is very hard to make a universal law which will determine for all human beings what is morally right. Nevertheless, I believe the time will come when the laws of morality will be so well understood that we shall all know just how we should conduct ourselves at all times.

I believe the world is in a process of evolution, the end result of which will be a place wherein all human beings will live in peace and harmony. This will come about as a result of the education of the peoples of the earth. It may take thousands or even millions of years yet to bring the intellectual status of the average human up to the place where such a condition will be possible. In looking back over the history of the world for one or two thousand years I believe we are justified in coming to that conclusion, in spite of the fact that a large part of the world today is engaged in war.

The fundamental principles laid down by Jesus in his "Sermon On The Mount" will some day be recognized by all men as essential to getting the very most out of this life and will be practiced by all, if not from a religious standpoint, in the interests of self-preservation.

When all law is understood every human will know that it is better to give than to receive; that the maximum of good will come to each one of us by preferring others to ourselves; that by giving out we increase our own good while by being stingy we end up with less than we would have if we were generous. Then, we shall understand all law and therefore we shall know better than to violate it for we shall be able to see the penalty of this violation which is always pain, sorrow and death to ourselves and those we love. Therefore, let us study in order to acquaint ourselves with law and the rewards and punishments for their obedience or disobedience. The sooner we acquaint the whole world with this knowledge the sooner shall we begin to fulfill the purpose for which we inhabit this earth.

These remarks lead up to an application of this principle to the problem of recovering from tuberculosis. The cure of this disease depends upon the most absolute obedience to the laws governing recovery. The first inclination of the victim of the tubercle bacillus is to disregard the laws which must be obeyed if a recovery is to be made. While the patient is neglecting to get in harmony with the four fundamental principles involved in recovering from tuberculosis, namely, rest, fresh air, proper food and right habits, the biological and chemical laws concerned with destruction of lung tissue and the life of the patient go right on quietly working and producing a result fatal to his well-being. When the patient awakens to the importance of abiding by the law, if he ever does, it is too late.

Let no one fool himself into thinking he can escape the penalty for the transgression of any law. The punishment is as certain as the rising and setting of the sun each day. When the penalty for the violation of law is as quick as it is certain that law is seldom broken. But when the penalty is deferred or is long drawn out, as in a case of tuberculosis, the tendency of each patient is to ignore the principles or at least to feel that in his case there will be an exception to the rule.

All too often what I say to a patient makes little or no impression upon him. He acquiesces but goes on doing as he pleases until the penalty for his law-breaking is meted out and his chance of recovery is gone.

In closing, let me repeat that everything in this universe is governed by immutable law. It is impossible to escape the penalty provided for its violation. We may flatter ourselves into thinking we are smart enough to escape but always time moves on inevitably and in the end the law wins out and we lose. Therefore, if we are in-

telligent we shall diligently study to know all the laws which govern our activities so that we may live in complete harmony with them and thus assist a little in the slow march toward a world which ultimately will evolve to the place when all its inhabitants will know and understand and keep all the laws which govern the physical, mental, moral and spiritual well-being of mankind. Doctor Jones "Most everybody that's in the public health game, I s'pose they've wondered one time or another, if it's really worth while. You work away year after year to keep the babies from dying off, cleaning up diphtheria and typhoid, reducing tuberculosis and all that, then the first thing you know another war comes along and seems to knock it all over. It makes you wonder if, maybe, you've been wasting your time. "Yes - sometimes it does seem discouraging. But, you know, in spite of all the setbacks we seem to get ahead a little all the time. You can kill a lot of people but from the ones that survive, you can't take away what they've learned. They pass along the torch, you might say, to those who follow. In the long run it's keeping up the struggle for something better that counts more'n what happens to a few of us individuals. "I've often thought of this evolution business. We think of a fish out of water as a pretty helpless proposition. But a few million years ago, from what they tell me, more and more fish were finding 'emselves out of water. Most of 'em died off but some managed to survive. In a few hundred generations, more or less, they began developing legs, and getting adapted to living on dry land. Eventually, from keeping up the struggle for survival, higher forms of life developed and so on. Of course I'm not too sure of my zoology but it's the idea I'm thinking of. The main thing was that they kept up the fight, generation after generation. "I sipose by rights - it's a pretty hard thing to do, being just human - but we ought to think of life as something more'n just our little individual existence. We're here today and gone tomorrow but life'll go on just the same. By our efforts to improve health and social conditions, maybe we can make things a little better for ourselves while we're here. But if we're big enough to see it that way what really counts most is doing our part in our generation, like those poor fish back there, for the benefit of generations to come. This millenium we hear about - if we do our share maybe it!ll get here a few hundred years sooner. Meantime, there's considerable we can do to clean up the corner where we are. " --- Paul B. Brooks, M.D.

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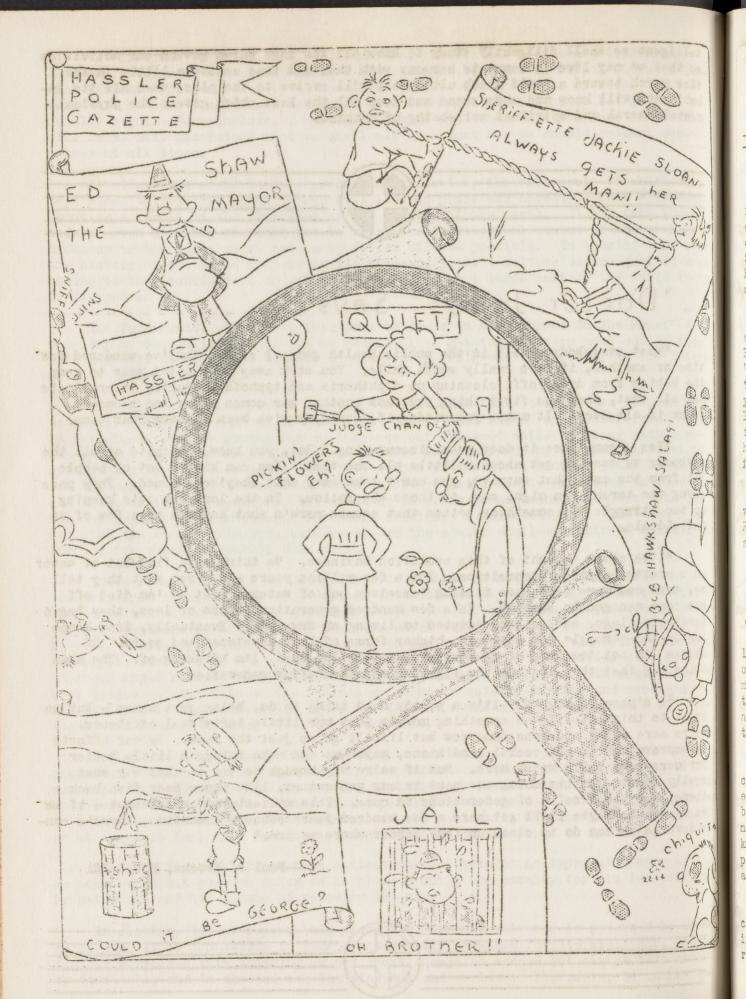
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Ward S 2 What a pity! Helen Lita Villareal lost her "wift" (pronounced w-i-t-h by you and me). Seems ages since she took her six lessons from "Madame...". Now it's down pat and believe you me, her strut alone signifies "with" and more "with". No teeth pulled Helen-Lita; so your promunciation is okay!...Another hearty, hearty welcome to Helen Strachey, Rose Ferrari and Rose Strachen-all from Ward 31. Do we all like them? Yes, indeedy! Horse hobby, Helen Strachey's middle name is mighty fitting, as being an expert rider our envy takes hold. Displayed on her stand are those five miniature horses with that "ready to go" air about them.

An orchid to Evelyne Crueger. Private rooming is no fun-however, the firmness of your chin denotes that it won't be long before you will be with us in the wards. Hurry now!...Jackie Sloan, Sheriff of the Girls' Ward, is living up to her new name, "Two Tun Sloan." Her super sleuthing, sans spyglass, has us on the lookout here and there as a slip on our part, big or small, is immediately caught. She gets her man y'know. If you don't believe me ask culprits Helen and Vonnie...We've dubbed Clara Tennel the "Good Samaritan" of the ward. Her first and foremost thoughts, while here in the new wards, were to take care of the humming birds. 'Tis a pleasure to watch her exercise her rights along the porch with her miraculous food. Need I say her family is well-fed!

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Utterances: Evelyne Crueger remarking after the CLARION Broadcast, "Does anyone want my autograph?"...Hilda Albury states that tuberculin "calcumines the cavity"... Rusalba Diaz watching the fireworks on the Fourth suddenly crying, "Oh, -- the shooting star fell in love with the Roman Candle."

-- Barbara Freeman.

Ward 5 A George Bassil, continues to elaborate its small plot of terraced land. The multi-colored garden with its ripening pumpkins attract the eye of every one passing by. Through dexterous manipulations and lures beyong my ken, ways and means have been devised to attract numerous humming birds from their regular haunts to a permanent sanctuary in this garden. Bassil now says that he is ready to answer all questions pertaining to gardening and bird lore. And judging from past results the novice would not go far wrong in taking his advice.

AND HERE ARE A FEW WONDERS: We can't understand why Al Wahlheim had the audacity to patronize that novice barber in Ward 5-B, (Doyle), when we have such a talented tonsorial artist in the person of "The Peril" who, by the way, can give a soupbowl haircut in nothing flat. And incidentally, "The Peril" has shown marked improvement in his cribbage game, thanks to Fred Reynolds, the old maestro, and king of all kibitzers...We also wonder why Mayor Ed. Shaw keeps his wallet wrapped in tissue paper...And what or who was Mike F. thinking about while pouring sugar over his meat and potatoes at lunch on Sunday, July 13.

SIDE GLANCES: Otto Remele, our walking dictionary, is now so proficient at crossword puzzles that he has disposed of his dictionary...Ernie Barkman says a quart in the hand is worth two in the soda fountain. Ernie is, of course, referring to root beer...Apparently Nick, of the unruly hair, has a leaning towards aviation; he

just loves to ride up and down the elevator (ask Joe Yeazell for confirmation)...Eddie English, our gray-haired gallant, and lover of apples (and how!) says, he's had his fill of leaves-of-absence. (Also, and how!)

Now that our fair neighbors in Wards 3 and 4 have decamped to Wards I and 2 (and what a void since their departure) those two cracker-barrel politicians, Bob Collins and Frenchy Chabot, will undoubtedly miss their old stamping grounds on the porch of Ward I. And, of course, many a rugged chap will miss the Recreation Hall, where we all so faithfully took our exercise (on rainy days?).

Well, we want to put this in somewhere, so why not here. A hearty welcome to Charles Seigrist and William Withers who arrived recently from the hospital. And also a "hello" to Terry Sheals who was transferred from Ward 5-B. May their stay in 5-A be a happy and profitable one! Overheard: "The wards are empty; the thrill is gone." 'Twould make a good title for a song, methinks. And that reminds us-What's workout the road leading to the sties will get from now on. Which in turn brings a thought that we expect to have someone remind us in the near future--"Remember when?" Anyway, girls, good-bye; and take good care of the humming birds!

-- Barney Sands.

Ward 5 B One of the many advantages of residing in this ward is that we are never in want of amusement. The continual round of naive humor that prevails, leaves no room for perverse meditation.

To know them is to love them - our comedy team of Mullens and Gerckin, who presented our four-star, one-act dialogue of the month. The following conversation was heard while Frank Mullens was indisposed with a slight cold. Gerckin: "What's the matter, Frank, don't you feel well? Why not try taking Cascarettes?" Mullens: "Aw, you don't mean Cascarettes, Gerckin, you mean cascara. Cascarettes are those things that Spanish dancers use."

Our amusement is not restricted to humor. We have reaped good fortune in the discovery of two whose aspirations lean in the direction of the aesthetic. We have little Victor Wong, the peer of portrait artists. A mere thirteen summers is he, but wilds a pencil with the dexterity of a veteran... And then we have Joe Barca, a composer of no mean ability, who presented us with a beautiful musical composition entitled "You, Too, May Be Sorry Someday", which was accepted with wide applause at one of our recent shows.

We are honored to have the honor of having the presence of His Honor Mayor Shaw in Ward 5-B. We wish to honor His Honor for honoring us with the presence of His Honor...We all wish to extend a hearty welcome to our newcomers: Al Franklin, Ray Jorgenson and Herbert Dahl. And hope they derive as much pleasure living in this Ward as we do.

Much to the chagrin of our "Little Bull", Charles Gerckin, Joe Doyle has aspired to become a tonsorial artist. Since the painful operation, Gerck's emulation of a moth-eaten wig is superb. "Hey, Al! How bout lettin me cut it next time?"

Hey, you fellas who are so ambidextrous with the paste-boards, let me in on "the know". When should I hit a soft seventeen?...Where are all of those 16-cent straw hats Doc Norhden sold in late April?...Why does a certain banty rooster in our Ward call everyone Al?...Who gave the Mayor that conglomeration of wires, dials and coils?...Who said Badeye needed glasses? The oculist didn't think so. How many fingers do you see, Frank?...Who stole my pencil so that I'm forced to write this with one of those darned novelty affairs about three feet long? Enough questions!

While glancing through the radio schedule the other evening, Pete Basuino looked up suddenly and yelled "Hey, tell Silagi to go down and change the radio so we can hear the fights." Somebody said, "What fight?" "Gordon and Jenkins," was the prompt answer. "Aw," chimes in Eddie Nesbitt, that's Gordon Jenkins' orchestra." Had there been a pool, who would have won it?

All of us deeply lament the loss of our beloved brother, Herbert Burkhart, who has strayed back to the hills from whence he came. The following verse was inspired by him, while suffering from a bit of morbidity, during a recent spell of chagrin:

Summer, oh summer, where are you at.
With yor hot days, yor blue skies a' shimmer?
What fer, Mother Nature, do you treat us like that,
Ain't we had 'nough mis'ry last winter?
We've had fog, and the wind, and bunches of rain,
'Till my nerves are 'bout worn to a tether.
Let's hunt for the snakes in the booshes again,
And begone with this turrible weather.
Summer, oh summer, whereat have you gone?
You have snuck out and closed shut the door.
Won't you come back dadgummit, and change things at dawn?
Would I like that? -- You bet. -- Why shor.

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-- Ray Jahnigen.

Wards, meaning the inmates and their possessions, have moved to the front row building where the sun is warmer and fit for a queen to live in.

Two of our boys have gone back to their homes well and happy. They are Bob Poole and Ralph Coil. We miss "Gunner" Coil whose jokes and impersonations were good. He could swing a wicked song of the "Seeing Nellie Home" type, too...Roy Sargent has moved over to 6-A and has an igloo of his own. No doubt it's more comfort. able than the one he had in Alaska.

Oscar Figure has one of those main-deck cabins having a porthole. He says he hardly ever looks through it. No waves to be seen except possibly permanent ones. If you should give him a call don't miss seeing his pot of begonias. They're very beautiful and are well taken care of ... Charlie Evans has an adjoining cabin having moved here recently. His hobby is sleuthing and reading detective stories. He feels lost since the Sherlock Folmes program went off the air... Glenn Hunt has lately been named "Little Beaver". It's a deserving one since he is never idle. He is now ensaged in embroidery work and has just finished a neat little design - a black Scottie barking at the moon. In Caesar's time it was called "baying at the moon". They buried Caesar... Kiyoshi Kawaguchi also hal a birthday this week. He cut a nice cake for the boys who serenaded him with a "nappy birthday" chorus.

William Hodges, another new-comer to our ward, is an ex-Navy man, also radio singer of quarter music. He rarely ever misses a program of the better variety... When it comes to music there's only the one and original George Rea who from sunup to the going down thereof, can be seen with his "magic box" silhouetted against the skyline probably looking for strange interludes. Someone should tell him to go into the woods - he might find a "Lort Chord". Then the enemies of bad music see him on

the south porch they go by the N. W. passage...William (Billy) Evans, another newcomer, hailing from the Solarium of Ward 25, is delighted to be here in the open spaces. Make yourself at home, Bill...Fred Blake also paid 6-A a brief call reminding us again of the famous arena where the old warriors shouldered their crutches and showed how fields were won...And now we come to genial Phil Casey direct from Ward 28. As a good man from a nice ward and as a CLARION reporter we welcome you to our midst.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT: Leo Castella has had another birthday. We've heard of two Thanksgiving Days, but two birthdays in two months, Never! However, he was good enough to give another song recital which came near ending in disaster. The first part of the program, consisting of folk-songs, were pleasing and the prologue to Pagliacci an ambitious one and deserves mention, but his last number "The Miserere" with its great climax would have been one of misery had not the night orderly made his appearance with the chocolate and saved the day--just like the gong saved many a falling ring hero.

Hassler has been very fortunate recently in the way of entertainment. Several of the movies are good. Then came the Floor Show which was really enjoyed by everyone. It was high class entertainment vocally and otherwise...Last Sunday the "Quatro Corde Quartette", composed of two violins, viola and cello, gave a concert in the Auditorium that was an artistic treat. Too bad the hot weather caused many to remain away. If the Floor Show raised a mortal to the skies, the Quartette of strings drew an angel down.

-- John Fisher.

Out Winchelling, Winchell—from 6-B: —

Until some real political experts come along members of 6-B are inclined to accept the observations of "Parson" Johnson and Louie Borini...Jim Lund and Tillie Assoni are now taking their meals in the dining room. We understand that Lund's secret ambition is to weigh 150 pounds. Good luck, Jim! Tillie thinks the scenery on the way to the dining room is provocative—it makes him so contented... Since getting a set of Jerry's meat choppers, Walter Campion has gained 18 pounds! Nice chewing Walt...Someone has accused Ray Jorgensen of not being able to read a slide—rule. The first battleship that Ray designs, he is going to turn the guns on his disparager.

Herman Neubrand has given up copper etching to build sail boats. His first boat is very well made. It seems a masterpiece will soon be launched...Congenial Andy Sears has given up knitting and is now in the aeroplane business. Envious eyes are being cast at his completed bomber. Numerous offers have been received, but Andy says the government comes first...Private rooming are Earl Evans and Tony Corda. The boys all wish them well and hope they will be up and at 'em soon...Peter Casey, the wery congenial mat maker, (worthy of mention), has received more orders than he can fill. We understand he is looking for an apprentice. Line forms on the left...Wesley Thomas is turning out some beautiful handmade belts. Sorry boys, but Wes. isn't taking any orders, although he has been approached by an enterprising gent with an eye to disposing of them.

Our popular orderly, Roy Mahon, is going to be with us only a short while now. Yep! He is dated up by the army. We all regret losing Roy, but Uncle Sam will be getting fine material for a soldier. Incidentally, Roy has also signed up for a year!s subscription to the CLARION. He's going to keep in touch with things, regardless...John J. McKenna is private rooming in this ward. John has many friends both here and in S. F. who will be glad to know he is doing very well. Ain!t cha John?... The exploits of Larry Flynn are beginning to become ward renown. But some of his most famous ideas are terrific; for instance, he thinks it would be a grand idea to attach a model aeroplane to a trained pigeon. He claims that a model he made once

flew for 18 minutes, but we haven't been able to ascertain whether it was motor-driven or pigeon-powered. Most ingenious, none-the-less.

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Whether this is good for a laugh or not depends, but John Grahame has now taken to rug-making. He's become most critical too. He works on the rug awhile, then lays it at the foot of his bed. Standing on his feet in bed, he cocks his head, stares, and then says, "You know, I'm not too well pleased with it." "Pompon" Grahame they call him...A word of praise should be given Louie Tyler. He is one of the most conscientious of the cure-takers, and with his quizzical look he doesn't seem to miss much...A most hearty welcome is given to the new patients in our ward - Jackson Lee. Ah Lay Young and Peter Balistrieri. May their stay be short and pleasant.

--George Kelly Reno Dal Balcon

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THE CLARION

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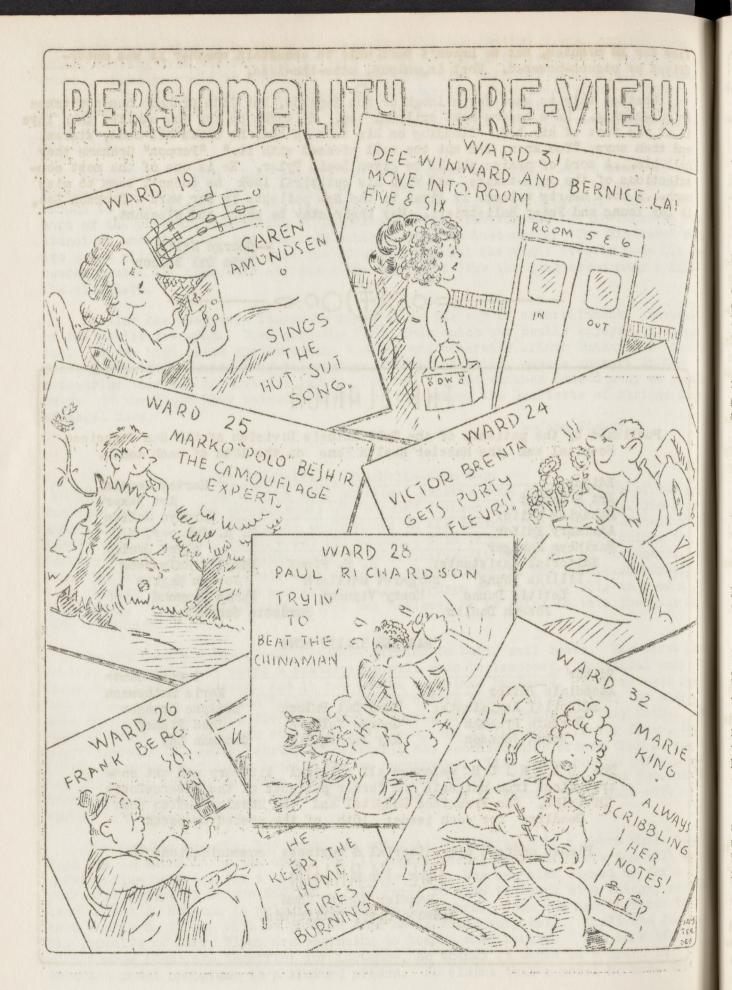
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THE CLARION

Hassler Health Home Redwood City, California.



Our "Glamour Girl", Leda Clausen, has departed for home but her sale's talk, personality studded, managed to sell the ward a new reporter. We all extend our congratulations to her - not for her sale's ability but because her cure worked so well. Good-bye pin curls, sculptured curls, page boy's and upsweeps!!...Caro Shaw (Shy Shrinking Violets) has also gone home and no more are our questions answered by blue eyes...Lizzie Henson, another east porcher, has also left and now there are no more "beanies"...Janie Ferrari sang "Indigo Blues" when her sidekicks left but is now making new friends at Hassler.

"Skippy" Marry Pineda dropped her stitches over the wall of the east porch - in fact rumor has it that she dropped so many over that she decided to move inside - the girls in Room I picked them up, put them in the right places and presto! - Larry has a new sweater.

Caren Amundsen has recovered beautifully. We issue a warning to the girls in the solarium to expect a Nordic voice giving forth with the "Hut-Sut" song most any day now... And remind us to ask Gertrude Otis how come she gained six pounds in two weeks after maintaining so loudly that it was impossible for anyone lying in bed to gain as many as five.

Billy Dujardin returns every Thursday for a visit and the weight is very becoming...Why do some people have birthdays that last two weeks and other people won't even have birthdays? We would like to know just how Rose Kelly rates and just what a person has to do to become so popular. Well - thanks for the cake, anyhoo; the girls enjoyed it.

That vehicle, combination of an Austin and a Cadillac with a few added gadgets, is the chariot of our one and only Barbara Oswald...Mrs. Stolier returned from an enjoyable vacation but only stopped long enough to say "hello" and then moved on to Ward 30 where the girls are smaller...Charlie's vacation proved a boon to the crop on the top. Well, a couple more, at least...Angie Martinez has had a successful trip to surgery with no ill effects to her giggler..:"Pacing" Luna has decided to do a little farming atop Hassler's Hill - one of those that sing...We hope that Mildred Bettis will soon be able to return to the same "Hill"...Rina Castro, Margaret Young, Sophie Kaplanis and Yan Lee are the new arrivals in our midst - We hope their stays will be short and pleasant ones.

We welcome Dr. Sweeny, our new interne, who dashes in with an armful of charts and a face full of smiles...Our pangs of regret at the departure of Dr. Hutchinson are somewhat eased by the appointment of Dr. Lee who is an old friend of the ward. To her, also, a welcome and a hope that the longer the stay the closer the bond of friendship will be, both personally and professionally.

Well, I've been round the ward, girls The patients for to see.
I'm a goin' back to bed now These ribs are ailin' me!!

-- Margaret Maillard.

Ward 24 and Emil Trigot type we'll probably be thinking of forming a French Foreign Legion here. Williams and Laird are World War veterans. The former, a sergeant, served with the British Army while the latter, a cook, served with the French Army. Other new admissions for the month are Victor Brenta, Ignatz Passantino and Paul Craig. Victor receives a steady supply of lovely flowers. He tells that there isn't anything like flowers and a charming girl to help one get well. By the look of things we're inclined to agree with him. Ignatz is a big, strapping fellow who has been a business man during most of his working years. Paul is a very gifted pianist. He said that he would be glad to entertain us with some of his boogie-woogie specialties, via the radio, if this can be arranged. Perhaps we can persuade Hockstein to blow out a few on his sax, too.

About the time that Bill Smith was in the middle of a detective story one little sparrow bumped into him in the course of its flight. With shaking hands he put away his book and spent the next few minutes trying to compose himself while mopping the cold sweat from his brow. And while we're on the subject of stories, Walker Weddington tells about the time he was riding through New Mexico along a mountain road. A sudden blow-out caused the car to swerve off the road and careen against the mountain side into the path of an oncoming car. Somehow he managed to extricate himself from the wreckage and warn the approaching car. That's either tremendous presence of mind or a darned good story. Sounds like Roy Sanders.

It may interest Sailor Kelly to know that Ralph Dempsey is already on his way to the East Coast to aid in salvaging the submarine O-9. Always boasting that he can remain submerged for periods of forty-eight hours, and that his engineering ingenuity knows no bounds, Ralph is determined to bring up the slippery eel. We're all hoping that he doesn't forget to come up for air.

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"Snaky" Bill Flynn is looking right pert of late. The bed rest has been doing him good. Ray Dennison is probably waiting to welcome him to the land-to-the-south. Hurry, Bill!!...The old gang is really broken up now that Tal "Grandpappy" Williams, the rotund bookkeeper who, incidentally, carried away forty-five additional pounds on his frame, but left his books behind, has gone home. Also departed are Glen "Chip" Dyer, the baseball czar, who will continue to take things easy at a lodge somewhere in Oregon, and Ralph Dempsey, the ward wit. That's all for 24.

-- Joe Maglio.

Ward 25 This business of dishing the dirt on paper is news to me but the last disher, William "Bill" Powell, has decided to leave us and go back to hard work on the outside so I'm handed copy paper and a pencil and told to "give a few words."

We've noticed on our early morning patrol that Marko "Polo" Beshir has been studying camouflage under some of the master minds and tries to make himself look like a cocoon by wrapping himself in netting, come nightfall, and the imitation is still going on at an early hour.

Andrew "Red" Portolos, who has been vacationing in Ward 26, has just returned to the south porch and is looking very fine. We wonder if it's the climate over there. Sam Parchuk, who was a guest of ours for a week, has moved back to 26. He either didn't like being a member of the "400 of the south porch" or else it was the view.

Anthony "Tony" Pardella is planning on becoming a member of that distinguished Ribbers' Club. We're wishing him the best of luck... Carl Brown, the east porch horticulturist, takes especially good care of the cacti. The reason for it escapes us at the moment but there was a vague something... Howard Ralston and the medicos are

trying to get together on some subject or other but so far it's a deep, dark secret.. We're wondering if we should let Johnny Camillieri, of Room A, improve his social standing by joining our select club...

Louis "Doc" Bentez is quite perturbed about the report that some of his clients are moving south to the 3H Ranch...Rumor even has John "Father" Dolan on his way... The boys are all in a dither as to whether Chan King, the boy wonder of the West Side, is learning English or is Howard Ralston going to take up Chinese?

-- James Diamond.

Ward 26 dere mr. clarion editor: gosh all shucks an stuff, seams like i jist got thru ritin you, an sumone remembered me that you want sum nuze for that there noo clarion book agin. time shure whisles by don't it mr. editor. say i bet you didn't know it, but i seed that there murphy feller go out on a pass here one saterday. he shure musta had a good time to. he got hisself anew hare cut wile he wuz out. the only other feller i ever seed with so much hare was that feller wot played that fiddle in the orkestry down by the opry house last summer the first thing you know that there murphy is gonna be takin his trip back there to tenesee.

mama christian went fishin one saterday an come back the nex day with a slite touch a sunbirn. she had a bunch a student nurses on the ward to so i gess she wuz purty buzy. them there student nurses seamed like purty nice fellers to. ever one wux sorry to lose miss feicht, but maybe she'll come back once in a while anyhow. it seams like things are like they orta be cuz we got misses snyder back on the nite shift agin after her releevin misses malone while she wuz enjoyin her vacashun. i know ever body is glad to have misses okerman back with us agin. gives a day the rite start, she does, with her cheery greetin in the morn. i seed our nurse fren miss sheriden the other nite. We all miss havin her to releeve on mondey nites like she use to. maybe she will come back sum time an take care of us agin we hope.

that young barrios feller, you know, the one with the big shoulders in his new suit, he sez he is goin to have his hesions cut. he shure are gettin lazy. first thing you know he'll be wantin his nales manicured.

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ever time i see that frank berg he is playin chess or sumpin like that. i gess that is all right as long as he don't burn the candle at both ends. we kinda wish he wood sing on the raddio sum more for us, if shure wuz purty, warnt it?

i don't see much a that mad russian feller they call stovsky. maybe he is orful buzy figgerin out sum moves for the russian army insted of them chess moves a hisn, and frum wot i here that there cuneo in his new dressin robe is doin purty good with his chess game.

say mr. ed. while i think of it we orta say hello kinda formal like to our new house dr. bickel. she shure gets around the wards don't she. that there dr. yamauchi always seams to be purty busy to.

you know i heerd that julie pommer that artist painter in the nex room is goin to get a brace. only brace i ever seed was when my uncle harry fixed the fense last winter. i don't know what julie will do if they prop him up with a lot a boards like thet.

i think that swing low that jitterbuggy chinese feller shure must have a orful lot on his mind. ever time i look at him he's starin out the window. maybe he's thinkin a stockton st. me sun an yippee are both ankshus to get back to grant avenoo. i ain't rite shure wot me sun means, but he sez to put it back.

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ed orus e that little feller herby svenson our irish fren is gettin to look more like a turtle ever day in that shell a hisn. i gess he's one a them there mock turtles i heerd of. but we gotta give him credit cuz he shure can take it. we finally got our little fren suki yuki suenaga back in this here now bone yard. ever time i look at him he's eatin sukiyaki or simpin. i never did unerstand much about that there japanese language, but i's shure like to know what that wacki is that he is all a time talkin about. he seams to be feelin lots better since his last operashun, so that is good nuze.

you know mr. ed. i think they was a joshin me when they told me to get a thoroplasty like earl hammons jist got. they tell me that earls is purty good, but when i ast the dr. for one about size 38 he jist laffed.

they tell me that that baker feller the one which is the art ed. of that there clarion book is tryin his hand at clay moldin. they tell me that feller is all ways buzy doin sumpin anyway. ever time i see him, that there perry feller is usually purty close by. it remembers me of them 2 frens in them greek books. damon an runyon i think there names wuz.

i dont here much a anything out a that kisset feller any more. i gess he give up them nature studys a his. maybe that is cuz his fren armando wuz moved over to ward 25. it seams like i jist got thru tellin you wilcox wuz back on his feet agin in my last letter, an now hes made anuther trip to surjory so now he is a bed paishent agin. but if he keeps on the way hes been agoin he'll be back on his feet in no time a tall.

well mr. ed. i gess i better not rite no more or else i wont be able to get this finished in time for that there death line agin. when i git this all writ i feel like that there feller them hep kittens is always singin about. you know the one where they sez, whatcha know joe? - i dont know nuthin. well, so long mr. ed. until the nex clarion, an remember what that feller said when they give him his pneumow. its air today an gone tomorry.

-- Joe Donlin.

Ward 28 As another group of expatriates have been shunted down the pike, our former ward reporter, Phil Casey, among them, the journalistic torch has been tendered the undersigned. As a "one upper" and a "no upper" we're somewhat handicapped. Granted 12 or 15 more "ups" per day we could cover the ward better. In fact with that many "ups" we could probably cover the hospital and that's more than likely just what they're afraid of.

It is our opinion that the surgical wards differ somewhat from the common garden variety of ward hereabouts in that we breed a tougher, hardier type of patient. There's hardly a character up here who won't, on little or no provocation, toss his uppers over the transom and proudly exhibit his "operation", to anyone silly enough to evince an interest in it. These are all honorable wounds and we wear them with the nonchalance of battle-scarred veterans much to the envy of a few unfortunates who are still intact.

Now Ray Winrott, though an old resident of 28, had no such badge of honor. He felt slighted. No thoracoplasty, no flap, not even a phrenic - so he brooded. He'd show 'em! And he did! He suddenly decided to sever relationships with his appendix. But he was so anxious to get rid of it that he couldn't wait his turn and have the op. performed on a time-honored Tuesday, Thursday or Saturday. Could he give the doctors a reasonable amount of notice? Not Ray. He wanted his right now and got it. Another example of our rugged individualism.

PERSONALS: "Pittsburgh Phil" McClellan, our porch handicapper, has been picking 'em with an uncanny accuracy of late...For determination and perseverance we award the palm to Paul Richardson. He's been wearing a pack of cards dog-eared trying to "beat the Chinaman" at Canfield. Says he will fight it out along those lines if it takes all summer...Due to the hegira to the farm there were several empty beds up here for a day or so. Dolph Thomas and Al McCabe in Room I began to worry about meeting their overhead. But Jimmie Brown came out of seclusion and moved back to his old stand, and a new tenant in the person of Joseph James was found, so now Dolph and Al are resting easily again. David Greenfield and Ned Nahas then signed up for the duration thus filling our roster and so the S.R.O. sign is out once more...Roy Menicuci held down a bunk for awhile where he could admire Bud O'Ferrells's blitzkrieg haircut. That's what he gets for asking for a Goodman Loy haircut: And then to wear a red wig. We don't know whether to be glad or sorry about the news that Casey has joined the Campfire Girls but we do hope he makes the Petunia Patrol.

The search has been on all month for little "Pinky". It seems that he's never where he really should be. If you bump into "Pinky" please return him to Room G. We're sure Mr. Brown will appreciate it very much and so will a lot of other people.

--Hank Vincent.

The beginning of the new fiscal year has brought a lot of changes to our ward. It hardly seems like the same ol! place. We miss Doctors Shenson and Drew and want to wish them the best of luck. We also want to welcome Doctors Tinsley and Walsh into our fold...Miss Mallick, our regular day nurse, is helping out on other wards during vacation time and we now have Mrs. Gilmartin with us...Mrs. Okerman has been transferred to another ward and Mrs. Christians is on her vacation...You can well understand that if we didn't have Mrs. Crowe with us we might feel like strangers in our own home. However, we are sure that when the time comes for our new staff to leave we will miss them just as much as we do the old one.

Apparently talking and wishing can get you to the Farm for Rose Ferrari, Rose Strachen and Petra Celedon have all joined the Hassler ranks. We had letters from the "Roses" and although they miss us muchly they think that they are going to like the Farm very much after the newness wears off.

Mary Smith, Pat Amundsen and Orpha Garrido have all gone home. We want them to take good care of themselves so that the only time they will come back will be during visiting hours. With Pat, the "Roses" and Petra gone Rooms 5 and 6 have had a more or less complete turnover. Jo Dahlin and Jane Withey have come down from Ward 32 to help fill the void. The move brings Jo nearer to her sister, Rena Morenco, and though Jane is still true to Ward 32 we have high hopes of winning her over. The Solarium's loss is 5 and 6's gain since Dee Winward and Bernice Lai have moved in.

George, our porter, is back after a two weeks vacation and with a beautiful sunburn (pardon - we mean tan). The ward didn't look the same while he was gone...Lillian Young is now one of the few lucky people who are able to take bilateral pneumo. Congrats, Lill...We hear that Nedra Cole has mended and is out among 'em again...Margaret Zahl and Eva Demartin developed temperamental tummies - was much ado - but it was only temperament.

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We have several new girls since last month - namely, Hanna Schwaarcke, Mary Lee and Virginia Fitzpatrick. Hi girls; we hope you like us...Lupe Tovar is back with us after a few weeks visit in the south. We are sorry that it was too hot for you, Lupe, but you can't expect to find San Francisco weather all over California. (No; we aren't getting paid for it.) Rose Diez is back from Hassler. Sorry for her sake but glad to have her with us again.

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Virginia Camilleri will leave as soon as her family locates an apartment near the hospital. We're going to miss her but since she will be living nearby we hope that she will visit us often...Gen Shields had a day out the day before Shirley. Chan's birthday so she purchased a pair of very cute P.J.'s for the girls to give her as a present.

MORE THINGS WE CAN'T FIGURE OUT: Where Marie Byrne gets those cheerful P.J.'s..

How Yvonne Pepin can be so quiet...What Kit Astrad does besides read...Why a certain
little French girl would like to see her name in print...Why Ruby Johnson blossomed
forth with all the fancy hair-do's (Romance?)...What we would do for supplies without
Halycon Edler...Where Mary Bauder gets all the lovely flowers...and who's going to be
Amelia Richard's target when Virg goes home. (Want the job, Bobbie?)

-- Rusty Halverson.

Ward 32 Galen Drake, a very unassuming person, who has given us a philosophical outlook on life, (which means a lot to a tuberculous patient), has left us for Los Angeles where he will continue his radio work. We will miss his occasional visits to the ward and want to thank him for each time he passed a word of encouragement on to us.

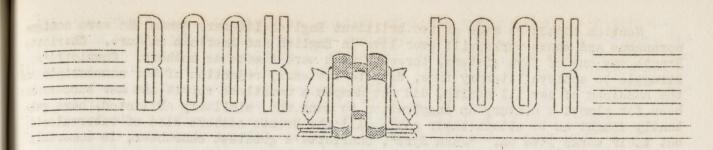
In summing up the ward's outstanding beauty features in last month's CLARION we overlooked one of the most important. We should have included Pat O'Hare's eyes. How's that for a build-up, Pat?...We're going to miss our interne, Dr. Constine, who left us for Hassler. We enjoyed the visit with his distinguished father, Dr. Constine, Sr.

HERE AND THERE: We are happy to welcome Dr. Tinsley back...Mrs. Harris, our night nurse, has a southern drawl that is really something. We've tried to figure out the reason for her names for Agnes Johnson and Gussie Cuevas but we suspect that Frances Kelly is the only one who can help us out...Helene Rice and Theresa Herrera have donned the latest in summer casts. Gosh, we knew them when...Toni Verconk has left for home and Soladad Sahagun for the Farm...Speaking of losses the solarium isn't the same since Jo Dahlin moved to Ward 31..."Ginger" Mario certainly is industrious since Claire Winter, ex-patient, taught her to crochet purses. Believe us, Claire, your efforts were not in vain...Since Marie King has gone into seclusion she has taken pen in hand and begun to scribble notes. We can assure Marie that we don't mind the notes but some of those cartoons — oh, for a word...New patients this month include, Thora Twede, Celia Gomez and Rose Rendon...Frank McPhee is very proud of the engraved gavel given him by the Golden Gate Council, Chapter No. 34, of the Y.M.I.

MORE HERE'S AND THERE'S: Alice Salamat is feeling much better since she returned from Ward "W" but is pining for an "up"... Everyone here likes Mrs. Heideman who has taken Mrs. Saunder's place while she is doing field duty... The time has come for Frances Natalini, our practical nurse, to leave on her vacation... Mrs. Sterner has just returned from hers... Nora Bunner and Jo Stephens have been on a rampage of new hair styles around here. Such chic.

--Letitia Dunne.

One thing about life that concerns us intensely is that we always pay in full for our mistakes. If we waste our younger years, we pay for it later. If we squander our money today, we pay for it tomorrow. If we do the things harmful to our health today, we pay for that tomorrow, too. We can ignore fate today, but in the end it exacts full payment. It's all a game we simply can't beat.



__The Harvest of Tuberculosis_____

One of the most charming spots in Rome that intrigues English-speaking residents and visitors to that historic city is the old Protestant cemetery where many who have left their imprint on the world's cultural achievement have found their last resting place. As one treads softly over this hallowed earth scanning the epitaphs commemorating well-known names, one may pause before an ordinary marble slab bearing the low-ly inscription: "Here lies one whose name is writ in water." Little did John Keats realize, when he fell a victim to tuberculosis at the early age of twenty-five, that, in the century succeeding his death, he had already chiselled his name on the hearts and minds of thousands. Near his modest grave an anonymous admirer has caused a slab of marble to be erected, on the face of which appears this tribute:

"Keats, if thy cherished name be 'writ in water',
Each drop has fallen from some mourner's cheek.

A sacred tribute, such as heroes seek
Though oft in vain—by dazzling deeds of slaughter.
Sleep on, not honoured less by epitaph so meek."

Near by the grave of Keats, Percy Bysshe Shelley's body lies, who died by drowning in 1822, a few years after Keats. It is fitting that these two young men who had so enriched English literature, both taken from the world by this "Captain of the men of Death", should have found a resting place in this beautiful spot.

Robert Louis Stevenson is of especial interest to us because of his sojourn in California during a particularly trying period of his illness. Born in Edinburgh in 1850, he early became a tuberculous sufferer. His wandering in search of health brought him to Saranac at the age of twenty-seven. One of the most delightful evenings I have ever spent was with Dr. Trudeau several years ago, who, as his physician, told me of his contact with Stevenson, relating many incidents of this remarkable man, his wit, his raconteur, but, above all, his determination to achieve despite the handicap of his physical affliction. It was during his few years here in California that, while bedridden in a cabin near an old abandoned mine on Mt. St. Helena, he wrote "The Silverado Squatters", a novel of particular interest to all Californians. His wandering took him later to Samoa where he died in 1894 at the age of forty-four. On the top of a mountain in these tropical isles is a bronze tablet bearing the words: "Robert Louis Stevenson 1850 - 1894." This plain inscription is accompanied by the spitaph he had prepared, since immortalized in song:

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

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Mention should be made of two brilliant English literary women who were contemporaneous and whose works will ever live in English and American culture. Charlotte Bronte was one of five sisters, three of whom were famous as authors. Charlotte's struggle to achieve literary fame, despite the early rejection of her manuscripts and the handicap of her ill health, did not dampen a dauntless spirit and her success has been for almost a century an inspiration to many, who, similarly afflicted, have gallantly fought on to attain their goal. All the Bronte sisters died of tuberculosis but their works live on. "Jane Eyre", Charlotte's greatest character, is immortal.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who has given to posterity her beautiful poems, has recently lived again in the drama and on the screen in "The Brownings of Wimpole Street", where her home life has been so intimately depicted, her struggle for fame against ill health and the handicap of a domestic environment, a family life in which there existed little sympathetic understanding and from which she found relief in her marriage to Browning in 1846. Five years of happiness were allotted her with her husband during which she wrote many of her best poems under the sunny skies of Italy where they had made their home.

No less illustrious among English literary men and women who were afflicted with tuberculosis were Dr. Samuel Johnson, Robert Burns, Pope, Byron, Goldsmith, Kingsley, Leigh Hunt and Ruskin, though many of these successfully fought their infection and attained old age as was the case with Dr. Johnson. Someone has said that "He alone is great who by a life heroic conquers fate."

When one contemplates the list of famous men and women who have suffered from tuberculosis the association of this disease with genius must seem to many, more than a coincidence. France has sacrificed many of her sons eminent in literature and science on the altar of tuberculosis. Voltaire, cynic, wit, philosopher, who, despite his tuberculous infection lived to the age of eighty-three. Balzac, the most fertile and powerful of French novelists, contemporary and friend of Victor Hugo, lived for fifty years to enrich French literature before succumbing to this malady. In his many stories he drew all aspects of human life. His "Country Doctor" has made a special appeal to medical men. The greatest dramatist of France, the outstanding comic dramatist of all literature, was Moliere. Born in the early part of the seventeenth century he began his dramatic career early in life. His rapier-like pen was directed against the pomposity, pedantry, hypocrisy and greed of his time. The power of ridicule made him many enemies. An early sufferer from tuberculosis, the failure of the doctors to cure his malady gave his ridicule and contempt a special target. The medical man of his time, to quote the historian, Dr. Garrison, "had become a sterile pedant, long-robed, big-wigged, pompous, making a vain parade of his Latin and attempting to overawe his patients by long tirades of technical drivel which only concealed his ignorance of what he supposed to be their diseases. " Moliere's derision of the medical profession found expression in a number of comedies in which it was held up to ridicule. In one of these, "Le Malade Imaginaire", Moliere playing the principal role was seized with a severe coughing spell during the play. This was followed by a profuse hemorrhage from which he died.

The brilliant French physician, Laennec, died of tuberculosis at the age of forty-five. More than a century has passed since his death but every tuberculous sufferer is his debtor because of his study of acoustics resulting in his invention and application of the stethoscope. All mankind is indebted to him for the example of his indomitable energy during twenty years of active labour in the field of medicine, two decades in which his malady was constantly present. Twice during that time he was obliged to take holidays for recuperation only to return to his work where he remained until a short time before his death in 1826.

Of men whose literary attainments have placed them high in the Temple of Fame and who have risen above the handicap of tuberculous infection, Germany has contribu-

ted an imposing number. Goethe, the greatest of German writers and one of the supreme minds in all literature; Schiller, contemporary of Goethe, whose literature and poetry have so enriched the culture of the world; Heine, the Jew, whose immortal poem "Die Lorelei", even at present has a place in the literature and school text-books of Germany; Immanuel Kant, whose philosophy dominated the thought of the nineteenth century, at the age of sixty wrote his famous "Critique of Pure Reason" and lived, despite his physical infirmity, to the age of eighty. The list is much longer. These, however, have left their imprint on German cultural life and, though much of that culture has been temporarily suppressed by the restrictions of a totalitarian ideology, the influence of these great men of literature will still be felt among the German people when they shall have happily emerged again into the dawn of a brighter day.

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It is not only in literature that sufferers from tuberculosis have carved their names on the walls of cultural achievement. The great Italian painter, Raphael, died at an early age from tuberculosis but the world is grateful that even in his brief span of life he had given so much to art in his beautiful Madonnas and the matchless frescoes in the Vatican.

St. Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan Order, died of tuberculosis at forty-five, his death undoubtedly hastened by the rigorous life he led and the deprivations to which he submitted. The Church has probably had no follower, who, by his life of love for his fellow-man and complete elimination of self, has so closely emulated the life of the Divine Master. A visit I made to Assisi a few years ago made a lasting impression. The Saint is buried in the church of St. Francis in the hill city of Assisi. In the valley not far distant a beautiful, later church marks the site of the scenes of activity of St. Francis. Under its ample roof the little hut in which he lived and worked seven centuries ago occupies the site of the High Altar, one of the most sacred shrines in Christendom. Adjoining the church is the charming rose garden which, according to legend, is the spot where St. Francis lovingly tended his roses and which hallowed spot is kept green by the faithful services of his devoted followers in the order he established.

Of the illustrious tuberculous who have left such a rich heritage to literature and the arts, mention must be made of the Polish musical composer, Chopin. In forty years tuberculosis had claimed the life of this brilliant composer but not before, in the words of Saint-Saens, "he had revolutionized the divine art and paved the way for all modern music." When twenty-five years of age, while living in Paris, he heard of the capture of his native city Warsaw by the Russians. The tragic history of Poland has been reflected in the melancholy, pain, sadness and revolt which emotions characterize so many of his compositions. What emotions would manifest themselves today were this gifted composer fated to see the present desolation of his country!

Time will not permit much consideration of the numerous Americans who have suffered from this disease. Trudeau, pioneer of sanatorium development in America, John Paul Jones, Emerson, Charles Farrar Browne, Edgar Allan Poe, Thoreau, Lanier, Whittier, Bryant, Hawthorne, Will Irwin, are but a few of the many who have reached distinction notwithstanding tuberculous infection. Whittier and Emerson had mild forms of the disease; Bryant's infection became arrested; Charles Farrar Browne, better known under his pen name of Artemus Ward, American humorist, who contributed much to the happiness of thousands in America and England in his publications, on the lecture platform and through his winning personality. The Dean of American Humorists, he was a worthy prototype of Mark Twain and our lamented Will Rogers.

It has been said of Edgar Allan Poe that he was the greatest American man of letters. No other American had such a powerful influence upon the literature of Europe. Poet and critic, we probably know and love him best as the creator of the short detective story.

These men gave up their lives at a time when the modern therapy of tuberculosis was as yet unknown, when the successes of the intelligent application of rest, hygiene, artificial pneumothorax and the use of thoracic surgery were unheard of. But these truly great men and women have not lived in vain. Each has indelibly left his imprint on the world's cultural development.

"Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime; And departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time."

Those of us who remain should be inspired by the lives of these heroes who attained success undaunted by the physical limitations under which they laboured. We should receive the torch they have handed down to us and carry on willingly.

Perusal of the old philosophers has generally proved a great help to those depressed by illness. Thomas a Kempis' "Imitation of Christ" makes good bedside reading. The stoic morals of Epictetus are bracing and invigorating and stress the importance of cultivating complete independence of external circumstances. "He is unconquerable whom the inevitable cannot overcome."

Patience, tolerance, unselfishness, determination to give the best that is in us to make the world a little better for having lived in it—these are the requisites of a successful life.

-- George H. Evans, M.D.



__Fidelity_____

Essential truths remain, even in the changing world of today. So fidelity is still one of the greatest traits of character, without which men and nations suffer.

Fidelity, adherence to right; careful and exact observance to duty; discharge of obligations; loyalty. The very meaning of the word offers enough foundation upon which to build a life. In the prosperous and golden twenties fidelity seemed to have disappeared from American life. If the adversities of the forties do not exact it of every American then will democracy die indeed. For freedom cannot live unless, her sons and daughters are faithful to her needs.

Fidelity in character may be discarded by others who can afford to suffer the consequences of such recklessness, but for the handicapped, it is vital to successful living. To get well they must be faithful to an objective. To remain well they must discipline themselves to a rigorous routine. To work they must give the best of themselves to a careful and exact observance of duty in order to avoid all unnecessary effort.

While we are rebuilding our health why not rebuild our character? Surely upon the integrity of one rests the security of the other. And upon the integrity of individual character rest the future of America and the safety and security of every American.

-- The Buzzer

Q .- In what percentage of cases tried is pneumothorax successful?

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A.- The success depends mostly upon whether adhesions are present or not and if present whether they can be cut without complications arising. If they can be cut the pneumothorax is usually a success. In my experience less than 50% of the pneumothoraces attempted are successful in the true sense of the word.

Q.- What type of case is best suited for tuberculin treatment and is he physically benefited by these treatments? How are the benefits evidenced?

A.- Some very good men believe any case of tuberculosis is benefited by tuberculin, properly given. Some believe that cases of pleurisy with effusion and those highly sensitive to the tuberculin test are the only ones benefited. Most believe that it is most beneficial for extra-pulmonary tuberculosis, (glands, eye, skin, bones, joints). Others treat only so-called "old chronics" with positive sputum who have become stationary. The benefits are evidenced by the healing of the lesions. Where external, these can be seen. An X-ray of the lungs may show increased fibrosis and the closing of the cavities and, from 25% to 50% of the "old chronics" develop a negative sputum.

Q.- What percent of incipient, moderately advanced and far advanced cases of tuberculosis get cured and what percent attain arrest of their disease?

A.- Ordinarily, I think it is safe to say that if the patient has a good doctor whose advice he follows faithfully, about 95% of the minimal, 75% of the moderately advanced, and 20% to 25% of the far advanced cases should get well. This means that they become arrested. In actual practice, however, less than 50% of all cases recover. About 30% of these are minimal, 15% moderately advanced and 5% far advanced.

Q .- What harm can be done by the use of tuberculin treatment?

A.- In my experience no real harm has ever been done to any patient. Some writers say that a flare-up or a spread of the disease may be caused. This is true in case of a heavy overdose. If tuberculin is judiciously used by an experienced man, no harm need be done to the patient.

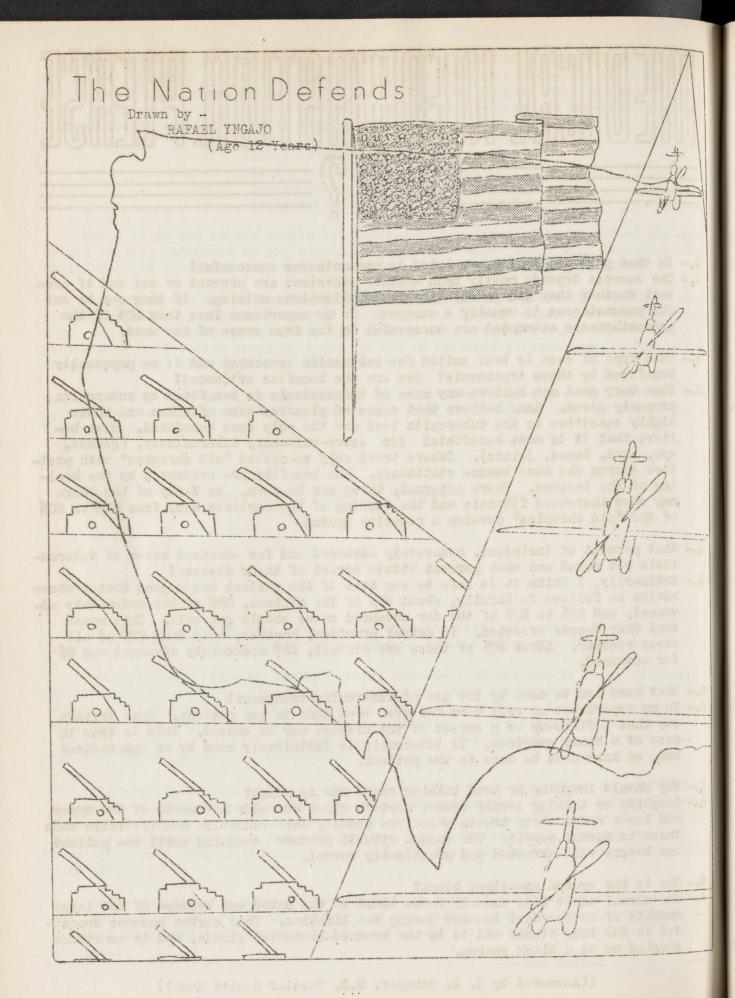
Q.- Why should laughing or loud talking cause one to cough?

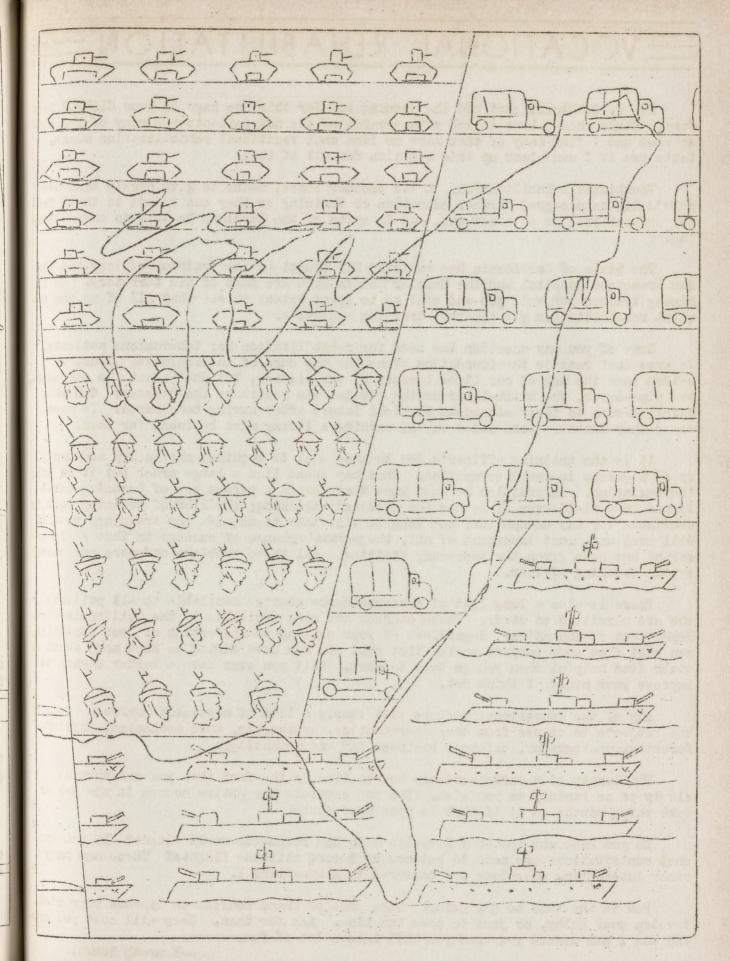
A.- Laughing or talking loudly causes certain quick muscular movements of the upper and lower respiratory tracts which are usually more sensitive and irritable than those in normal people. The sudden stimuli produce coughing until the patient has become well arrested and practically normal.

Q.- Why is the sputum sometimes black?

A.- The normal adult lung usually looks black to the naked eye because of the large amounts of carbon dust inhaled during the lifetime. This carbon becomes deposited in the lung tissue and is in the tracheo-bronchial glands, and is sometimes coughed up as a black sputum.

((Answered by E. A. Schaper, M.D. Hassler Health Home))





EVOCATIONAL REHABILITATION

Mr. C. G. Bluett shot off the opening gun for this new page in your CLARION last June. Since then I have talked with several of the new patients and many of the older ones and I find many of them have no idea what vocational rehabilitation means. Let's see if I can clear up this question for all of them.

Vocational rehabilitation, in its broader sense, means to give people that are physically handicapped further education or training so they can return to their former occupations, or to a new one, and in spite of the handicap be able to earn a liv-

The State of California has employed Mr. Bluett as the training officer and the San Francisco Hospital and the Hassler Health Home are part of his territory. He is highly trained for this job and will go to great extent to see that all of us who require rehabilitation get the best training available.

Some of you may question the need for rehabilitation for tuberculous patients, We know that rest is the foundation stone for the cure of tuberculosis. True, we seldom lose the use of our limbs because of the disease, but what about the stevedore, the pipe-layer, the brick-layer or the riveter who contracts the disease? Can they safely return to their strenuous physical labors after having been cured? In most cases they cannot. Some other way of earning a living must be found for them.

It is the training officer's job to know what is required physically and mentally of a person in every occupation. That may sound like a large order but it is only the beginning. In addition he must know what chance a person has of becoming established in a field even if he has the necessary training; the kind of training that is available for any occupation; how long it will take to acquire the training; what it will cost and, most important of all, the person's chance of success in that field after he has been given the necessary training. All these problems and more are solved by the training officer.

There is also a long list of correspondence courses available to all patients who are permitted to study. These courses are made available by the California State Department of Education. Regardless of your calling or the extent of your education, you will find some subject on the list that you may have wanted to know more about or would find helpful when you go back to work. Will you ever have a better chance to improve your mind? I think not.

Any of the educational workers will supply a list of available courses. Some of the subjects to choose from are: aeronautics, arithmetic, auto mechanics, English, forestry, photography, science, business law and psychology.

The beauty of a correspondence course lies in the fact that you can work as slowly or as rapidly as you wish. You can complete the entire course in one day or take three months on it if that is your preference.

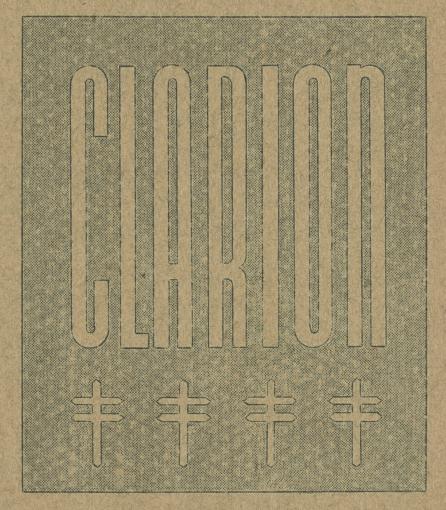
Do you know why the Graf Zeppelin made the round-the-world flight? Do you know what contributions are made to science by record altitude flights? These and many other interesting questions are answered in Aeronautics I.

Now is the time to get going! Take some of these courses to improve your mind, They will cost you nothdevelop your hobby, or just to pass the time. Ask for them. ing and I can assure you that you will have a lot of fun.

-- Kenneth Burke.

SEP 10 1941
University or California

VOL. 2 NO. 9 SEPTEMBER 1941



HASSLER HEALTH HOME 8 TUBERCULOSIS DIVISION SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITAL

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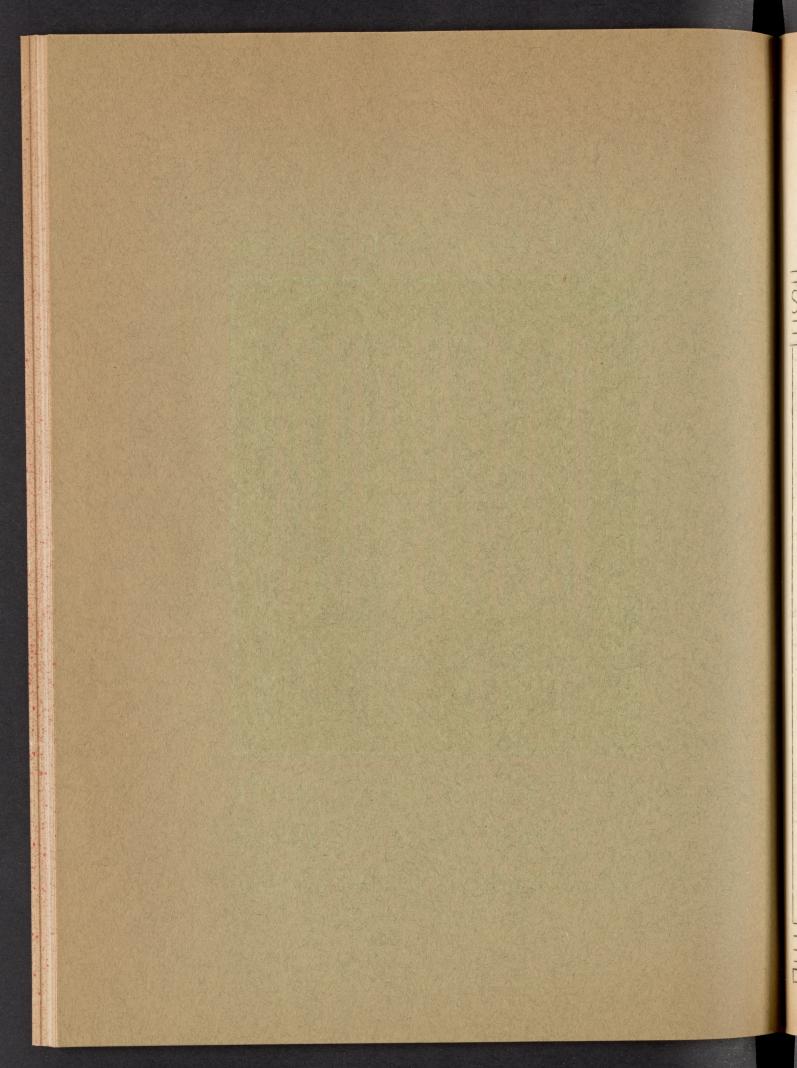
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THE EXISTENCE OF THE CLARION IS DEPENDENT SOLELY UPON FINANCIAL CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED FROM OUR READERS.

THE HASSLER HOMECOMING

It seems to me from what I have been hearing about Hassler, that is, the large high school classes and Chiquita's graduation and regular weekly movies and even a traffic cop on visiting day, that Hassler is becoming an institution big enough and important enough to rate a homecoming. At Olive View (Los Angeles) which is the largest san in the state of California, they have had an annual Homecoming Day for years and it has been hailed by everyone who attends as a great success. Of course, what we start off with at Hassler wouldn't be as pretentious to begin with - but I doubt if former Hasslerites are so naive as to confuse size with success.

I'm sure that such an occasion will have a salutary effect on not only the Home-comers but also on the patients there now. I, for one, would enjoy thoroughly meeting former cure-mates and hashing over our experiences since leaving Hassler. And, too, the present patients should get a great lift from seeing so many of us well and happy and resuming normal activities which seem so far away when one is lying in bed. But enough for the build-up - here's a few practical ideas I have about the subject.

How's about announcing a Sunday in October (what's wrong with, say, October 12, Columbus Day?) as Homecoming Day - all day? We could hold a short get-together of up- and ex-patients in the recreation hall, maybe in the half-hour before lunch or dinner or in the half-hour just after rest period. A microphone could be installed to carry the proceedings to the bed-patients and the program might consist of an informal talk by Dr. Schaper as the resident physician at Hassler - something appropriate to the occasion. Other speakers might include a representative of the Board of Health (a visiting nurse or chest clinic doctor if we can't get a bonafide board member or anyone else interested primarily in the medical after-care of the tuberculous). And perhaps we can get a speaker from the Bureau of Rehabilitation of the Tuberculosis Association who might have something to say about how well the ex-patients are getting along in work, school, or in preparation for earning a livelihood.

If the program idea seems too ambitious, wouldn't it be possible just to announce a Homecoming Day and let the ex-patients entertain themselves? (I know we can.) What with visiting in the wards and looking up old friends wandering around the grounds, we sould have a full day.

How about every one of you interested in the idea dropping a penny post card to The CLARION right away? The more favorable answers we get, the easier it will be to sell the idea to the administration. I know at least a dozen former Hasslerites who would be glad to work on a Homecoming committee but we could use many more. And besides, we need everybody's backing.

-- Eddie Shimano



Often my unguided thoughts ply Strange and bold distorted patterns -Tangled threads of thought that mar the Fabric that my mental-loom weaves.

-- Evelyne Crueger

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SAN FRANCISCO TUBERCULOSIS ______ DIVISION GOES ON THE AIR _____

On June 30, 1939, a public address system which enabled us to speak to each one of our five hundred patients, was inaugurated in the Tuberculosis Division of the San Francisco Hospital. It is my opinion that our success depends a great deal on how we succeed in getting the co-operation of our patients. Unless they understand the fundamental principles involved in treating tuberculosis, we cannot expect them to give us their fullest co-operation.

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With this point in mind, we began a series of educational broadcasts to our patients. The talks were outlined for one year, fifty-two in all. We tried to cover the principal phases of tuberculosis. The talks were given by specialists from the University of California and the Stanford University Medical School Staffs, as well as by other leading tuberculosis specialists throughout the state of California. They were between ten and fifteen minutes in length, written in language simple enough for the average patient to understand.

About that time, the San Francisco Hospital CLARION was started by the patients of the Tuberculosis Division and each month one or two of the best radio talks were published in this magazine, giving the patients an opportunity, not only to hear the talk given by its author, but later on to read it over and over again until the principles it contained sank deeply into their minds.

A part of the educational program was a question box through which questions sent in by the patients were answered. This added greatly to its popularity.

By the time the first series of lectures had passed, KSFH and the medical program had become a permanent institution. Our patients became a very well-informed group, and the result of this effort was noticed by a greatly improved patient morale and a fine spirit of co-operation between the patients, employees, and the medical staff of the hospital.

Because of this, we were encouraged to outline a group of talks for the second year, in which, due to the fact that there had been almost a complete turnover of patients during the first year, we covered somewhat similar grounds in our second series of talks but by different men and in a little different way.

During the second series, in addition to giving these talks over KSFH, the San Francisco Hospital microphone, the same talk was taken to the Hassler Health Home, the San Francisco City and County Sanatorium located near Redwood City, and was read there by the resident physician.

About that time, I began to try to get the program put out over a local San Francisco broadcasting station. I was unsuccessful at first in getting any of the local people interested in my proposals. Finally, however, the owner of KSAN offered to give us a half hour for this purpose.

Now there was but one obstacle in the way. Most of our speakers are members of the San Francisco Medical Association. Ethically, as a general rule, the name of a doctor giving a talk is not to be mentioned over the radio. It is considered a form of advertising and, therefore, unethical. It is now generally agreed by broadcasting station managers and those who have done considerable broadcasting that the public will not listen to a talk unless they know the name of the individual giving it.

Therefore, I felt that it was a foregone conclusion that our educational programs would come to naught unless we could announce the name of the speaker at the time he gave his talk.

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Finally, this difficulty was ironed out and consent was given by the Board of the San Francisco Medical Association that the names of their members might be announced in connection with their talks on tuberculosis on our program over KSAN. Then, with the last obstacle removed, we proceeded to formulate our program for the coming year.

We shall start the third series of talks Saturday, September 6, 1941, at 6:15 p.m. The program will be one half-hour in length and will consist of the usual medical talk requiring fifteen minutes by one of our well-known specialists. The last fifteen minutes will be devoted to answering questions on tuberculosis sent in by our radio audience.

The programs will be broadcast especially for the patients of the San Francisco Hospital, Tuberculosis Division, and the Hassler Health Home. However, we are sending an invitation to each one of the sanatoria, both public and private, located within range of KSAN. We are also inviting all our patients and ex-patients, too, for that matter, to invite their friends and relatives to listen to these programs and to send questions to our question box.

The first talk will be given by J. C. Geiger, M.D., Director of Public Health for San Francisco. His subject will be "Tuberculosis and Its Relation to Public Health." He will also tell something about the history of the development of this educational program.

So far the talks have been outlined for the months of September and October only. Beginning with Doctor Geiger's talk on September 6, those scheduled are as follows: September 13, 1941, "The San Francisco Tuberculosis Control Program - Past Present, and Future" by George H. Becker, M.D., Director, Bureau of Communicable Diseases for the San Francisco Department of Public Health; September 20, 1941, "The History of Tuberculosis" by William C. Voorsanger, M.D., Chairman, San Francisco Advisory Board of Health; September 27, 1941, "The Cause of Tuberculosis, Source of Infection, and Portals of Entry! by Philip H. Pierson, M.D., Chief, Tuberculosis Service, Stanford University Medical School; October 4, 1941, "The Life and Habits of the Tubercle Bacillus" by Max Marshall, Department of Bacteriology, University of California Medical School; October 11, 1941, "The Prevention of Tuberculosis" by Sidney J. Shipman, M.D., Chief, Tuberculosis Service, University of California Medical School; October 18, 1941, "The Symptoms of Tuberculosis" by W. R. P. Clark, M.D., Director, California Tuberculosis Association and on October 25, 1941, "The History of Tuberculosis in San Francisco" by George H. Evans, M.D.

We are hoping that this venture will be as successful in every way as the first two series have been. We invite the co-operation of all the readers of The CLARION in helping to make it a success.

Arthur Brisbane used to say in his column, Today, "What man can imagine, he can do." In line with this thought, it is not beyond reason to imagine a time in the not too far distant future when our weekly programs may be put out over a national hook-up under the auspices of the National Tuberculosis Association, so that every sanatorium ineach state in the United States can have the opportunity to receive the type of medical education which has been enjoyed by the patients of the San Francisco Hospital and the Hassler Health Home during the past two years.

Such programs are put on by the American Medical Association at present. If they can sponsor these programs, there is no reason why a similar procedure should not be followed by the National Tuberculosis Association.

It has been arranged with the San Francisco Tuberculosis Association to make electrical transcriptions of the medical talks. Therefore, when the series ends, we shall have a library of records recording each talk. These records can be copied so that the talks may be widely distributed for use by other sanatoria, by schools, by state and county tuberculosis associations, and for the convenience of tuberculosis workers everywhere. So you can see how "great a fire a little matter kindleth."

For making all this possible I wish to express my thanks and appreciation to Dr. Geiger, the Director of Public Health; George H. Becker, M.D., Bureau of Communicable Diseases; William C. Voorsanger, M.D., Chairman of the San Francisco Health Advisory Board; Mr. Paul Neiman and the directors of the San Francisco Tuberculosis Association; the members of the staffs of the University of California and the Stanford University Medical Schools; and last but not least, to the patients of the San Francisco Tuberculosis Hospital and the Hassler Health Home who have helped so much as listening posts by sending in questions to our question box, by listening to the programs broadcast, and by co-operation in every way in the development of the educational system now in use in the tuberculosis institutions of the city and county of San Francisco.

-E. A. Schaper, M.D.



Friendship

I chanced to pick up a book of poems the other day and the leaves fell open to this poem:

"I walked a mile with pleasure,
She chattered all the way
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with sorrow,

And ne'er a word said she.

But oh, the things I learned from her

When sorrow walked with me.

Then I thought that I, too, had walked with pleasure - with many friends who were gay and happy, chatting beside me all the way. They gave me pleasant times to remember but how many were willing to go with me when sorrow was my companion? One by one they dropped by the wayside and I thought, with a stab of hurt, that I was left to travel the long miles alone. Yet, no! A few remained. With kind, encouraging words, with faces smiling they still help me to walk the miles bravely and strongly; to face life, whatever it may bring. True friends they are - staunch and steadfast - separated from the dross in the crucible of sorrow.

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Q.- Would it be possible to infect a person with whom one associates if the sputum is negative?

A.-That depends upon how the sputum is examined and how close the contact. If the sputum is negative to the guinea pig test, to a culture test or to repeated concentration tests then the chances are nil.

Q .- How does vaccination act?

- A.- In vaccination small amounts of dead or weak living germ, depending on the disease, is innoculated into a patient. The body responds by forming substances that will resist subsequent attack by the same germ.
- Q.- Why is sputum sometimes yellow and heavy and at other times white and very light?
 A.- Patients with bronchial tuberculosis with consequent narrowing of the lumen of the bronchus, and dilation beyond it, usually have the above symptoms. It is because the sputum accumulates in the dilated part of the bronchus and is periodically expectorated. Of course bronchial tuberculosis is not the only cause of the above symptoms.
- Q.- What causes recurrence of pleuritic pains when the disease is apparently arrested?
 A.- One may have adhesions between the lining membrane of the chest cavity (parietal pleura) and the covering membrane of the lung (visceral pleura) and becuase these membranes are very sensitive to pain, a forced breathing or quick movement of the chest causes pleuritic pains even if you have an arrested disease.
- Q.- I have heard it said that fever is an indication that the body is fighting an infection and thus is a good sign. Is this true?
- A.- Yes, that is true as far as the mechanism is concerned but prolonged fever means active disease and I would hesitate to consider it as a good sign.
- Q.- If codeine is used to control a cough what becomes of the sputum that would normally be raised?
- A.- It remains in the bronchial tubes and the lung tissue. It may be raised later when the cough is resumed and the effect of the codeine has worn off.
- Q.- After close contact with an active case of tuberculosis how soon would the symptoms of pulmonary tuberculosis develop and the lesions be visible on an X-ray plate?
- A.- It usually takes several months but occasionally, under unusual conditions, may show in a few days or weeks.

((Questions answered by Kazumi Kasuga, M.D., Univ. of California Service.))

I have been asked to discuss "The Future of Tuberculosis". I asked myself "What shall be considered under this heading? What is expected of me?" In answer to these self-propounded questions, I reply, "What is probably wanted is a discussion of what, in the future, will be the influence of tuberculosis upon the human family in terms of sickness and death?" And, again, "What will be the principal means of attack against tuberculosis by doctors and public health workers? When will we overcome tuberculosis to such an extent that it will no longer be a public health problem of major proportions, as at present?"

This, then, brings us into the realm of prophecy and I can answer only like Amos who said that he "was no prophet, neither was he a prophet's son." (Amos 7:14)

To interpret what the future holds for anyone or anything and to predict with perfect faith in the accuracy of one's predictions is, of course, impossible. The best that one can do is to examine what has occurred in the past, check up on the situation at the present moment, and then, in the light of what has passed, viewed in the light of present findings, endeavor to make a rough forecast of possible future events, always being prepared to discover how fallible is man's judgment when viewed in retrospect.

Bearing in mind, then, how dangerous is prophecy, let us briefly review what has taken place in relation to tuberculosis over the past sixty years. I do not go farther back than sixty years because prior to 1882 the conception of what caused tuberculosis and the understanding of what constituted this disease and of what could be done to cure and to prevent this disease were radically different from our conception and understanding today.

Prior to 1882, only advanced cases of tuberculosis - men and women whose bodies were wasted by the disease - were recognized as tuberculous, and they were spoken of as "consumptives." At that time it was not even dreamed that stout, healthy appearing men and women could be afflicted with the disease known as consumption, but in an earlier and curable form. Nor was it even guessed that consumption was an infectious disease, except that a few public health workers were beginning to suspect that consumption was a transferable malady. The great bulk of the people, and this included the majority of the members of the medical profession, believed consumption to be an inherited disease and also an incurable disease. Hence, the poor consumptive was treated kindly and sympathetically; and, like the condemned man in prison, who, before his doom, is given extra fare, so the consumptive was pampered in his last days.

But Robert Koch, a country doctor in Germany changed the entire thought of the medical profession overnight in 1882. For in that year Koch showed that consumption, instead of being an inherited disease, was an infectious disease caused by a germ which he named the tubercle bacillus because its entry into the body sets up an irritation in the tissues which causes the formation of small nodules or tubercles.

From that moment the outlook entirely changed. If consumption were an infectious disease, then it might be a preventable disease. If, as was learned later, consumption was but an advanced form of tuberculosis, perhaps it might be possible to discover the disease in the early stages when it could be cured. Perhaps there might be some specific remedy discovered which would cause a rapid cure. If it were

true, as Dr. Koch claimed, that these small germs, tubercle bacilli, were present in human sputum and sometimes in other body secretions, why wouldn't it be possible to quarantine consumptives and destroy their body secretions, thus preventing the spread of the disease by contact between the sick and the well and thereby preventing the transference of the consumptive's sputum to healthy people. It looked so simple that a wave of optimism spread over the land; and then it was learned that cattle, also, were afflicted with tuberculosis, and human beings, especially children, could be infected by milk from tuberculous cows. That added a complication and dampened enthusiasm for a time. But, in the end, enthusiasm triumphed. I can remember well, how, in the first decade of the 1900's, the anti-tuberculosis slogan was "No tuberculosis in 1915." Sounds strange, doesn't it, in 1941?

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But enthusiasm, based on knowledge, if directed rightly and sustained long enough, will accomplish what appears to be impossible. The anti-tuberculosis workers at first had only a well-sustained enthusiasm. It remained for them to acquire knowledge so that their enthusiasm could be directed along the right channels.

At first there was much to learn. They said, "All we have to do to eliminate tuberculosis is to isolate the sick humans and to kill the sick cattle." They did not realize that they were failing to diagnose the spreaders of tubercle bacilli. They were diagnosing only the advanced hopeless cases. Somewhere, months before that diagnosis was made, the consumptive, while in apparent health, had commenced to spread his disease. Likewise, it was learned later, a fat, healthy looking cow might give infected milk and spread the disease. It was necessary to find out which persons and which cattle had the disease and to learn this before the spread of infection had started. To control any infectious disease, one must know the cause of the disease, the manner in which it is spread and, just as important, one must know who has the disease; not just a few of the disease spreaders, but all of them. And, in 1882, all that was known was the cause of the disease — the tubercle bacillus. The ideas as to the manner of spread were very hazy. There were no methods of precision by which could be determined definitely who had the disease, except when that disease was very advanced.

And then, along in the 1890's, an Englishman by the name of Crookes developed a tube which gave forth a strange, hitherto unknown ray. And, as in algebra, X stands for the unknown quantity, the ray was called X-ray. And then a German named Roentgen found that by means of the X-ray, one could photograph the interior of opaque boxes and other containers. I can remember very well, when, in the late 1890's, the X-ray was mostly an impractical curiosity, which would make photographs of keys, coins, etc. in closed purses. Finally it was shown that it would make pictures of broken bones and then the hunt was on. That hunt for perfection never stopped and today the X-ray photograph will show tuberculosis of the lungs often before the patient has symptoms of disease. But, between these two extremes, there were three decades of hard work in hospitals and laboratories; patient, unappreciated, but successful research work. And, during all these decades, other means of diagnosis were uncovered. Dr. Koch prepared a vaccine from the by-products of the growth of tubercle bacilli in bouillon, which he called tuberculin. This tuberculin he used in the treatment of tuberculosis and he thought he had really found a cure for the disease. But, while tuberculin did not live up to Koch's expectations as a cure, it, or various improved modifications of the vaccine, has proved to be one of the most valued aids in diagnosis.

Space will not permit me to tell how the value of tuberculin as a diagnostic aid was discovered nor will it allow a description of the various varieties of tuberculin and the methods of testing. It is enough to say that, by means of the tuberculin test, one can learn whether or not any given individual has or has not been infected by the tubercle bacillus. If the test is positive, the X-ray, the laboratory and the physical examination will tell whether the reacting individual needs treatment and whether he is in an infectious stage where he can transfer his disease to

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others. During all these years of study and research with tuberculin and with the X-ray, we have been perfecting our knowledge regarding the means by which the disease is transferred from the sick to the well.

Thus, to date, we can satisfy the three requirements mentioned above as necessary for the control of an infectious disease. For nearly sixty years we have known the cause of the disease and, during those sixty years, we have learned the methods of spread and, equally important — if not more important — we have learned how to find out who has the disease, all of those who are sick and infectious or potentially infectious, and not merely the advanced cases. Thus we have placed ourselves in a position to control tuberculosis.

But there is still a fourth element needed for control - another element in addition to the three mentioned above - and that element is a place for hospitalization of the sick. In other words, we must have some place where the infectious tuberculous patient can be isolated, a place where he can be taught methods of prevention while healing of his disease materializes, a place where he will no longer have intimate contact with susceptible, well people.

Fortunately we have today in this country just such places for hospitalization and isolation to the extent of nearly one hundred thousand beds. The bare story of how these beds came into being and a simple recital of how the sanatorium movement, by means of education and isolation, has been in large part responsible for the great reduction of tuberculosis sickness and death could be made into one of the most fascinating human-interest stories ever written. The real story could be made to fill a large volume.

Up to this point I have endeavored to give you what, to me, is just a short, sketchy background of the tuberculosis movement to date. There remains to tell you what has taken place in the forty years since the beginning of this century. This likewise must be sketchy.

Let us look at the death-rate. Forty years ago there died annually from tuber-culosis more than two hundred people in every hundred thousand living in the United States. Today that death rate is less than forty-seven per one hundred thousand - or less than one quarter of what it was forty years ago. That is one way of showing what has happened.

Here is another method of telling the same story. Until 1918, tuberculosis had always led all other diseases as a cause of death. In 1918 tuberculosis dropped to second place - a very dramatic event in the lives of anti-tuberculosis workers. Since then it has dropped steadily until now it is sixth or seventh place. The latest statistics are not yet available.

Perhaps you may say "Yes, this is interesting and makes very happy reading but may not the lowering in the death-rate be due largely to improved methods of treatment, particularly the various forms of compression therapy which have become increasingly popular during the past twenty or twenty-five years?" The answer is that because of newer and better methods of treatment, many patients recover more quickly than formerly and that many patients, who probably would have died in former years, are now cured and are saved for many years of usefulness. In spite of this, however, most anti-tuberculosis workers believe that the great drop in the death-rate is due rather to prevention of infection which has been due largely to two causes:

1. The campaign of education carried on by tuberculosis associations and by the members of sanatorium staffs by which people in all walks of life have been taught how to prevent and how to avoid infection; or, having been infected, how to minimize the danger of spread of the disease with a consequent breakdown.

2. The removal of patients, with tubercle bacilli in their sputum, from contact with members of their family and social groups and their isolation in hospitals and sanatoria until no longer capable of spreading infection.

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That these and other means have reduced the number of living, infected individuals can be shown very definitely by comparing the results of recent tuberculosis surveys with those made thirty years ago. Whereas, thirty years ago tuberculin tests indicated that 90 per cent of the urban population became infected by the age of fifteen years, the same tests today show that only between 30 and 35 per cent of high school students between the ages of fifteen and nineteen years react to tuberculin.

In spite of the very marked drop in tuberculosis illness and in the death-rate, when all ages are considered, tuberculosis still remains the major cause of death in the age group fifteen to thirty-five. Also, in certain industries and certain income groups, the death-rate is much higher than the average for all ages and all groups. Even if the death-rate were evenly distributed throughout the entire population, or with any other than the present mortality grouping, the rate of nearly forty-seven per one hundred thousand per year is a disgrace to a civilized, enlightened nation and is at once a challenge to members of the medical profession, to public health workers and to the citizens, in general.

We have reviewed the past and have taken some cognizance of the present. What of the future? That is on the "laps of the gods" waiting for the human family to awaken to its responsibility and complete the task which is only partially done.

At the beginning of this article I quoted from the prophet Amos. Now I shall quote from Joel, who says in the 28th verse of the 2nd chapter, "Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." And, in the 18th verse of the 29th chapter of Proverbs, we read, "Where there is no vision, the people perish." The great advances in tuberculosis treatment and prevention have been due to the fact that such men as Koch, Crookes, Roentgen, the founders of the various tuberculosis associations, and the hundreds - aye, thousands - of research workers, dreamed dream of better days to come, when disease should no longer, abruptly and needlessly, cut down healthy men and women at the height of their usefulness. They saw visions of the victory of science and medicine over disease and death and worked to bring those dreams and visions to fruition and reality. So today we, too, must see visions and then work to make them real. In my vision, I see a world where tuberculosis has been practically banished along with cases like those of typhoid fever today. Where there will be difficulty in finding patients to use for teaching students in medical schools about tuberculosis. This happy condition will surely come. How soon it comes will depend upon (1) How soon the general population is educated to a point where the voters will demand that modern medical methods of control of infectious diseases, especially tuberculosis, be put in force; and (2) How soon the tax-payer is willing to foot the bill. Control of tuberculosis can be purchased and can be purchased for a price far less than the housing and treatment of tuberculosis is costing today. Prevention of tuberculosis is still much cheaper than the cure of tuberculosis.

In these two just mentioned factors are concealed the answer to the question "What Is the Future of Tuberculosis?" The medical profession is ready. It knows the manner in which tuberculosis is spread. It knows how, by means of the tuberculin test and the X-ray, to tell who has tuberculosis and there are one hundred thousand beds for purposes of isolation; and, because of newer methods of treatment, recovery is more rapid and the patient becomes ambulant, with tubercle bacillus-free sputum, much earlier. Therefore, the turnover is more rapid, increasing several times the value of each bed.

Moreover, with the universal use of the tuberculin test and of the X-ray, cases will be discovered when the disease is, as we say, "minimal." In other words, we

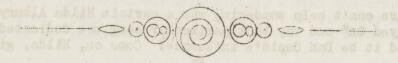
really will discover the disease in its incipiency before the patient can infect his contacts, the other members of his social and family groups, and at a time when he can be healed in the shortest possible time, thus further increasing the value of each individual bed. The future of tuberculosis rests, then, upon how soon there is general recognition of the fact that tuberculosis can now be definitely controlled and upon the decision of the people to pay for such control.

My dream is of a day when everyone - young and old, rich and poor, from all walks of life - shall be tuberculin-tested, with those who react X-rayed to determine the extent of disease present, and with treatment and isolation instituted early so that cure will be accomplished and society protected. My vision is that this will occur much sooner than the average man and woman suspects and that tuberculosis will be controlled within the next generation. I leave my prophecy on the "laps of the gods" for the coming generation to view in retrospect.

Robert Alway Peers, M.D., C.M., was born in Woodstock, Ontario, Canada, December 13, 1875; the son of Richard and Margaret Hatch (Alway) Peers. He attended Woodstock Collegiate Institute and Albert College at Belville, Ontario, and graduated in medicine from Trinity University at Toronto in 1899.

Dr. Peers has practiced in Colfax, California, since November 18, 1899. He has been an active executive in the Placer County Tuberculosis Association and of the Placer-Nevada-Sierra County Medical Society. He is past-president of the California Tuberculosis Association; of the California Northern District Medical Society; of the California Academy of Medicine and of the California Medical Association. Dr. Peers is a member of the American College of Physicians; the American Medical Association; the American College of Chest Physicians; the American Academy of Tuberculosis Physicians; of the California Medical Association and is a Diplomate of the American Board of Internal Medicine.

Dr. Peers founded the Colfax School for the Tuberculous in 1908 and has been its medical director since its establishment.



In general, nobody under forty-five should restrain himself from trying to learn anything because of a belief or fear that he is too old to be able to learn it. Nor should he use that fear as an excuse for not learning anything which he ought to learn. If he fails to learn it, inability due to age will very rarely, if ever, be the reason. The reason will commonly be one or more of these. He lacks and has always lacked the capacity to learn that particular thing. His desire to learn it is not strong enough to cause him to give proper attention to it. The ways and means which he adopts are inadequate, and would have been so at any age, to teach him that thing. He has habits or ideas or other tendencies which interfere with the new acquisition, and which he is unwilling to alter.



By the time this issue of our CLARION comes off the press, the population of Hassler's will have increased twenty per cent. At the rate the new arrivals are storming the portals of H. H. H., San Francisco will no longer be the biggest city in the bay area. So greetings to the new citizens and we hope their stay will be a pleasant one.

The "Hut-sut Quartet" of Louise Halla, Agnes Gallo, Catherine Lopez and Bonnie Zalkaskie has been reduced to a trio since the departure of the "wim and wigor" girl. Although we miss you, Bonnie, we're overjoyed at your good fortune and wish you the best of luck.

Perhaps Mr. Willard, the magician who so ably entertained us, had better look to his laurels. He's not the only one who's discovered the secret formula for elasticity of the muscles. Princess June Roberts gives promise of becoming an accomplished rival before many moons.

In case you've wondered about the quick exit made from the dining-room recently by Flo Whitaker when a round of applause greeted her entrance - well that was the day our personality-plus beauty became the proud grandmother of a bouncing baby girl. So a "white pansy" to Flo who will soon have a much coveted day out to see the new arrival.

Your reporters can't help wondering why a certain Hilda Albury has such a yen for "The Band Played On" and why that particular song was dedicated to her on the floor show. Could it be Dan Cupid's influence? Come on, Hilda, give.

Our thanks to Miss Herkenham who so willingly offers to buy supples for us in the city. Her help was greatly missed during her recent but well-earned vacation... Graduates of Ward 19 (SFH) are slowly taking over the east solarium. The latest additions are Dora Adame, Eleanor Poggi, and your two reporters....Good-bye to Maria Maquignon. Her wise counsel and sound advice will be missed by the younger generation.

Nicky Aquire and Pacing Luna have a difficult problem to solve. Will it require three hundred or merely two hundred and ninety-nine squares to make the bedspread on which Nicky is so feverishly working? She's so anxious to finish it that she crochets in her sleep.

Before signing off we'd like to congratulate our timid Claire Costantino who lately tracked down and bravely slayed a ferocious spider. May we have your autograph, Claire?

--- Evelyn and Janie

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Ward our utmost to keep up the reputation of the girls wards. First we all want to wish "Babs" well on her discharge from the "Triple H" - she will be missed by every one.

Well, well, what have we here? A working girl, no less, is our own Sheriff Jackie Sloan. We have dubbed her the "hello" girl - not because she petiently waits for the ambulance to arrive and then dashes out to shout "hello" to the new arrivals - but because she substitutes for Mrs. Scott as telephone operator. Since she has taken on this job we expect there will be a great many more phone calls coming in just to hear her say "Hello, Hassler Health Home.".... Then there is Mary Tong. She, too, is a very busy girl these days - that is if you can judge by the official looking papers she usually has clutched in one hand and the variety of differently sized books in the other. Methinks it is nice for the office staff to have such nice girls to work with.

Betty Ryan reeling around? It's unbelievable but it's true, and there are those wiseacres who call her the "Reelarah." That isn't double talk or gibberish, it is just a round-about way of telling about Betty's new job. She is assistant movie technician and doing "reel" well.

What Norma Johnson would like to find out is when moths started carrying scissors around and mysteriously cutting off buttons. They might have left one button. But no, she received an envelope full of them through the mail and now she thinks the moth must be pretty near human. She is now doing a little Hawkshaw work on her own. Hey! Who has some thread?

Stay away from that peach tree or you'll have the sheriff after you. What? You don't mean to say that it is the long arm of the law that is doing the pilfering!! Cabinet members who walk in the orchard only for the shade are Marie Mathewson and Chiyoko Matsuzaki. Oh, yeah! Handy gadgets, these binoculars....Say, Chiquita, don't you think that quart size piggy bank is a little bit obvious? Such a student you are! Isn't that diploma enough? Do you want to be a professor? And imagine saying "stop" to that defenseless little rodent. Did you really think it could understand you?

The Hatfields and the McCoys would blush with shame if they were to hear a part of the feud a la "Hut Sut" that goes on in Ward 2. Mae Scheneni leads the pros for the Swedish lament and declares - but emphatically - that the crack in the record only adds to its charm. Them that's agin it swear that it would make a swell cactus bowl and are keeping the water boiling just in case it can be snatched away.

--- Evelyne Crueger

Ward 5 A The trick is to begin. Once you've started, the words pyramid themselves and before you know it the ward news is complete. This of course, may be said with tongue in cheek, because we'll all more than likely let out with a sigh of relief when this is finished.

Well, ward news means writing about people and events, so why not begin with Herb Picetti? He is good copy in that he is back to pills and bottles of this and that, working in the drug room. He's an old drug store proprietor so dispensing drugs is nothing new to him. Good luck, Herb, and here's hoping you'll soon be behind your own counter...Another nice chap is John Fitzgerald, an ex-leather man. We have tried our darndest, by subtle hints and cunning innuendo, to find out if he could get leather for the boys (wholesale) but so far our efforts have been to no avail...And in the next bed we find Dan Roberts, who knows his steaks and potatoes.

It seems that Dan, at one time, was a chef of no mean ability. Now he creates some nifty jiffy sweaters instead of succulent dishes....Across from Dan we find Leon Lym who is also busy on purl one knit two - but Leon specializes on the man's variety of slip-over.

Skipping a few beds to the south end of the ward, our news caravan finds Henry Nagy, a one-time San Francisco taxi driver, who knows the town from end to end. We are happy to report that Henry has discarded his crutch for a cane. If our wishes come true he will soon discard the cane...Private rooming, but doing well, are Mike Flynn and Catario Gallardo. Best wishes to you both and may you be residing in the ward when this comes off the press...A bouquet to Jackson Lee for being such a quiet and gentlemanly sort of chap...Orchids to Ma Poole, Mrs. Lynch and Mrs. Hull. We have yet to see one of them without a kind word or a smile, no matter how tough the going.

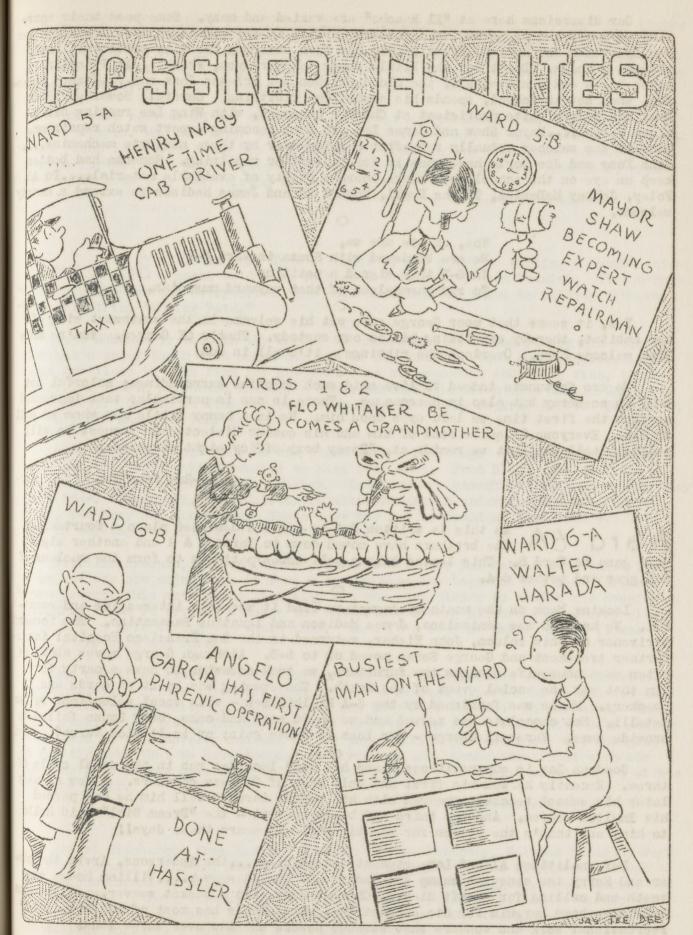
And for a wonder, we might ask ourselves what Joe Novkovich is thinking about as he gazes off into the distant hills....We can't let this go to press without a word about Charles (Judge) Mason. If good nature could be measured in terms of dollars and cents he'd be a millionaire....A cheerio and a happy welcome to Egisto Ratti who but recently arrived from the hospital, where he underwent a phrenectomy. Scarred but dauntless, he is the same good fellow. We hope his stay, this time, is short and sweet....One of the best liked fellows in the ward is Nick Braun. We often wonder why his pone says "you cheat" when he plays cribbage.

"Holy Schmoke" Barkman is taking up leather craft. From past performances on other projects we deduce that he will be adept at this undertaking...Our extreme conversationalist "Frenchy" is still in the extreme when it comes to being loquacious. Keep it up "Frenchy" - it certainly would be dull here if you stopped... Leo Baker has a camera, and he is forever asking about this "flim" and that "flim," So far the pictures developed from his "flim" have been far from satisfactory. Persistence will produce a good one, Leo. Don't give up the ship!!

--Barney Sands

Ward 5B At the time of compiling this ward news, some of us are in the throes of moving a lot of unnecessary junk to Wards 3 & 4, which is to be our future abode. And when we say junk we mean junk. We never realized that any one person could amass such a collection of useless articles in such a short time. This move will call for a rearrangement of the men's wards, which should benefit we reporters, in that it will give us a new slant on the news. There will be new faces and new situations which should bring about new inspirations.

One day while in silent contemplation of Mother Nature and the magnificent scenery that is so familiar to us, my eminent friend and confident, Joe Doyle, and I were rudely interrupted by the noisy arrival of a couple of hounds. They burst won this scene of tranquillity. A blare of brass and a couple of vociferant tally-hoes would have been in order, and our topic of conversation should have turned to the hunt and the ill-fated fox. But no, not Joe. He chose to discuss the hounds, and insisted on exemplifying to me a new memoer of the Genus-canis, the Point-Setter. Now dogs is dogs, and hounds is hounds, and I've heard of Pointers and Setters. But here was something quite foreign to me - an animal I had never heard of, yet the name had a familiar ring. He reasoned thusly: "Now if the mamma were a Pointer, and the papa a Setter, wouldn't it be a Point-Setter?" After which I threw up my hands and stomped off in a rage at my apparent ignorance. Since that time my mind has often wondered back to that day. And when it does I seem to picture a pretty, red, delicate Christmas flower. Does it affect you that way too? Of is it the rarefied atmosphere that I breathe here atop this hill? Could be!! Could be!!



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Our diversions here at "El Rancho" are varied and many. Some pass their spare time in sport and pleasure, while others utilize it for something more profitable. Our sportsman and hunter, Frank Lenci, has been stalking the wily cottontail but without success. Don't let the little bunny outsmart you, Frank...Al Franklin makes belts and reminisces of the cld days when New Orleans Jazz was...Howard Anderson, when not in school, spends his spare time kibitzing. Careful, Howard...Herb Dahl has become quite proficient at Chinese checkers, with Wing Lee running him a close second...Mayor Shaw and James Lee are fast becoming expert watch repairmen. Some of the watches actually run after a going over by these neophyte mechanics... John Fong and Joe Doyle have gone in for typewriter repairing. Someone had better keep an eye on the school room where there's plenty of available material....To Al Foley, Johnny McDaniel, Thomas Regli, Howard Ho and James Madison we extend a hearty welcome.

Woe, oh woe are we,
We are burdened with Souza in Ward 5-B
In 6-B they signed a petition
To rid themselves of that wayward musician.

Yes, it seems that poor George wore out his welcome in the southwest wing of our habitat, thereby committing him to our custody. That's OK George. You're more than welcome here. Overlook the ribbings - it's all in fun.

We are fortunate indeed to live amid such colorful surroundings; colorful not only in sceneray but also in personages. There is one in particular that impressed us from the first time we laid eyes upon him. He is a happy little man whom we call On Toy. Everyone is quite fond of him and his quaint dialect. On request he will politely tell you that we reside at, "Posey boxy officy eight seven one."

-- Ray Jahnigen

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Ward 5. This leaves only a half dozen patients to form the nucleus of a bigger and better 6-A.

Looking back on the month of August we find it was both interesting and event-ful. We had two new admissions, James Madison and Ignatius Passantino. The former scrivener of this column, John Fisher, returned to the San Francisco Hospital for further treatment and George Souza moved on to 5-B. Although George moves about as often as a housewife changes the furniture, we took occasion to have a party for him that was the social event of the month. The evening was spent at cards and checkers. Music was furnished by the 6-A Hillbillies - with vocal selections by Leo Catelli. Hot chocolate was served and we would have had cake, only Souza failed to provide same. Farewell George - our loss is 5-B's gain; or is it vice versa?

Goodman Loy is superstitious - and his good luck has run in the usual cycle of three. Recently he won his first and only game of Chinese checkers. A few minutes later his school teacher appeared with his report card to tell him he had passed his English course. And the third and biggest event - the "Dream Girl" said hello to him; and that's the reason for the big smile he wears these days!!

Personalities: Alfred Loo, student and painter...the Andersons, Arvid the hiker and Harry the conquian champ and Anders the basket weaver...William Hodge sans teeth and calling for a soft diet...Charles Suey also a basket weaver...Glenn Hunt driving a hard bargain for his crocheting...Miss Watts has most of the boys doing recreational work and wonders what strange powers she has over these lads.

Alexis Podchernikoff is our ward representative and a good one, too. Our thanks to him for the recent baseball picture....George Rea is sporting a Walheim clip. That accounts for his popularity in the dining room...Walter Harada, the busiest man on the ward....Leo Catelli celebrating another birthday - his fourth in the past three months....And John Sklovos leading the nightly chorus.

Our ward news would not be complete without a word about John Siegut, the old Kansas trapper, who has never been known to leave a basket of eggs on anyone's doorstep. John is replenishing his supply of box traps during the summer months and is looking forward to a banner catch when the season opens. All dogs should be kept on a leash lest they fall victim to trapper John.

--Phil Casey

Ward 6B Woe is me! When it comes to the point of writing a column this month we'd like to have a little help from Houdini. It's a case of here and there and everywhere. The boys have finally taken to calling Fisherman Fete Balestrini "Moving Pete."

John McKenna is back in the ward. We understand that John misses his room. He also has a sweet tooth that makes him one of Doc Nohrdens best customers....Little Jesus Arrellano is back from the hospital sans his appendix and doing fine, thank you....Dr. Yellin performed Hassler's first phrenic operation with Angelo Garcia, the patient. Garcia is fine and hasn't changed his daily routine a bit. Good work, Dr. Yellin! And good luck Angelo!

Andy Sears has gone back to his first love - knitting. He has finished what we'd call the best looking sweater we have ever seen. Fred Blake, for whom the sweater was made, is proud as a peacock. Andy now has enough orders to keep him busy until Xmas. Good work, Andy!....Congratulations are in order for Jim Lund, Peter Casey, Ted Gray and Henry Lee. These boys may now be found at Wards 3 & 4. We'll soon be telling you that they've left Hassler's.

Attillio Assonia, Walter Campion, Edwards and Reno Dal Balcon have taken leave of us and are now sojourning in Ward 5-A. We miss the boys but are glad for their sakes because this move means that they are one step closer to health and happiness....Larry Flynn is without a doubt the number one moving picture fan. Larry sits there with a grin during the whole show. When it's over he says, "Boy! It was worth every cent and more!"

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Our political expert, Prince Johnson, is very disappointed over the Russian-German set-to. Prince advocates sending over a neutral observer so we can get some real reliable observation...Belt making has decreased somewhat on our ward. When asked about this, Wesley Thomas, our belt expert, made this statement; "Belt making has ceased to be a novelty and has become work."...At present, faces are changing so rapidly here that we have decided to circulate and become acquainted with our mates so that we can give our readers a good report. Until next month - good wishes and good cheer.

-- George Kelly

Recent discharges from Hassler include: Helen Strachey, Saladad Sahagun, Fern Chandler, Bonnie Zalkaske, Mae Reynolds, Adele McIntee, Edward Alexander, Joseph Barca, John Kondulas, Arias Soledad, Ray Dennison, Robert Higgins, Louis Borini and John Fisher. It goes without saying that the well wishes of all their former ward mates follow them wherever they may travel. The fact that they have graduated to the outside world is a source of great satisfaction.

Staff Static our surprise on reading in the newspapers that our own Miss Florence Joyce has been Mrs. Alfred Kay since February. (Can she keep a secret!) Congratulations Mrs. Kay: and your Tahoevacation suntan is the envy of the farm.

We are convinced that one of last month's internes, Dr. Thelin, is a past master in the art of double talk, 'cause honest to goodness here is what drifted out to us through an open door: "Who is this Pod - er - which - er - cough?" We wondered, too, until the fog cleared and we realized that our prediction of two months back had finally come true. Dr. Thelin was sputtering on Podchernikoff's name.

Miss Constantine, one of our summer school teachers, provided this bit of humor for our first staff static. One pupil dictating shorthand to another speeded up the process until the other, forgetting where she was, shouted, "Hey!" Miss Constantine without looking up, or appearing at all perturbed, made this remark, "Pupils, hay is the last straw."

A bit of southern hospital-ity has come into our midst in the persons of Dr. Jones and Dr. Constine who hail from the south, yes suh! Tho' the weather may be a bit cooler than in their former haunts (tongue in cheek) we do hope that both of these gentlemen find our hospitality no less heart warming than that to which they have been accustomed.

Mrs. Edna Peterson rescued from drowning! On Sunday afternoon, August 24, Mrs. Peterson was swimming in Emerald Lake near Redwood City. Upon reaching the deeper portion of the lake she found herself unable to continue her aquatic efforts and sank beneath the surface. She was rescued by Dr. Daniel Yellin who was lying on the nearby beach at the time of the accident.

Gardenias to Mrs. Garay and Miss Latour. Miss Latour is looking quite fit and happy since returning from her extended vacation. And we are happy to report that Mrs. Garay has moved along with us to Wards 3 & 4.... Lest we forget! Our sincere thanks to the staff and employees of H. H. H. for their whole-hearted support of The CLARION.

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The latest news letter from the Associated Editors of Tuberculosis Publications announces three \$10.00 literary awards - prizes being available to all patients in sanatoria where a member of the AETP resides. Tentative rules for the contest are as follows: \$10 for the best editorial (500-750 words); \$10 for the best feature article (1200 to 1500 words), and \$10 for the best news article of unrestricted length. The articles must be original and unpublished. Thirty dollars are dangling in the air for three persons.

According to latest figures available there are approximately one hundred sanatoria publications in the United States and Canada. They are in every conceivable form from fine printed jobs to mimeograph sheets such as our own. Some are directly subsidized by acts of the state legislature, published under a state publicity director and available to all residents of the state. Others are supported by medical and tuberculosis associations, by advertising and direct subscriptions, and others by the donations of their readers. All show that the tubercle bacillus has no effect on the originality and ambitions of those that it infects. The fact that the National Tuberculosis Association issues a monthly clip sheet to editors would indicate that they consider the "san mag" a valuable adjunct to a successful cure.

Rewall 1602

Ward 19 With spy-glass and note-book we've made the rounds and picked up a bit of news here and there. Because Margie Maillard, our CLARION reporter for last month, is rapidly recovering from a thoracoplasty this cub reporter is trying to pinch-hit for her.

So let's go to press: Mrs. Kelly and Sophie recently paid a visit to surgery - both are making a speedy recovery....The new faces seen on Pneumo Lane indicate that newcomers have joined our organization - the lassies with the Wednesday air....Some of the residents of room J & K have changed their addresses to F & I due to moving day. They are now happily engaged in becoming acquainted with their new roommates.

These new-fangled wash cloths that are being knitted are really something. From where all the extra stitches come and to where they disappear is still a puzzling problem. The girls in the solarium are especially entangled. Emily claims the formula for making pot-holders is: crochet 2/5ths, rip 1/5th, add 1/5th, and rip 2/5ths. Net result - a lot of work and no pot-holder. Emily thinks they're a muisance to make anyway...And while we're on the subject of manufacturing, it might be well to mention that Hattie, Louise and Dorothy are all industriously engaged in making good-looking vases out of crepe paper and old bottles. The results are truly amazing, for they are becoming experts in the art of camouflage. It was even suggested that they open a novelty shop....Eleanor Ludwig is collecting a miniature set of characters found in Walt Disney's production "Pinocchio." Question: Where is the whale? We are all looking forward to seeing that.

Jeanette and Shew Li have joined the girls on the porch. Welcome!...Grandma Gray recently celebrated her 79th birthday. Congratulations, Grandma! And may you see many more of them...Nora Hackley, Martha Graham, Marcella Steels, Elsie Wun and Margie Izzo are all new patients. We hope their stays will be short and pleasant ones...Welcome back to Smitty and Rose. We're glad you enjoyed your vacations, but happier still to have you with us again.

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The other day, Carmen, her face wreathed in smiles and surrounded by well-wishers, was seen walking down the hall. It was wonderful seeing you up and about again, Carmen, and we are all very happy for you.

Seen on the sidelines: Peggy assiduously perusing her dream books. All explanations of the dreams seem to point to one thing - her return to Hassler's. At least Peggy hopes so.... Overheard: Why should I worry about the Germans and the Russians, when I'm fighting a battle of my own? Yes, Fannie, and we sincerely hope you are the victor.

All's quiet on the eastern from now that Janie, Dora, Eleanor and Evelyn have become Hasslerites. We miss you all, but are glad to know that you will soon be leaving for home. We wish you all good luck and success.

-- M. E. Klopper

Writing The CLARION news lately is very similar to the position in which the airplane manufacturers are finding themselves when producing new types of military planes. By the time production is completed the planes are slightly out dated - so with CLARION news. With the ever-growing trend toward the Farm, and the rapidly declining number of patients here at San Francisco Hospital, it is becoming more difficult to find news that is really news by the time The CLARION is published.

Even Mama Christian has left. Not for the Farm, however, but on a three-weeks' leave of absence. We are looking forward to her return, but in the meantime Mike is doing a fine job of directing the ward. It seems good to have Mike back after an extended absence...Mrs. Snyder, our regular night nurse, has taken over the duties of the morning supervisor, and, after two weeks of her temporary position, will leave on her vacation. We hope she enjoys herself and comes back to her job well rested. It seems that you just don't get any rest on a vacation, but then maybe you aren't supposed to.

Frank Berg has been doing a wee bit of "sneak" practice on his singing. Does that mean we are to be treated to some of his vocalizing on Dr. Schaper's Friday afternoon broadcast? We can't say, but we hope so. Incidentally, if you wonder how come his outdoor complexion, you can find him enjoyin' a little infra-red on the roof.... Swing Low, our good humored Chinese sun addict, is also finding a few benefits on the top floor. Between the sun and his pedro playing he is kept quite busy.

The Bone Yard has a new resident in the person of Jack Anderson, and we might say, "some person." If he doesn't take the title of the biggest man on the ward, it won't be his fault. At the time of writing he is sufferin' through a Bradford Splint but will soon be over the worst. He is in a good spot, too, having his bed right next to Herbie Svenson, another "Svenska Pojke." Herbie is doing real well after a couple of adjustments. He came through like a trooper and a couple of months should see him on his feet once more. We're all pulling for Herbie, and are wishing him well. It would hardly be fair to omit our friend Curley, who is so adept at handling Big Boy Anderson. We can't help but wonder what we would do without him.

The ward has seemed quite empty since we have lost so many of our old friends as they journeyed south to the Farm...Dave Barios is farming while awaiting news as to whether adhesions must be cut...Jack Wilcox and Earl Hammon are both back on their feet after thoracoplasties and are Hassleresting...Me Sun has taken the trip as well, and was looking forward to his reunion with his ex-roommate, Joe Fong, who has been sojourning in that vicinity for the past couple of months.

Julie Pommer's absence leaves a noticeable gap as he departed for home, brace and all, with his ever-present cast to remind him of his stay here...Clyde Curtis was welcomed back by the ward, but was only able to stay a few nights. It is hoped that he will soon return permanently...Armand has been making model airplanes since his prime interest has moved to the Farm. He is receiving instructions from his tutor and buddy, Estel Kisset, who seems to be getting around quite a bit.

Suki Yuki Suenaga will have to have his clothes remodeled if he continues to gain weight as he has been doing. He can eat enough suki yaki; or whatever it is, to put Anderson to shame. It must agree with him, though, for he is the most cheerful patient about...Mrs. Okerman is still with us and we do hope she doesn't take any more trips away from us. She's right busy these mornings.



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Art Baker, "Art and Layout" man, has been quite busy doing art work and page heads for our publication. He has done a swell job and deserves credit for his layouts and art work....Cuneo is still around, but we only see him when he distributes The CLARION....Which reminds me that if I don't stop now he will be passing out The CLARION sans the Ward 26 news. So we close our mental meanderings till next month when we return again.

-- Joe Donlin

Ordinarily, reporting the arrivals, departures, transfers, etc., of a ward's personnel is not much of a task, but unless a half dozen leg-men are assigned us, we flatly refuse to attempt to cope with the situation this month. The general exodus to Hassler resulting in replacements from other wards, coupled with changes due to vacations, has us in something of a dither and we're all for calling in a squad of census takers to keep us posted. Such being the case, may we be excused for not attempting a personal farewell and an individual hello to everyone involved? We submit (against our better judgement) instead:

Oh, "happy landings", ye Hassler-bound, It won't be long till you're up and around. And welcome, ye tyros, to twenty-eight, You, too, some day may matriculate.

Which is about the worst bit of doggerel we've heard in some time, but we mean well.

Surgical Briefs: EXTRA!! RICO RELINQUISHES RIBS TO RECTIFY RESPIRATORY RENT REVEALED BY ROENTGEN RAYS. RAPID RECOVERY REPORTED.... May we also congratulate Tony Messerschmidt upon his splendid recovery from his recent surgical debut? We are overjoyed that a cast was not necessary.

Off the Record: We wouldn't mention any names - but what patient, after months of those contortionist's setting-up exercises, (naively referred to as bed baths), finally received permission to take an honest to goodness "dunk" - and while luxuriating 'neath the rare treat of a shower, belatedly discovered that he was still wearing his wrist watch? (We should stuck to bed baths.)

From time to time, the fact confronts us, that what may be news now (which in itself is a moot statement) will be ancient history by the time this is published. So if we were to announce here that Mesdames Phillips and Rudometkin (two of our nurses) are on their vacations from their vocations, they probably won't thank us a couple of weeks from now when this is published and their respective vacations are misty (but we hope happy) memories. So we won't say anything - besides the tenses become too involved.

We would personally like to spend a vacation digging a ditch, or driving a truck; but if anyone had told us a couple of years ago that we should ever express a desire of that sort, we would have suspected his or her sanity. All of which goes to prove something or other - we will refrain from concluding with a moral.

-- Hank Vincent

Doesn't seem possible that it's time for you to hear from us again but the calendar and an insistent editor can't both be wrong so we'll see what there is in the way of news. The fast and furious changes around the ward make it very hard for us to give you an accurate report on our status quo. In fact, last month, by the time this worthy magazine appeared on the wards

the change of events had given lie to nearly everything that we had reported. So we think it's only fair to straighten you out on a few salient points.

We had no sooner welcomed Dr. Tinsley into our fold as house doctor than an unfortunate change of events made it necessary for him to leave us for emergency service - but we are happy to hear that he will be back with us in October. We reported Bernice Lae as having moved into Room 5 & 6 and now, although we miss her, we are happy to report that she has left us for home. We told about Margaret Zahl and Eva DeMartin having temperamental tummies, last month, but evidently they are a good sigh for Marge is now installed at Hassler's and Eva has found her way home. We're also sorry that Mary Smith found it necessary to come back and equally sorry that she could not have returned to her old ward. However, one report was correct. We said that Virginia Camilleri was going home and she did, by golly. Cards from her tell us that she is getting along fine, thank you. We missed Mrs. Crowe while she was on her vacation and we are very happy to have her back with us again.

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Mary Bauder celebrated a birthday on August 22nd and such popularity you never did hear tell of before. It must be deserved, however. What with flowers and nighties, suit-cases, hand-bags, wallets and what-nots she was literally snowed under with presents. All in all it was a very happy birthday, wasn't it Mary?

A juicy morsel of news which wasn't supposed to leak out but somehow did, was the wedding we had here one night. Before we go any further may we say that any cracks about childishness will certainly not be far from wrong. Anyway, Dee Winward has a toy bunny, named Cupid, that graces the foot of her bed and Jo Dahlin has a shy lil' bunny called Suzy Q. We don't know whether propinquity had anything to do with it or not but they kinda took a shine to one another so we married 'em up all proper like. We can assure you that the wedding was quite the high light of our social season.

We have several new girls to welcome, namely: Bernedette Carroll, Ann Borjas, Rose Chan, Hazel Higdon and Carmen Rendon. Welcome into our clan girls and we hope you like us.

Jenette Meyer and Dee Winward are certainly getting a lot of beautiful things made for their hope chests. Jenette turns out some lovely embroidering and Dee does the same with her crocheting. You put us to shame with your industry, girls.

More things we can't figure out: How Jo Dahlin ever did that shearing job on Rena Marenco and Mary Bauder....Why Edna Larsen has been so good, lately, about sticking to her bed....How Ann Borjas gained eight pounds in so short a time....Why a certain Wabbit tried to prevent our wedding....What Jane Withey did with those P.J's....How come Gen Shields rates so much privacy....What Ruby Johnson waits for every evening....Who writes Virginia Fitzpatrick all the letters....What Bobby Menicuci did with that half pound....Who that good looking young man is who visits Katherine Anderson?

net fring Pint Cater Ray John John Son

-- Rusty Halverson

Ward 32 "Hello and Good-bye" is the theme song for the month. It's good-bye and good luck to Letitia Dunne, ex-CLARION reporter, who has left for home. As she was so well liked around here and the life of the ward, she will be greatly missed by all of us....The girls remaining in Room 5 & 6 say that it is pretty lone some in there since Jeri Anthony, Irma Beck and Elsie Siefert have left for home....Gussie Cuevas was also among the home goers. Loads of luck and good wishes to all of them.

Congratulations to Isabel Driskell and Sadie Hernandez who have made such quick recoveries from their surgery....And they tell us that Goldie Parazoo isn't sure

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whether she is coming or going - to surgery we mean - but they'll let her know one day soon....Also the word is around that Nora Bunner doesn't like soft food.

A welcome to Mrs. Aunders who is back with us again, but we are sorry to lose Mrs. Heideman...A temporary good-bye to Dr. Tinsley and a welcome to Dr. McLin who takes his place.

Ethel Warren's new hair style is very chic and looks quite lovely. And speaking of hair styles, Barbara Lyons, our practical nurse, brought back a brand new one from Mexico, where she went on her vacation. Perfect, we'd say....Wonder why Gloria Gonzales gets her hair specially fixed on visiting days and is always on the look-out for new styles?

Latest fad on the ward is photography with Pat O'Hara and Nora Bunner as the chief photographers....Jo Stevens and Ruth Davis have gone on a scale-busting expedition....Could it be that Helene Rice is planning a good-will tour to South America? She has been studying Spanish all summer. Quien sabe?....We like to hear the clinking of CLARION coins as Alyce Dawley business manages....Suggest that talent scouts look in on Gloria Gonzales and Clara Ragazzino, song birds of the ward. Swell material for one of the newer radio shows.

Pet Names on the Ward: We have a "Baby Rose" and a "Wild Irish Rose." Wonder where "Rose of Washington Square" is hiding? We also have "Norrine", "Buttons" and "Babykins." There are others but we haven't gotten around to finding out about them yet. After all there are other months.

-- Ginger Mario

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THE CLARION

Published by the patients of the Hassler Health Home and the Tuberculosis Division of the San Francisco Hospital on the 10th of each month.

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The CLARION welcomes all original literary and art contributions from patients and former patients of the Hassler Health Home and the Tuberculosis Division of the San Francisco Hospital.

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Please address all communications to The CLARION

Hassler Health Home, Redwood City, California

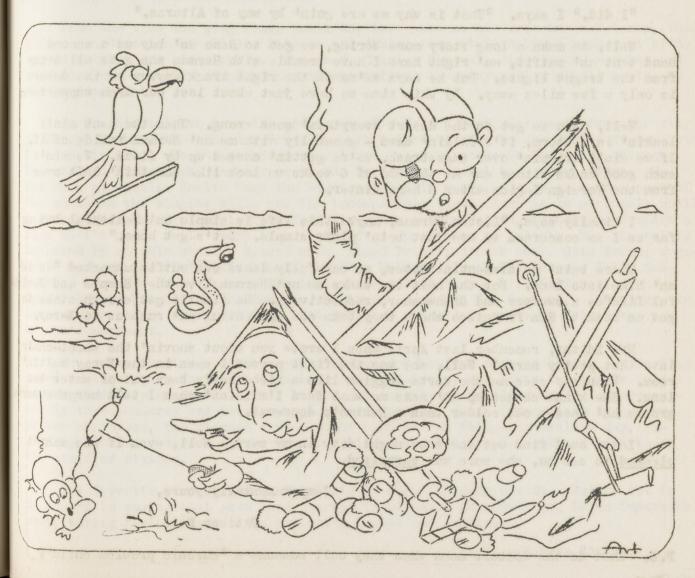
They're on Again!

ADVENTURES OF HERMAN & PETE

Dear Mr. Editor:

Well, I guess you'll be surprised to hear from me seein' as I ain't wrote you for 4 months but it ain't my fault as me an' Herman has been leadin' the "Simple and Healthful Life."

As usual, it's all Herman's fault. 'Long about last April, he gets hold of a book - "Wanderings of A Tbc Patient" or somethin' like that - and in this book the guy tells how he buys a tent and wanders off into the desert to lead the "simple and healthful life." So Herman gets all het up and nothin'll do him but we take off an' lead the S. & H. L. in the desert. I finally agree an' we check out an' head for Arizona. Bein' a little short of cash, we vamoose over to the Oakland freight yards and sort of occupy the interior of a box-car. (Did you ever try ridin' in a



hard box-car, no straw - no lights - no grub? Well - don't.) We're on a through freight and after we ride about 99 years we come to a stop an' Herman an' me don't know whether to get out or not. The problem gets solved for us by a tough lookin' bozo with a pick handle who opens up the car an' pretty near opens us up when he he finds us inside.

"Well, anyway," I remark as I pick myself up, "We're this much closer to Arizona."

"Arizona, you dumb ape!" growls the guy with the pick handle, "Since when is Arizona this close to the Oregon line?"

I look up at the depot sign. It says "DUNSMUIR, CALIF." I look at Herman. Herman looks at me. Then we both look at Pick Handle an' start walkin' down the track.

Well, it was a accident coulda happened to anyone an' anyway Arizona ain't the only place that's got a desert. I point out to Herman that we can hitch-hike over the Red Bluff - Susanville Highway, detour by way of Alturas an' go live the Simple and Healthful Life in the Nevada desert country.

"Why detour thru Alturas?" asks Herman. "That is 50 miles out of our way an' besides, I thought you used to live in Susanville."

"I did," I says. "That is why we are goin' by way of Alturas."

Well, to make a long story more boring, we get to Reno an' buy us a second hand tent an' outfit, an' right here I have trouble with Herman who gets all dizzy from the bright lights. But he says we're on the right track anyway as the desert is only a few miles away. By this time we have just about lost our arch supporters.

Well, when we get on the desert everythin' goes wrong. When the tent ain't leakin' in a storm, it's fallin' down - generally with me an' Herman inside of it. If we ain't trippin' over sagesbrush, we're gettin' chewed up by fleas. We ain't such good cooks either an' at the end of 6 weeks we look like somethin' left over from the Foreign Legion after a hard winter.

I finally says, "Listen Herman, maybe this life is simple an' healthful but so far as I am concerned we are just bein' plain simple. Let's get home."

There bein' no dissentin' votes, we carefully leave our outfit unpacked "as is" an' hike into Reno. For the next two weeks me an' Herman live the "Simple and Healthful Life" as a swamper and dishwasher, respectively. We finally get enough stake to get us back to San Francisco where they take one look at us an' rush us to X-ray.

Mr. Editor, remember last April when I wrote you about shovin' the wheel-chair into that pretty nurse? Well, she was the first person I seen in the X-ray waitin' room. When she sees me she sorta goggles like a fish that's been out of water too long. She kinda chokes up an' asks me what Ward I'm in an' when I tell her she sorta groans an' passes out colder than a Eskimo's door-mat.

Later on I find out she's on night duty in my ward. Well, even if she wasn't pleased to see me, she sure was surprised.

Temperamentally yours,

Patient Pete

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P.S. What do the doctors mean when they call someone a "chronic problem child"?

All new patients show a great deal of surprise and enthusiasm at the system of serving meals at Hassler's, and they never fail to comment on the diversified and appetizing menu. We had thought that for these reasons it might be of interest to our readers to know a little about the way food is prepared and served in a large, modern sanatorium. Most of us, due to healthy appetites, have been enjoying the new cafeteria and the excellent meals without much thought of what goes on behind the scenes. Perhaps we, too, could profit by added information.

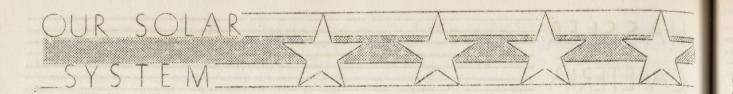
The dining-room has a seating capacity of one hundred and twelve. Two hundred and twenty-four are seated during meals which necessitates two consecutive servings. A separate diet kitchen serves seventy-five tray patients. The tables in the dining-room are the large, round mushroom type that seat eight persons. To glance into this cafeteria during meal-time would make it hard to believe it has any connection with a hospital. Patients serve themselves with trays and select their own food from a variety of dishes. They carry the food to tables of their own choosing and eat in a pleasant, normal atmosphere.

From the time the gong rings until the last patient has left the cafeteria, the hidden coordination of all the kitchen and dining-room staff helps the patient to be served quickly and efficiently. Our chef, Charles Simonel, directs the serving and has the responsibility of planning and supervising the preparation of all meals. He does a commendable job.

In Mr. Simonel, we have the advantage of a French chef, for he is from the city of Nancy, France, where he developed his art before he came to the United States, via Germany, in 1910. He has presided over large hotel kitchens in New York, Chicago, Detroit and Pittsburgh, and thence to the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. He has been at Hassler Health Home for eight and a half years, and is as much a part of the scene as the singing hills and the incomparable view. Just to be personal, we'll tell you that Mr. Simonel is five feet five, has a very French mustache, and wears a high chef's hat. He is every inch a chef from appearance to talent. Mr. Simonel is assisted by an able staff. Second cook, Lloyd Priest; dinner cook, Otto Brunn; vegetable cook, Anton (Duffy) Locksmith; kitchen helpers, Frank Hofrichter, Ellie Salvatore, Luna Mae Owen, Frances Groebner, Ernest Gilbertson, Bill Callahan, John Logue, Howard Pitchler, John Langsea, Gertrude Lynch and Rea Leonard. John Logue is head waiter on the staff side and Bill Callahan holds down the same job in the patients'department.

To survey the large kitchen you might wonder how and when to begin. It is like a modern laboratory in its spotlessness and efficiency, and every imaginable culi-nary implement is available. This kitchen is capable of handling meals for approximately three hundred and twenty people, three times a day. Today, including those of the employees, the kitchen serves eight hundred and fifty-six meals a day, including the meals served on the wards. This is handled by the combined efforts of the staff of sixteen.

The favorite time of day at Hassler's is when the gong sounds. We are all in in accord in saying that good food, served in pleasant surroundings, is an important contributing factor towards the patient's health and happiness.



Before delving into the abstruse mysteries of the cosmos, the amateur astronomer must first thoroughly familiarize himself with the structure and mechanics of a minute cog in the universal machine, our Solar System. Space does not permit the formulation of a detailed treatise. But, I am hoping that a general outline will awaken in some of you, the desire to seek further knowledge in the most fascinating of all sciences.

The Solar System consists of a central body, the Sun, around which revolve a retinue of attendant worlds. The Sun outweighs their united mass approximately 700 times; we can see two strong reasons for this great preponderance: first, in order that it should continue to supply light and heat to its planets during the vast periods throughout which their habitability continues; secondly, that its attractive power should far exceed that of its attendants that these should not disturb each other's movements to a serious extent. Any great change in their paths would be prejudicial to the well-being of their inhabitants. In speaking of inhabitants on other worlds than ours, we must take into consideration the possibility of existent life of some form or other regardless of adverse conditions. Another thing, if the planets were comparable with the sun in size, they would not cool sufficiently for habitability until it had long passed its efficiency as a dispenser of light and heat.

In all there are nine planets comprising the Solar System. In order, starting with the Sun's nearest neighbor, they are; Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto. In addition to these major planets there is a group consisting of several thousand minor bodies called asteroids or planetoids. The orbits of the majority of these minute bodies lie between those of Mars and Jupiter, though these limits are transgressed in both directions by a few of them. Some astronomers believe this cosmic matter to be the debris resulting from the explosion of a planet that formerly existed in the region now occupied by the asteroids. This planetary cataclysm was in all probability due to the tremendous gravitational pull of the planet Jupiter.

Six of the nine planets are attended by moons, or satellites, as they are usually called; the Latin word "satellite" meaning attendant. Our Earth has only one satellite, as has also Neptune, but the planet Jupiter has 11, Saturn 9, Uranus 4, and Mars 2. There are no known satellites of Mercury and Venus. Pluto is so distant and difficult to observe that no attendant body has been discovered to date. But the possibilities of it having a satellite are doubtful.

The Solar System also includes many comets. And an extensive amount of cosmic dust and debris that floats around in space, a small amount of which is occasionally captured by the gravitational pull of the planets. When the Earth captures some of this cosmic flotsam it ignites through friction on entering the upper reaches of the atmosphere, giving us a display of meteors, or shooting stars as they are sometimes mistakenly named. At one time comets were thought to be visitors from space that on leaving never returned. But since Edmund Halley's prediction of the comet of 1759 it has been known that they are also members of the Sun's family. Although some orbital periods may extend over a thousand years or more, they do return to bathe in the glory of the mother Sun.

We may divide the planets into three groups; that nearest the Sun is called the group of terrestrial planets; since all of its members resemble the Earth in having

cooled sufficiently to have solid surfaces. They are the inner group closest the Sun and, therefore, neighbors of the Earth. The Earth is the largest of the group. Its neighbor, Venus, is almost as large, but the others are much smaller. Mars, the outermost member, having one-ninth of the Earth's mass, Mercury but one twenty-seventh, and the Moon, which we may regard as a member of the group but one eighty-first.

The second group are the asteroids, which we have already discussed. Little is known about these tiny worlds, except that they are jagged pieces of rock tumbling end over end as they traverse their orbits through space. The largest is Ceres, its diameter is about 450 miles, a fifth of that of the moon. So we can readily see that due to their small size, and their distance from us, we are unable to study the surface of this group.

The third and outer group of planets consists of much larger bodies, with the exception of Pluto whose diameter is a little greater than that of Mercury. The largest of this group is the giant planet Jupiter, which outweighs the Earth 318 times, and weighs nearly two and one-half times as much as all the other planets put together. The gravitational pull of this huge orb is so intense that it has been known to deflect comets from their courses when they have come within the sphere of its gravitational influence. Following Jupiter in relation to their distance from the Sun are Saturn, which outweighs the Earth 95 times, Urnaus 15 times, Neptune 17 times, and Pluto whose mass is less than that of the Earth's.

The whole planetary group revolve around the Sun, each having its individual orbit. Each one also rotates on its axis. You will find their periods of revolution and rotation in the accompanying table, along with other statistical data of value. The knowledge of its contents is necessary before proceeding further in the study of elementary astronomy.

	ameter, I n miles	istance from in miles	Sun,	1	cion (a'day")	Revolution around Sun a "year"	Moons
Sun	864,100	20°4 pas and one are are and are pref	24	days	17 hrs.	gard and park had now pure now	
Mercury	3,160	36,000,000		days		88 days	. 0
Venus	7,850	67,000,000	30	days	(?)	225 days	0
Earth	.7,918	93,000,000	23	hrs.	56 min. 1	365½ days"	1
Moon	2,160	238,860	27	days	8 hrs.	27 days 8 hrs	-
	2000	(to Earth)				(around Earth)	
Mars	4,220.	142,000,000	24	hrs.	37 min.	687 days	2
Asteroids	500*	260,000,000#				4.8 yrs. av.	-
Jupiter	88,000	483,000,000	9	hrs.	50 min.	11.9 yrs.	11
Saturn	75,000	886,000,000	10	hrs.	15 min.	29.5 yrs.	9
Uranus	31,000 1	,783,000,000	10	hrs.	50 min.	84.0 yrs.	4
Neptune	33,000 .2	793,000,000	16	hrs.		165 yrs.	1
Pluto	3,500 '3	,666,000,000	unk	cnown		248 yrs.	0

Rotational speed at equator -- 18 miles per min.

Mean revolutional speed around Sun -- 18.5 miles per sec.

-- By Ray Jahnigen

Grant us grace fearlessly to contend against evil and to make no peace with oppression; and, that we may reverently use our freedom, help us to employ it in the maintenance of justice among men and nations. ——Book of Common Prayer, NTA

^{*} Maximum # Average

= HASSLER PERSONALS=

Borini:

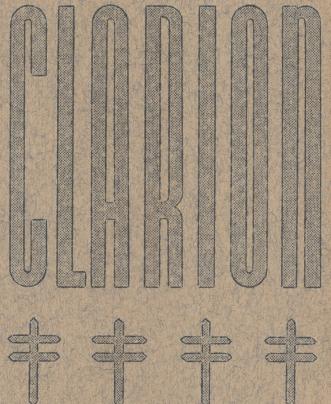
Bud Schreiber: Hope you get rid of that bum pin soon, so that you can join us. Howard Anderson Ward 29 Hello boys! It's fine down here. Thunder Hello Bud: No foolin', I will write soon! Mrs. Nelson: Hello from Johnny. Sammy: When are you coming back? The Mayor Bud Baker: How's about answering a guy's letter Al Wahlheim Joe Maglio: Hello! It's nice down here! Be sure to come down soon. Hi Ray: Send a picture of your incision, or write soon. Al Franklin Blackie Moore: Goodbye forever - It's the dream Baby Dumplings Loy John Fisher: Hurry back: We need another pedro player. Glenn Hunt Jeepers: So this is the year of the blue Creepers Hey. Frank: How about a game by remote control? M. Grahame

And now they say there are no blanks.

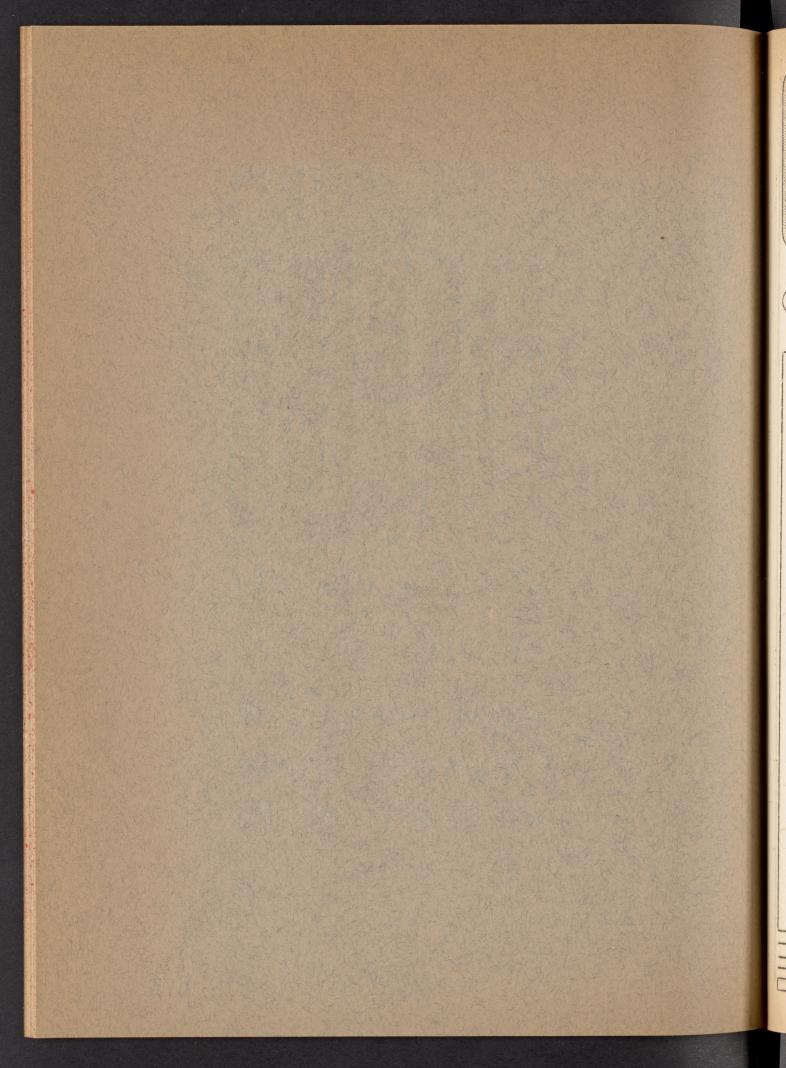
Welcome back, brother Louie. Sam, Andy, Thomas Winrott: How about a few lines? J. J. Flora: Take good care of my pet mountain lion. Jane What I wouldn't do for a certain "Tidbit" Patty, Dear Heart: Still 45 lbs. overweight. Love, Eleanor Hello to Dee and all the kids in "31" Rosanna & Claire Emile: Vitamins "A", "B", and "C" certainly did the trick. Etta What's the matter - pen broke? June Sherlock Holmes: How about coming down here and solving a few problems? Dr. Watson The Villain: Don't run out of ink - and pencil's okeh, too. It's fine dwon here. Come down so I can give you some more lessons in Chinese Checkers. Fung J. Fisher: How about the birds? Blake

VOL. 2-NO. 10-OCTOBER - 1941

University of California



HASSLER HEALTH HOME & TUBERCULOSIS DIVISION SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITAL



OCTOBER 1941

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THE EXISTENCE OF THE CLARION IS DEPENDENT SOLELY UPON FINANCIAL CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED FROM OUR READERS.

FIRSTANNUAL MECOMING

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TUBERCULOSIS BATTLE BEGINS By J. C. Geiger, M.D.

To trace the history of tuberculosis in San Francisco's past is to steer into the limbo of unrecorded facts. The hardy pioneers were too busy with their various interests even to record the causes of death in the early records of the City of San Francisco.

Tuberculosis was here, however, before the sleepy little Mexican town was taken over by the United States. Tuberculosis, vaguely described as a wasting disease characterized by a cough, had taken its easy toll of the Indians and Spaniards.

The first city record we have concerning health was in the Mexican law of March 20, 1837, Art. 16, which stated that the town was to take care of the public health, adopting, with the concurrence of the junta, the measures suitable for its preservation. "In the case of an epidemic they shall report immediately to the general government to the end that the latter may likewise report to Congress and that the necessary resources may be provided."

The early history of Yerba Buena was really that of the Hudson Bay Company from 1841 until 1846, when they disbanded and left. At that time there were 200 people living in the town and there were 50 buildings.

In 1846, San Francisco was formally taken possession of by Captain John B. Montgomery, Commander of the United States sloop of war, "Portsmouth," by whom Lieutenant Washington A. Bartlett was appointed chief magistrate or alcalde, which appointment was ratified by a formal election of the citizens.

Then came the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill and the stampede to the gold fields. In February, 1849, San Francisco had a population of 2000 people and three town councils. In 1850, a coroner was appointed and in 1851 we first hear of a health officer. 1850 was a year of tribulation for the city from a health standpoint. One Dr. Peter Smith contracted with the city for the care of the indigent sick. He was to be paid four dollars a day per patient. At the end of the year the city supposedly owed him \$64,431.00, which it refused to pay. Litigation followed, but the same year the hospital and its records were destroyed by fire, alleged to have been incendiary. It was in this same year of 1850 that on April 25th the City Charter was passed by the state legislature. The Board of Supervisors was organized November 14, 1856.

The United States Marine Hospital opened on December 10, 1852, at Rincon Point. This hospital kept records which are now available. By 1893, there were two government hospitals and an alms house with about 600 patients. One hospital was in the course of erection.

The growth of the city for the first few years after the discovery of gold was amazing. For instance, 36,000 people arrived in the single year of 1850. Only the strong survived. There were not even adequate living quarters, and life moved too swiftly for any concern about disease. The coroner's report bristled with records of violent death and there was a cholera epidemic which took a heavy toll. Tuberculosis received scant attention. Certainly there were few who were capable of making diagnoses. Many of the early medical fraternity were "doctors" by courtesy. A degree from a school was unnecessary.

Dr. J. H. Rodgers, health officer of San Francisco, complained, in 1851, that the physicians' nomenclature of causes of death was dubious. For instance, such causes as "atrophia" and "want of breath" were common. The most accurate statistics were from the Marine Hospital where out of 1200 admissions for the year 29 cases of death from phthisis pulmonaris were reported. In 1863, sanitary police were appointed. Thus, it may be seen that mortality statistics were incomplete and morbidity statistics did not exist. Slowly did changes come about. Not until 1897 was a uniform classification established of the causes of death. It was not until after the Hiscock Report of 1927 that accurate reporting of cases and kinds of tuberculosis was firmly established in the city.

In 1890, the health officer regrets that "many persons are admitted to the San Francisco County Hospital for various causes frequently contracting tuberculosis while there." This he greatly regrets, stating that there should be a seperate partitionat the hospital for the treatment of this disease because of its communicability.

Appropriations of money for health purposes were always difficult to get. Many excellent recommendations were shelved but little by little such things as separate pavilions for the care of the tuberculous, establishment of vital statistics, and weeding out of untrained doctors came about.

There is in San Francisco an unrecorded period of a few years following the great fire of 1906 in which statistics are not available. San Francisco's fires of early history have been many. Perhaps, to no small degree, these recurrent conflagrations have nelped to hold in check various types of pestilence and contributed to the gradually decreasing curve of mortality. It is also noted that following the great influenza epidemic there was a marked fall in the number of tuberculosis deaths. Perhaps this was due to the fact that many of the tuberculosis cases died during this epidemic.

The reported cases of pulmonary tuberculosis for 1940 were segregated by census districts with the result that three areas of concentration of cases are clearly defined. As is to be expected, the first in importance is the Chinatown area. The second is that district lying west of Laguna to Steiner between Fulton and Sutter. This is an area in which is found a large part of the Japanese and Negro population of San Francisco. The third district lies south of Market in an area of rooming houses occupied largely by single men - more or less a transient group. The remaining cases are rather evenly and sparsely distributed over the various residential districts of the city.

The tuberculosis death rate for the years 1906 to 1910 fell from an average of 209 per 100,000 to 133 in 1920; 112 in 1925 and 97 in 1929. In 1940 it was 57.3. 8.5 per cent of the total deaths from tuberculosis in 1939 were among the Chinese, who at that time made up 2.5 per cent of the total population. In 1928 the tuberculosis death rate in the United States registration area was 79 as compared with a rate of 115 in the state of California and 103 in San Francisco. In 1938, the rates were 49, 65 and 57, respectively. The most marked decrease in the years from 1919 to 1928 in non-pulmonary types was due to the pasteurization of milk.

At present, in a city with two outstanding university medical schools, many clinics dealing with diseases of the chest, a tuberculosis association organized in 1909 and composed of physicians and laymen interested in the eradication of this disease, there is no lack of interest in the epidemiological aspects of this disease.

The reports are encouraging up to a certain point. The results of therapy are excellent and there is no doubt that the treatment used tends to prolong the life of the individual coming under care. The fact remains, however, that the great majority who develop the disease and in whom the diagnosis is delayed represents the main

public health problem. Our greatest service, then, to the community is to prevent its spread by the discovery of those clinically active and by the arrangement for their isolation and institutional care.

San Francisco has a special problem because of its position as a port city. The Oriental population is heavily infected and has always contributed to the morbidity and mortality statistics to a great degree.

In a given community there are certain individuals who run more risk of developing diseases of the chest than others. Occupational hazard is well known. Workers in dusty occupations such as silica, felt hats, and mines may be rendered more susceptible to tuberculosis because of the fact that they are constantly breathing in irritants. In the case of silica dust, the lung tissue may actually be cut by inhaling particles. A great deal of effort has been made in recent years to protect workers in these industries. Employers have also sought to protect themselves by having prospective workers X-rayed or screened prior to acceptance in order to prevent the employment of persons whose lungs are already diseased.

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Another group which has been studied intensively for many years is the mursing profession. Although more men die of tuberculosis than women, the age group between 18 and 25 in women still shows an enormously high rate and one which remains persistently high in spite of drastic reductions in most of the other age groups.

The nurse in training is young. The ages of girls in training run usually between 18 and 25 years. The life is hard. One of the reasons so many nurses develop tuberculosis is because of the carelessness of the patient for whom they care. Sometimes the patient is not to blame. We know that in general hospitals there are many undiagnosed cases and any open case of tuberculosis is a potential danger for the murse.

Nurses are usually examined with chest X-ray prior to admission and at frequent intervals during their stay in the hospitals. About 45 per cent are positive reactors to tuberculin at the time of admission. This parallels the number of positive reactors in university students who are about the same age. In institutions where tuberculosis cases are cared for it is not unusual to have nearly 100 per cent positive reactors among the murses at the time of graduation. This can mean but one thing, namely, carelessness on the part of patients and poor technic on the part of the nurse.

Medical students tend to develop tuberculosis much more easily than other students. For instance, a report from Sweden two years ago showed that a man studying philosophy, religion, or political science had a 10-to-1 better chance to avoid developing tuberculosis than the medical student. This, again, is a matter of contact with the actual care and carelessness in technic. Medical students usually live under rather unhygienic surroundings and tend to work long hours, but this is often equally true of other students.

The draftees in the community offer another problem and also an opportunity in the prevention of disease. The care of tuberculosis and mental disease were the two greatest financial burdens after the last war. In this period of preparation there is both time and opportunity to effect a tremendous saving of life and money by the simple expedient of a chest X-ray for each soldier. The youth of the country for the first time in the history of our nation have been conscripted. This probably will be a permanent thing. This is the time to begin a vigorous and all encompassing program for the early detection and therefore prevention of tuberculosis spread in enlisted men.

All tuberculosis comes from other tuberculosis. To prevent tuberculosis means to discover the clinically active case and to isolate it. It also means educating

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the entire community in methods of prevention.

This brings up the subject of alleged racial susceptibility. Chinese and Negroes are often cited as being extraordinarily susceptible. There is some question as to this as a racial susceptibility because many other important factors enter into the situation. We know that primitive people who have never had any contact with the white man and his diseases are frequently decimated if tuberculosis is brought to them by colonists. For example, the American Indian and the native Hawaiian.

The theory has been that people long exposed to the disease work up a relative immunity. In that case the Chinese should be very immune. They are an old race. They have had tuberculosis for centuries. The Negro, on the other hand, may be compared with the American Indian. He was not subject to the disease in his native Africa until his contact with the white man.

The other potent factor in regard to both Negroes and Chinese in this country is substandard housing and poor living conditions generally. In San Francisco the tuberculosis death rate declined in a very spectacular fashion after the fire of 1906 when many old dwellings were burned. This is evidence, however, which is not by any means conclusive.

Education, better living conditions, and segregation of the active cases are the problems which confront us in the attempt to control this disease.

What of the future? Optimism at present seems out of place. With starvation facing a large number of people in the Orient and in Europe, with the unnatural migrations of a large number of refugees, we can expect an influx of infected persons, perhaps bringing new and more virulent strains of tuberculosis. There appears to be no doubt that immigrants should receive more detailed examinations as with X-ray or fluoroscope. There is a factor in this war never present before, namely, air raid shelters, which tends to raise the most sinister doubts in regard to tuberculosis. The adversities of bomb shelters such as crowding, bad ventilation and sanitary hygiene, absence of light, impaired nutrition, acute anxiety and an excessive exposure to all types of weather conditions, coupled with the almost impossibility of guaranteeing the absence of open cases of tuberculosis from these shelters add much to the problem of the reduction of this disease.

Machinery for the control of the disease has been prefected in the United States and in San Francisco to a degree never before possible and, therefore, with universal tuberculin-testing of cattle, pasteurization of milk, tuberculin-testing of school children, adequate numbers of beds for the isolation of those clinically active, and the provision of ample financial support by tax funds, the outlook should appear less dark.

These measures against tuberculosis, when adopted by communities and carried to some ultimate conclusion, represent sound economy in the expenditure of public funds, protection to the public and the home, and offer to physicians diagnostic aid and supplemental training in the prevention of disease.

(The above article was originally presented as a radio talk over station KSAN. It was given by Dr. J. C. Geiger, Director of Public Health, as the introductory paper on the new program, "The Tuberculosis Battle, sponsored by the Department of Public Health and radio station KSAN).



Information Alease

- Q.- Is it possible for a lung which is properly collapsed to become worse?
- A.- Yes, but in practice it seldom happens. After all, the factor of cellular resistance is the most important element in the cure. This is the reason many patients get well with no compression whatever.
- Q .- Could a patient show slight color in his sputum and still be improving?
- A.- Certainly. Even frank hemorrhage does not necessarily mean one is worse.
- Q.- When a successful thoracoplasty has been performed does that part of the lung which is collapsed atrophy or is there a chance of the lung re-expanding?
- A .- Thoracoplasty means permanent collapse.

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- Q .- What per cent of surgical collapse can be considered successful?
- A.- In the old days one-third. It is probable now that over two-thirds are successful.
- Q -- Would the presence of adhesions have any effect upon the amount of collapse in a thoracoplasty?
- A.- Not as a rule. Thoracoplasty is successful whether adhesions exist or not. Adhesions are present before most thoracoplasties are done.
- Q .- Do more diabetics develop tuberculosis than non-diabetics?
- A .- Not now. Prior to the advent of insulin this was not true.
- Q.- What is bronchiectasis? Can it be present with no tuberculous infection in the lung?
- A.- Bronchiectasis is a condition characterized by dilations of the air passages. Instead of being smooth like the branches of a tree they become distorted by disease and consequently secretions are retained in them. Tuberculosis is not the usual cause of this disease.
- Q .- What methods are used in treating bronchiectasis and is it curable?
- A.- This disease can be ameliorated by drainage and keeping one's resistance at a high level. True cure can only be attained by removing the involved portion of the lung.
- Q -- Is pulmonary tuberculosis liable to be more serious when silicosis is present?
- A.- Yes. It is more difficult to cure under these conditions.
- Q.- What is lipiodol and how and why is it used?
- A.- Various mixtures of bland oils and iodine are used to outline cavities, sinuses and the like in the body which would not otherwise be visible by X-ray. The oils are rendered opaque to X-ray by the iodine content.

Q .- Is it possible to have pleurisy without having tuberculosis?

A.- Certainly. Pleurisy merely means an inflamed condition of the pleura and it may be due to a wide variety of infections and injuries.

Q.- How might intestinal tuberculosis be caused if a patient is free from pulmonary tuberculosis?

A.- By swallowing tubercle bacilli, as with infected milk. However, it is rare without pulmonary disease.

Q .- How could pneumothorax cause blood-streaked sputum?

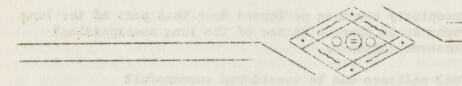
A.- Sometimes the needle punctures the lung and causes a little bleeding. Occasionally tension is produced on part of the lung and bleeding results.

Q. Does slowness of air absorption in pneumothorax mean anything? For instance, would a patient requiring refills every three weeks be improving more rapidly than one who required a weekly refill?

A.- Not necessarily. When patients have been taking pneumo for a long time and the pleura has thickened, especially if the lung has been kept fully compressed, the

the absorption of air may be very slow.

(Questions answered by S. J. Shipman, M.D., Chief of U.C. Tuberculosis Service.)



J. C. Geiger, M. D....

Dr. J. C. Geiger, author of the article "Tuberculosis Battle Begins", which appears on page 3 of this issue of The CLARION, was born in Alexandria, Louisiana, in 1885. He received his Master's and Doctor of Medicine degrees from Tulane University, in 1905 and 1912 respectively.

Shortly after graduation from medical school he came to California as Assistant Director and Active Director of Laboratories, California State Board of Health, and Acting Director Bureau of Communicable Diseases. His time since then has been devoted largely to public health work and research and professorship in epidemiology at the University of Chicago, University of California and Stanford University.

Dr. Geiger was appointed Health Officer for the City and County of San Francisco on October 1, 1931, by a special medical commission. With the adoption of the new charter on January 1, 1932, he was appointed Director of Public Health and has acted in that capacity since that date.

Our Director of Public Health is also a Lieutenant-Colonel in the United States Medical Reserve, and is affiliated with numerous medical societies and public health associations. He was president of the San Francisco County Medical Association and of the Morthern California Public Health Association in 1935. He has been given many honorary degrees and a number of decorations from foreign governments for his outstanding work in the public health field.

OVER KSAN By E. A. SCHAPER, M.D.

On Saturday, September 6, at 6:15 p.m., the first talk in our 1941-42 series was broadcast over KSAN, located on the top of the Merchandise Mart at 1355 Market Street, San Francisco. This talk was given by J. C. Geiger, M.D., Director of Public Health for the city and county of San Francisco. He discussed tuberculosis in general, dwelling to a large extent upon the history of San Francisco's Department of Public Health with special reference to tuberculosis. This excellent article appears in this issue of The CLARION.

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We are allowed thirty minutes on the air. The medical talk occupied the first fifteen minutes. The balance of the time was used in answering questions on tuberculosis which had been sent in by the patients of the Hassler Health Home.

The second broadcast took place at the same hour on September 13. Dr. George H. Becker, Director, Bureau of Communicable Diseases, read a fine paper on the subject, "The Control of Tuberculosis in San Francisco, Past, Present and Future." Many of the questions were about thoracoplasty. A convalescent patient who had had this operation one year ago and who is now working part time at the Hassler Health Home was brought along to testify in regard to his experience. I asked him leading questions and in his answers he told about his symptoms before and after the thoracoplasty, the length of time between stages, what he is doing at present and his plans for the future. This brought out the fact that thoracoplasties cure otherwise hopeless cases, symptoms disappear shortly after a successful thoracoplasty, a positive sputum becomes negative by this procedure, and that it is possible for a patient with far-advanced tuberculosis to become symptomatically well following this surgical procedure and able to resume a normal life once more. About thirty cards and letters came in following this broadcast, all of them heartily approving patient participation in the programs.

The third talk given September 20, 1941, by William C. Voorsanger, M.D., was followed by a question box dealing largely with pleurisy with effusion. One of our patients who is now a convalescent on six hours a day exercise and soon to return home was put on the witness stand. He told about developing fluid in his chest and having four liters of it removed, his activities at present at the Hassler Health Home and his plans for the immediate future after leaving the sanatorium. This broadcast also produced about thirty letters and cards.

Our announcer, Jack Patton, who has charge of our program told me the "Tuberculosis Battle" was the most popular on their station judging from the amount of mail we received. The manager of the station is so well pleased with the results that he has suggested putting our program out over their chain, which is known as the "California Radio System" and includes stations in Sacramento, Stockton, Fresno, Bakersfield, Hollywood, San Diego, Long Beach, Santa Barbara and Reno. It may be difficult, on account of advertising programs on other stations in the chain, to put ours out over all of these stations at once. However, Mr. Keplinger has suggested that we might make transcriptions of all our programs to be used on the stations which could not go on the air with our program at the same time as KSAN. In line with this thought, Mr. Keplinger has written me the following letter:

"Since the start of our program, 'The Tuberculosis Battle', I have given considerable thought to the great good that is being done in the dissemination of information through this series of programs. The grow-

ing popularity of this series with Bay Area listeners as evidenced by the constantly increasing mail response bears evidence to this fact.

"I cannot help but feel, however, that the array of talent which you have arranged is and will continue to broadcast information of such a character that a permanent record of each broadcast in the form of electrical transcriptions should by all means be made. I believe that the educational aspects of these broadcasts would make them most desirable for use on other radio stations in other localities, and inasmuch as it is possible to make recordings at a comparatively small cost, you are to my mind overlooking a tremendous opportunity for good in limiting the information given each week, to our audience alone."

In harmony with this suggestion, we have had recordings made of all the medical talks given so far and of the last two programs complete with medical talk and question box as well. It is proposed to use these recordings on other radio stations for certain school health educational programs, R-R-A meetings and conventions and wherever a good talk on a health subject may be in demand. There is no question but that a great deal of good can be accomplished in this way and the benefits of our local broadcast scattered far and wide.

Cards announcing our programs are being distributed daily by nearly one hundred public health nurses in San Francisco to the patients they visit. These cards are being sent out to friends and relatives by the patients of the San Francisco Hospital and the Hassler Health Home. We are asking various insurance companies, the labor unions and all school departments of the city and county of San Francisco to carry the announcements of our program, "The Tuberculosis Battle", in their announcements and other literature. A notice is to be carried in the bulletin of the San Francisco Medical Association each month. In this way we shall gradually bring up a large audience of interested listeners all enthused with the one idea, "The Eradication of Tuberculosis in This Country by 1960."

Our last talk in September was given on Saturday, the 27th, by Philip H. Pierson, M.D., Chief of Tuberculosis for Stanford University Medical School, on the subject "Causes of Tuberculosis, Sources of Infection and Portals of Entry". On previous programs. Jack Patton had been asking the questions while I gave the answers. For a change, on this occasion, I asked Dr. Pierson the questions and he answered them in his inimitable way.

I will say, in conclusion, that the results of our first month of broadcasting are very encouraging. I am more convinced than ever that we have started something which has infinite possibilities for good in our fight against tuberculosis. I know all the readers of The CLARION are interested in this experiment and therefore, from time to time, I shall make further reports to you on this subject.

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It is not within the power of the properly constructed human mind to be satisfied. Progress would cease if this were the case. The greatest joy in life is to accomplish. It is the getting, not the having. It is the giving, not the keeping.

I am a firm believer in the theory that you can do or be anything that you wish in this world, within reason, if you are prepared to make the sacrifices, think and work hard enough and long enough. --Sir Frederick Banting.

(Sir Frederick Banting, recently killed in an airplane crash, was the discoverer, with Dr. C. H. Best, of insulin, and a Nobel prize winner. The above is his philosophy of life as quoted by his colleague, Dr. Best, in a recent memorial appearing in SCIENCE.) ——NTA

THE SCIENCE OF = BRONCOSCOPY By PAUL C. SAMPSON -

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The science of bronchoscopy has developed within the past forty years. The first successful attempt was for the removal of a foreign body. In the early years of this new technique little attention was paid to the bronchoscope as an instrument for the diagnosis and treatment of pulmonary diseases.

The use of the bronchoscope in pulmonary tuberculosis has an even shorter history. Just ten years ago a nationally known doctor wrote an article entitled "Is Bronchoscopy Indicated in Tuberculosis?" Since 1931 a great amount of work has been done with this question in mind. Today we may answer this question without qualification by saying that bronchoscopy certainly is indicated in many patients with tuberculosis and, more emphatically, that it is often an imperative procedure.

It should be remembered at all times that bronchoscopy is a highly technical operation and should be done only by those who are skilled in passing the instrument, and who are able to interpret accurately what they see. There are only a few patients on whom bronchoscopy should not be performed and we never attempt to disregard those signs which are against this procedure. With these few exceptions it has been shown time and time again that bronchoscopy is not harmful to patients with pulmonary tuberculosis.

I wish to discuss briefly some of the reasons for bronchoscopy and what knowledge we may expect to gain by its use. One of our early interests was the discovery that there were various types of tuberculous infection in the mucous membrane of the trachea and bronchi. It was found that certain symptoms and X-ray signs suggested the presence of this type of infection. Most of the symptoms were due to partial or complete blockage of the larger bronchial tubes. Only by bronchoscopy, however, could the type and extent of this infection be determined. It was discovered that some of the bronchial lesions healed by themselves; but others spread and formed a serious complication to the tuberculosis in the lungs.

Many of these bronchial infections may be treated successfully through the bronchoscope. Small ulcers may be cauterized; tuberculous tumors may be removed to give better breathing space; and scar tissue strictures may be dilated. Of course, I do not need to emphasize that proper general care is invaluable. While the bronchial infection is being treated, attention must be given to the pulmonary condition at all times. Depending upon circumstance, it may be wise to collapse the lung; at other times, it may be better not to carry out collapse treatment until after the bronchial disease is controlled.

We know enough about tuberculosis of the bronchi so that it is not necessary to bronchoscope every patient who has pulmonary tuberculosis. In many clinics, however, bronchoscopy is used in the regular work-up of patients who are scheduled for major surgery, such as thoracoplasty, wax pack or extrapleural pneumothorax. This is an entirely reasonable procedure. As surgeons, we must take every precaution that needless or improper surgery is not performed. The bronchoscope has revealed unexpected conditions in the larger bronchial tubes which could cause complications in major surgery. At times all surgery should be postponed. In some patients the information gained at bronchoscopy is an important factor in deciding whether one, or another type of surgery should be performed. In general, we hesitate to perform major collapse operations if there are extensive ulcers present in the trachea or

bronchi. We prefer to wait until these ulcers have been treated and show some tendency toward healing, before going ahead with surgery.

It is particularly important to know if a fibrous stricture (or stenosis) is present. This condition may cause the patient great difficulty in raising sputum following an operation, thereby greatly prolonging the period of convalescence. If we know that a stricture is present from our preoperative examination, we have much less hesitancy in bronchoscoping patients shortly after operation, if there is any delay in their recovery. When a patient has a particularly small bronchial opening, I usually pass a bronchoscope at the completion of the operation while the patient is still on the table. The amount of secretion: which can be removed at this time is often astonishing.

Even with normal bronchial tubes, secretions may not be coughed up following surgery and atelectasis or airlessness develops. When a whole lung is involved, bronchoscopy often becomes a life-saving procedure.

In the past four years, it has been found that bronchoscopy has been of aid in solving problems in pulmonary tuberculosis other than those associated with tuberculous infection of the main bronchi. Time permits only a brief review of these problems. In pneumothorax it sometimes happens that a cavity will not close satisfactorily even though no pleural adhesions are present. Kinking and narrowing of the small bronchial tubes leading to the cavity may be responsible for this. It has been found that by the combination of bronchoscopy, shrinkage of the mucous membrane, and passage of curved suction tips, the cavity often may be properly drained and closure result.

Some patients with tuberculosis in both lungs may have what appears to be a good collapse on each side, but they continue to raise positive sputum. When confronted with such a case, bronchoscopy offers a ready means of determining the condition of the bronchi and of obtaining specimens of sputum from each lung separately. The advantage of immediately determining from which side positive sputum comes, is readily apparent when determining upon further collapse. In contrast, the collapse of the lung may be entirely satisfactory, but the positive sputum is coming from an undiagnosed tuberculous ulcer in the bronchi. In this instance, additional collapse measures are useless and the ulcer should be treated directly through the bronchoscope.

There are patients with pulmonary disease who are suspected of having consumption but in whom all tests for the tuberculous germ are negative. Usually we do not feel justified in proceeding with a long period of bed rest or with some type of collapse unless we can positively identify the tubercle bacillus in the sputum. Many times, by bronchoscopy, we can loosen the deeper secretions in the lungs and thus be able to make a definite diagnosis at once. On the other hand, patients have been confined to sanatoria in the past merely because of cough, sputum, and bleeding. In many of these, bronchoscopic examination plus lipiodol X-rays have proved that their trouble was bronchiectasis and not tuberculosis.

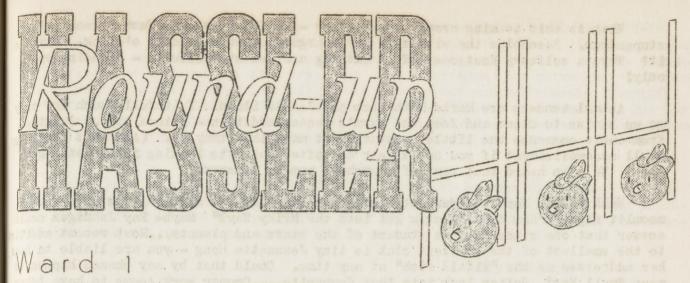
Finally, patients with tuberculosis rarely may have a bronchial tumor of some nature. These are being diagnosed more frequently and much earlier by the regular use of bronchoscopy. Obviously, the earlier we diagnose a tumor, the more readily and effectively we can treat it.

I will be the first to admit that bronchoscopy is not a pleasant procedure. With full cooperation of the patient, however, the examination will be accomplished with only passing discomfort. In skilled hands there is practically no risk. In general, the knowledge which we may gain is so useful that one may safely say, "The frequent use of bronchoscopy in pulmonary tuberculosis is one of the truly important advances of the past ten years."...

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Before we start on our news proper, we'd like to bid a fond farewell to ex-Mayor Shaw who did a fine job while in office, and to congratulate our new Mayor, Phil Casey, who, we are sure, is going to come up to the high standards set by Mayor Shaw. A white pansy to you Mayor Casey, we're all for you.

To prove that Hassler is an up-and-coming city of tomorrow, we'd like to advertise the dress department on our ward. Louise Ramsey is the proprietor of this fine establishment. Even an alteration section is included. Dora Adame is the head seamstress. Don't worry, girls, about entrusting your new purchases to her. She's had experience. Dora has the latest idea from the fashion centers on how dresses should be altered. The needle-and-thread idea is outmoded! All Dora needs is soap and water and the dress is transformed from size 16 to size 9.

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If a recipe for a "sugar-pie" is wanted consult our two proficient cooks, Marie Ducca and Eleanor Poggi. They spend every moment they have in this most delicate and difficult occupation...A pat on the back for Claire Finnell. Every morning finds her assiduously going about her duties of filling the water cups on our east porches for the humming birds.

Your two reporters were greeted by a heart-warming sight as they returned from a "monstrous" breakfast one morning. Petra Celedon was promenading up and down the porch after having private-roomed for a month...We can't help wondering what kind of glue Rosanna Hoyt and Claire Costantine use. They are inseparable companions. The government might be interested in the formula for a substance that has such tenacious qualities.

Welcome to the new arrivals - Ruth Davis, Josephine Stevens, Louise Ulbrich, and Angelina Martinez. Don't forget the laws of the land. With this little piece of advice we bid you a fond farewell.

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Mard 2 Another month, more scandal, so here goes - Dottie Hinman has hit an all time high when it comes to strange pets. She has taken to feeding bumblebees by hand. It's a very simple process. All you have to do is drench your hands with a little sugar water and then let the dainty monsters chew it off. So far, Dottie hasn't attracted much of an audience. Only Claire Fennell has offered to understudy Dottie. It seems on Claire's day out she admonished her little girl for being afraid of bees and assured her that if she stood still nothing would happen. Now Claire feels conscience stricken and honor bound to prove that it's so and if Dottie can do it, she ought to accomplish it in a couple of years.

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What is this teeming crowd? What cries - what goings on! Must be something stupendous. Resembles the situation at a bargain counter at nine o'clock. What is it? Why, a solitary Montgomery Ward catalog arrives at Hassler's - standing room only!

Animal tenders are Marie Mathewson and Jackie Sloan. Faithfully each day they go up stairs to clean and feed the farm's recent addition - guinea pigs. Judging from their comments the little creatures eat more than they do. (And that isn't any small accomplishment if you could hear how often Jackie is looking for something to eat.) We even heard that some of them have names, hmmmmmmmm.

WARD DRIPS: Vonnie Flynn put forth this query to one of the girls on a recent moonlit night, "How did the milk get into the Milky Way?" Maybe Ray Jahnigen could answer that one since he is a student of the stars and planets...Most recent addition to the smallest of the smallest club is tiny Jeannette Hong - you are liable to hear her addressed as the "little fish" at any time. Could that by any chance happen to mean Small Fry? Better look into that Jeannette...Copper work seems to have taken the lead down here as the most recent recreation. Claire Fennell, Norma Johnson and others have turned out some beauties...This Donaldina Tom takes her studying very seriously with what she calls her transfusion and intransfusion verbs...In the middle of Jackie Sloan's recent birthday party Betty Ryan rushed in and gave out with the startling news (which wasn't very startling to the baseball fans) that Portland had beaten the Seals 11 to 6. Said Jackie in a hurt sort of voice, "That's nothing. Marie Mathewson just beat me 24 to nothing!"

-- Evelyne Crueger

Here we are all comfortably settled in our new abode, and liking it too. We feel rather exclusive amid our new surroundings. Our aggregation comprises some very interesting and intelligent homo sapiens; some of their talents and characteristics upon which I will try to elucidate.

Starting with the northeastern end of our ward we find Porky Picetti and Walter Harada, keepers of the flasks, retorts and test-tubes in our laboratory. Porky is in excellent health and good spirits of late; in fact, he has become a bit kittenish. The change seems quite agreeable to him. Walter is still the quiet, unassuming individual, which is characteristic of his race; a perfect gentleman, and an interesting conversationalist.

In the same section with Porky and Walter are Elmer Horton and James Lee. Elmer is a bashful fellow, but can be stern when it comes to standing up for his rights. James has his hands full between being a painter and tending to his watches.

The adjoining room is occupied by Pete Basuino, naive comedian supreme; James Lund, who recently beautified the porch and chemical truck with his artistic manipulation of the paint brush; Alfred Loo, a valuable asset in the construction of our new library; Eddie Dadero, an immaculate dresser; and Sing Lan Fong and Louie Chung, who can usually be found playing either mah jong or Chinese dominoes.

Lodged in the next room with your reporter are: Barney Sands, our illustrious editor; James Fung, a really ambitious student; John Fong, who lives in hope of someday finding a flashlight battery that will last at least a couple of hours; and Leo Catelli, the stone-mason who adorned the landscape by the building of a wall near Dr. Schaper's home.

The solarium and last room houses Douglas Cand Calvin Lee, our capable librarians; Wing Lee, connoisseur of hair tonics, and always apprehensive about that mop of his.

I don't know why. He has enough hair to stuff a mattress, with an abundance left over with which to break a few sturdy combs; Victor Wong, that suave little gentleman whom we might call our mascot; Howard Anderson, who runs interference for the pinech-le players; and last but far from least, is none other than that naive knave and factotum, George Souza. George is really a man of numerous accomplishments: Sheriff, Registrar of Voters, Election Chief, Program Director, Master of Ceremonies, One Man Band, Song and Dance Man, Imitations, Gag Man, Publicity Agent, Mailman, Iceman, Garbage Collector, Mopper Upper, and Cleaner of Trays in the diet kitchen. Have you found any tips yet, George?

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tion ear to We've been hairing things of late. There seems to be much to-do about the new "hair-do" worn by Mrs. Matowick, who do's her hair in a new style. According to rumors, everyone considers the new "do" a great thing. And so Mrs. Matowick, keep doing your hair the way you do, and we'll all be dooly satisfied.

-- Ray Jahnigen

Ward 4 When Mayor Ed Shaw left us recently, he carried with him the best wishes of every Hasslerite for his continued good health and success in the business world. For some time Ed has availed himself of the opportunity of rehabilitation, and has studied watchmaking. He is at present doing work as a chauffeur while concluding his course, and there is a position waiting for him in his chosen field. Again we say, the best for you always, Mayor Ed Shaw.

That extra after-dinner hour of "up" gives us an opportunity to enjoy our big porch which is the scene of many hotly contested games of cards, checkers, and mahjong....Nick Braun is campaigning to represent the ward in Souza's quiz show....Victor Beltram has located his long-lost brother in Cheyenne, Wyoming, after eight years....Arvid Anderson, better known as "Souza's Little Helper" since assuming the position of Ward Postman.

Miss Watts reports increased activity in the recreation department, and she has trouble keeping all her workers in supplies; with such workers as Al Franklin, Peter Casey, Milton Duncan and Henry Lee going at a new high with their knitting, weaving, and leather work it may be necessary to increase the staff to "keep them flying."

With the opening of the fall semester of our high school, we find Mrs. Milani back after a vacation, and classes already in full swing. Ong Me On (Ming Toy) is having a hard struggle with his English but he manages to get help from his neighbors, and is showing satisfactory improvement...Reports are coming in that someone has been up to some childish pranks and Police Chief Goodman Loy is on the trail of the culprits with evidence that they are residents of Ward 2 and that one is decidedly blonde.

Charley Gercken is having his troubles trying to please all with the radio programs and with only one channel with which to do it....Ng Bock and Tom Fung back from a trip to town and reporting everything is booming along Grant Avenue....Howard Ho, the answer to bigger and better sugar-pies....Herb Dahl waiting anxiously for the green light that will send him back to his family....Goodman Loy and John Camillieri moving into the ward....And Frank Mullen wondering what to do with himself after baseball season closes.

Nord has just been received from Dr. Schaper that Hassler is to have a Home-coming Day on Sunday, November 9. We hope we will have the whole-hearted support of every patient so as to make this first Homecoming Day an event that will lead to making it an annual affair.

-- "Honest" Phil Casey

Ward 5 It's 5:45 in the morning. Faithful Old Sol's fiery face peeping over the distant hills bathes the ward with golden radiance. The sound of footsteps is heard - the nurse is on the temp-taking round. From out of the muffled conversations drifting up and down the ward comes the voice of my co-reporter unpleasantly reminding me that today is the deadline. The news report must be turned in to the editor. Thusly are we starting out on our first journalistic attempt.

Very successful in charming humming birds, Ernie Barkman has enlarged this hobby so as to include other species of wild life. On a small clearing across the road he places lettuce, apples and other choice tidbits each evening. Early every morning he arises to watch his menagerie partake of his offerings....The gossip committee consists of Bob Collins and "Frenchy" Chabot. Whatever these two outstanding young men fail to take up in their conversation just ain't worth talking about...To our surprise and delight one hot day, Walter Micholas plopped a large ripe watermelon on the table, produced a knife and proceeded to slice luscious slices. As he announced, "Let's eat, boys," we went out on the porch, leaned on the railing and ate our full while the fellows from the ward below looked on with their tongues hanging out.

Through perserverance and dexterity Anders Anderson has turned out an excellent product of basket weaving. Such a lovely piece of work one does not often find.... George Bassil-still finds time to putter in his garden even though he is a working man now....Terry Sheals says that his initial pneumo doesn't bother him a bit.... The potential adding machine instructor, "Wee Willie" Withers, wanted to go back to our "entry depot" but other arrangements have been made, much to his annoyance. Never mind, Willie, we all like you here.

It so happens that when our monthly floor show is staged some of the boys particularly "Holy Schmoke" Barkman, "Peaches" McPamara, "Stagedoor" Baker, "Stiff
Finger" Nimmons, "Chef de Cuisine" Roberts, "Let Me Sleep" Nagy - endeavor to obtain
very conspicuous seats so as not to miss anything that might interest them. During
the last show these "Peau Brummels" had one of their "most embarrassing moments" at
the hands of a certain entertainer. In fact, their physiognomies were redder than
the flag used to excite the bull. Ha! Ha! That this reporter wants to know is whether they enjoy being embarrassed or will they make themselves as inconspicuous as possible the next time? I wonder?

Joe Novkovich, the quietest man on the ward, is a very interested spectator when it comes to card games. We are all agreed that there is no better relief player to be found...Reno Dal Balcon and Bob Edwards manufacture very beautiful leather products...I hear that Al Walheim is quite a Chinese checkers player. Few opponents take him down the line. So they say...Earl Hammon is another amateur sweater maker. Although he has had to ravel his last creation, he has regained confidence and is now going ahead in fine shape...Almost every morning Tom Barberich comes back from his morning hike with a little cottontail in his arms. With their friend-ship established, he releases the little fellow and fondly watches it go lickety-split into the brush...Joe Keenan is quite a pinochle shark. The boys have to know their game to play against him...John McKenna is back with us again after having quite a sick spell...Fred Reynolds still insists on kibitzing in cribbage games, especially when Leon Lym plays. Ask Leon about the cribbage term "skunk". He will be glad to give the necessary information.

"Ma, is this right?" "Ma, can I do this?" "Will you get that, please, Ma?" These questions plus a hundred more are directed every day to our beloved "Ma" Poole, the practical nurse on our ward. A more congenial and generous person is difficult to find. "Ma" is one of the hardest working employees. How she finds time to do all the kind deeds she does is a mystery. May you have continued good health and luck, "Ma"!

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HASSLER ELECTS A MAYOR PROMI ELEGRA RENOL PROMISE. MR P. CASEY CONGRATULATIONS MAYOR ROSSI DOILE PENO The winnah THE SEN RENO Chiquila -Goodman

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Ward 5 B Most intriguing mystery of the month in this area is the identity of the rather sinister looking individual who claims to be a direct descendant of the League of Nations. He claims to be registered here under a false name, his real monicker being Ivan Ivanovitch Carlos de San Jose Pierre von Petrushki. Principal occupations of this gentleman are dreaming of the "day" and mumbling through his mustache about new bomb formulas. He seems to have "Ma" Poole rather worried.

In line with the President's recent speech ament the international situation, we're trying our best to formulate a definite foreign policy for Ward 5 B. As the situation stands, we definitely resent the intrusion of gunboats, submarines or "flying fortresses" in our particular bit of heaven. (Hassler authorities please note plug.) While we are not averse to occasional long-range bombing, any blitzkrieg attempts will be met with a decidedly disdainful attitude. 5 B is determined to preserve its independence at all costs. Of course, if the office should send a battle ship or two around, we can always explain that we were just foolin'.

Ward Awards: The blue ribbon to the following; Ray Sheehan, D. P. (Dr. of Pushology) for the graceful manner in which he carries out his duties; the person who removes the phrase "Ain't that a lulu!" from the English language - thereby rendering Johnny McDaniel speechless; Alfred Foley, young, always hopeful and the ward's most consistent "behind the eightballer"; Ival Powell, for his far-sighted business acumen (even if they did turn down his application for slot machines); Mrs. Stevenson, for tossing back the wise-cracks as fast as they're dished out; Miss McBride for helping out the ward reporter; Burton Chabot and Ed Nesbitt for keeping things lively in the northernmost portion of the ward; Frank Wolf & Co. for doing the same in the other end; EXTRA AWARD to the person who stops the liquid penmanship of "Doddle-Brains" Merril each morning.

George Morton swears by all that's holy that he likes to have the dentist drill on his teeth. Well, there's no accounting for tastes, as the farmer said when he kissed the cow...Many of us could take lessons in maintaining our dignity, while being a good sport, from young Allen Chee...Personal nomination for ward philosopher, Gus Hohn...About 15 different systems worked out by the ward in general for completely avoiding the waiting line at meal-time - none of which work, of course.... Random thought: why do some ward reporters babble on and on when they should have sense enough to call it 30?

-- James Cook

Ward A Egad, men, what'll we write about? Now that our little community has rightly assumed its place as the Athens of the peninsula, our modest little "editorial" will presumably blossom forth into something of a journal of critical opinion. And your reporter doesn't know Wagner from Benny Goodman, or a Rembrandt from a Podchernikoff. Why only the other night our friend from Missouri, Glenn Hunt, returned from the Beethoven recital just bursting with enthusiastic comment about "Beethoven's Five Movements". To quote him directly: "If that don't take the rag off the bush."

Seriously though, the cultural renaissance receiving the most gratifying response from the rank and file are comments such as came from Chu Wong on the proposed Bach society, to be under the direction of George Souza, and are typical of many: "The thing have tremendous possibility." On a different sector of the cultural front where the plans have been drawn for the construction of a Globe Theater to produce unabridged Shakespeare, enthusiasm has likewise been good. "Pancho" Accari, the notable Broadway (North Beach) figure, was moved to exclaim, "It'll wow 'em," while feling for the outdoor amphitheater (seating thousands) for symphonies under the stars is still on the upgrade. Oh, yes! We almost forgot, Latinists will meet with Mike Flynn in room seven across from the diet kitchen, that is, when the elevator is busy.

Now we will get the juicy items for the army of gossip hungry CLARION fans. First of all, we report the loss of those two sterling characters, Johnny Sklavos and George Rea. Good old George, everybody misses him. Really the envy of everyone was that fine head of black, curly hair. What was it George, that daily, sixty-second, record workout that brings out the natural oil?...Alexis P. is speaking once more, after his voice rest. Now he can hit his stride at pedro again; and it might be added, that he is starting to win now. Luck is a funny thing, yes!...Joe Fong, well-known Grant avenue figure, has moved to 5 B with all the others in class 4 F who eat in the dining-room. Good luck, Joe!

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We are glad to welcome the following farmers to our ward: Gun Dong, Amile Tregood, Lee Kissell, Alfred Ferrer, Louie Oy, Barrie Gunderson, Haung Fong, Frederico Accari, Myernatsu Ichizo, James Brown, James Dye, Fong Mee Sun, Thomas Cannon, Ralph Artabello, Emeterio Rillero, John Price, Ted Brown, Paul Ruiz and Lee Lay. Welcome and Happy X-rays.

-- John M. Grahame

Ward by I'se regusted. Five times I have started to write some news for The CLARION and here I am still trying. Where to start, what to write and whom to write about?...Last month we ran a small article about Jesus Arranello. When The CLARION was given out, little Jesus was so tickled he just had to show each and everyone. We envy him the sunny disposition that is so natural with him. He just enjoys any and everything.

Mike Flynn is now one of our private-roomers. He is a sociable boy but he studies Latin - think of it. Reminds us of the story about the fellow who finally caught the bull and didn't know what to do with it....Louie Borini has returned to Hassler after a short trip to the San Francisco Hospital. He was glad to get back here and says he appreciates the place twice as much. But he misses the "People's World."

That old sage Tony Corda certainly knows how to handle the nurses and doctors. We have studied the old master and tried it in practice, but do not get the same result....Wesley Thomas let a tank fall on his big toe. With all the grief of it, he thinks Tb. isn't so bad after all....Thomas Burke, A Muny carman, is a new arrival in our ward. Tom has a cheery word and smile for everyone; more power to him.

Lew Jung Chin is our nomination as the solitaire champion of Hassler. We know Chin plays honest because we have watched very closely. He is also a champion in other ways too....An Alaskan fisherman and stevedore: that is Henry Brunwald. In his day, Henry had many and varied predicaments but he admits that the toughest has been with the old bug. Keep showing the old perseverance, Henry, and we will lick the bug together.

Getting farther down the ward we come to the sports' section which features Fred Blake, Walker Weddington, Prince Johnson, Wyler and others who are following the Dodger's and Card's battle for the pennant. The biggest question being settled down there, however, was whether or not Cy Young, old time pitcher, had pitched over 500 victories in the big leagues. Cy pitched 510 victories, believe it or not! ... Before closing we will have to tell you of two new arrivals - "Mouse" Murphy and Charlie McClellan. Both affable and easy to get along with... And a word about Pop Sandberg, that congenial gentleman, who always has a ready smile and a "thank you" for everyone.

-- George Kelly



The following were discharged from Hassler since last publication date and take our good wishes with them: Jennie Law, Yvonne Yee, Grace Foon, Joseph Doyle, Earle Santee, Robert Silagi, Chiyoko Matsuzaki, Chung Fook Low, and Herbert Dahl.

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Staff Static Health Home, who has been absent for a year on military leave which has been extended due to the national emergency, has been transferred from sunny California to a land where the days are long, and heavy clothing is in order. We wish him well!

Prosperity is no longer a "round the corner" byword for Mesdames Wang, Larson and Latour. These three nurses are now the proud owners of shiny, new gas chariots. Miss Wang owns a new blue-green Ford, Mrs. Larson a green colored Dodge and Miss Latour is to be seen behind the wheel of a brown Hudson Terraplane coupe. Happy driving to you all!

Our best wishes for a speedy recovery to Mr. Frank Lasco, head gardener at .
H. H., who is, at present, in Ward One - San Francisco Hospital - convalescing from an injury to his knee. Gobs of gladiolas to you from the staff and patients.
May you be back with us soon.

Roy Mahon, a popular orderly on Ward Six, will answer the call to the colors at the end of this month. Our loss is Uncle Sam's gain! (Plug). Roy has placed an order for his CLARION to be forwarded to him - he wishes to keep advised of Hassler happenings. The feeling is mutual! Let us hear from you, Roy.

Those of the staff who are vacation bound this month are Mrs. A. Dodson (who, incidentally, has been a nurse at H. H. H. for 13 years), Mrs. N. Harrison, a nurse recently transferred here from San Francisco Hospital, Miss Helen McBride, Mr. Bill Calahan and Mr. O'Brien. We hope you will enjoy your much deserved holidays!

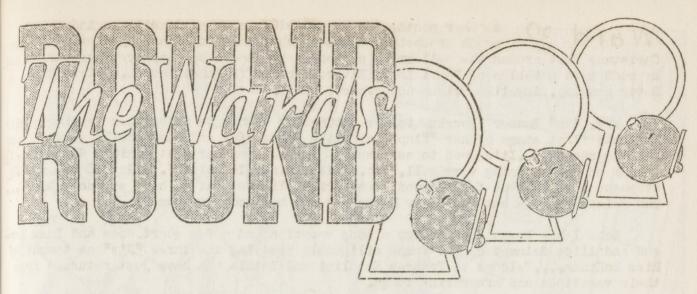
Believe it or not! We have with us this month no less famous personage than Robert Taylor - Dr. Robert Taylor to you (and me). Dr. Taylor, who, by the way, has been kind enough to play many of the records from his extensive collection for the enjoyment of the patients, is one of this month's internes; the other, and no less illustrious of these two gentlemen, is Dr. J. Hamilton.

Mrs. R. Milani, one of our Hassler school teachers, is welcomed back from an extented vacation by her pupils and the staff. Mrs. Milani will doubtlessly miss the shining, eager faces of Chiyoko Matsuzaki, Earle Santee, Jennie Law, Yvonne Yee, and Grace Foon when she calls the roll this term. Aforementioned young ladies are among those who have returned to their homes and former schools. We are depending on you to uphold the high standard set by the Hassler School - remember the Honor Roll!

The CLARION staff wish to offer their apologies to Bertha Caire for omitting her name from the list of employees in the article published last month. Forgive, please!

What is man? An engineer answers: A self-balancing 28 jointed adapter-base biped. Specifications include: electro-chemical reduction plant, segregated stowages, storage batteries, hydraulic and pneumatic pumps, motors, crushers, cranes, telephone system, turrets, telescopic and microscopic range finders, spectroscope, air-conditioning system, sound wave and direction finders, diaphragm, reference files, etc. (Dear reader, how many of these mechanical gadgets can you identify in your own body?) NTA

Captain Davies, commanding a London bomb disposal squad has been presented with a stethoscope by the staff of one of the hospitals. Previously he often borrowed one to listen to the ticking of delayed action bombs before he had them removed.



Ward 31 As we go to press your roving reporter has finally taken post in room 5 & 6 from whence our news will reach you (not so) hot off the wire. Incidentally, we are glad to inform our public that said room 5 & 6 has hung out the S.R.O. sign since the addition of Virginia Fitzpatrick and Mary Bauder to our fold. After a sojourn in the solarium they have been promoted (or demoted), depending upon where you live.

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Now some news joyful to Ward 32 but sad to all of us. She packed up and left. Who? Our former reporter, Rusty Halverson, and is she missed!....Others who have left us, but for that most favorable destination - home, are Mary Lee and Birdie Kemp. We wish them both lots of luck and continued good health. Their places on the ward have been taken by Lois Weber, Marie Resendez and Mae Mollett. We hope their stay will be short and happy.

It used to be "Jack of all trades", but now it's "Jo of all trades." Besides hair-cutting, Jo Dahlin is now in the purse manufacturing business. And very good at it, too, if we do say so ourselves. Talent seems to run in the family as her sister, Rena Morenco, is a doll maker par excellence. The shoes she has made for the doll look like the work of a cobbler.

Solarium Jottings: We're not worried about the future of Gen Shields, what with all the experience she is getting taking orders. She surely gets around. All of which reminds us of food, the subject on which Jeanette Neyer can speak with authority....Lillian Young and Kit Austad are members of the literary circle - noses always buried in books.

Ask Ruby Johnson, Lupe Tovar, Mary Liban and Rose Diaz how they enjoyed their passes. And while still on the subject of passes, Mary Bauder also had a day out recently and spent it, of all things, opening her mouth for a dentist. After taking her share of drilling she went her way and purchased a new Webster's Dictionary — the excuse being that she had always wanted one. Now we're trying to connect dentists and the inspiration for buying a dictionary and it just doesn't make sense.

Popularity runs high where Anne Borjas is concerned. She had a nice write-up in her neighborhood paper not long ago. We can certainly see why...Originality plus arrived in the form of a package to Katherine Anderson. The package, when opened, revealed seven individually wrapped presents. One for each day of the week...Greetings to our swell new interne, Dr. Karl Schaupp, Jr. And we add our congratulations now that it is Dr. and Mrs. Karl Schaupp, Jr.

Ward 32 Another month, another CLARION, another deadline. And this month crocheting seems to have taken the ward by storm and with Christmas just around the well-known corner there should be many pretties turned out by such ward notables as Pearl Leon, Elvira Jordanoff, Ethel Warren, Helene Rice, Betty Manning, Angelina Briano and Frances Kelly.

Mrs. "Bo" Bunner (Norrine to her intimates) wishes to inform her waiting public that the first stage of her "flap" was quite successful and that she'll soon go back for the second...It's good to see Isabel. Driskell on her feet again. She's finally gotten an up and doing very well, too. Nice going, Isabel !!!...Ruth Davis and Jo Stephens have left us for Redwood's wonderful climate that we hear so much about... The welcome mat is out for Rusty Halverson who has come up from 31.

School has begun again after a long vacation and a few short ones and Lucy Moreno and Alice Salamat can be found diligently studying the three "R's" as taught by Miss McKinne....Welcome to Frances Natalini and Lottie who have just returned from their vacations and are rarin' to go.

Goldie Parazoo borrowed the National Defense picture "Maggie and Jiggs." To try and bring out the artist in her, she is seriously at work on scrap books...Congratulations to Sadie Fernandez and Catherine Olson who have both received "uos". It's good to see you two girls so well....It's nice having such a quiet patient as Virginia Hansen on the ward. We hear that she has won a camera and we expect to be sitting for a portrait soon.

It seems like old-home week with all the student nurses from St. Joseph's, St. Mary's and Franklin Hospitals coming up to see us. We hope they'll come up often as we really enjoy seeing them....Claire Tracey has been very busy these days making pompon rugs - and now she's knitting a very lovely sweater. Such ambition....Alice Salamat, one of the ward's younger girls, is sporting a lovely diamond set in old, old gold that means engagement.

Agnes Johnson is making dogs that are perfect duplicates of "Pluto" and to us they look like gifts for some one....Father Clarke brought his aunt and sister up to meet the girls on the ward. He is also very proud of the fact that he has three nieces....Gladys Poon has been making good progress and is getting very industrious....Mildred Hudanish, one of our practicals, is sporting a new purse and seems very proud of it....We're very glad to have Margaret Fay back on the ward to help make us comfortable and hope her stay will be long.

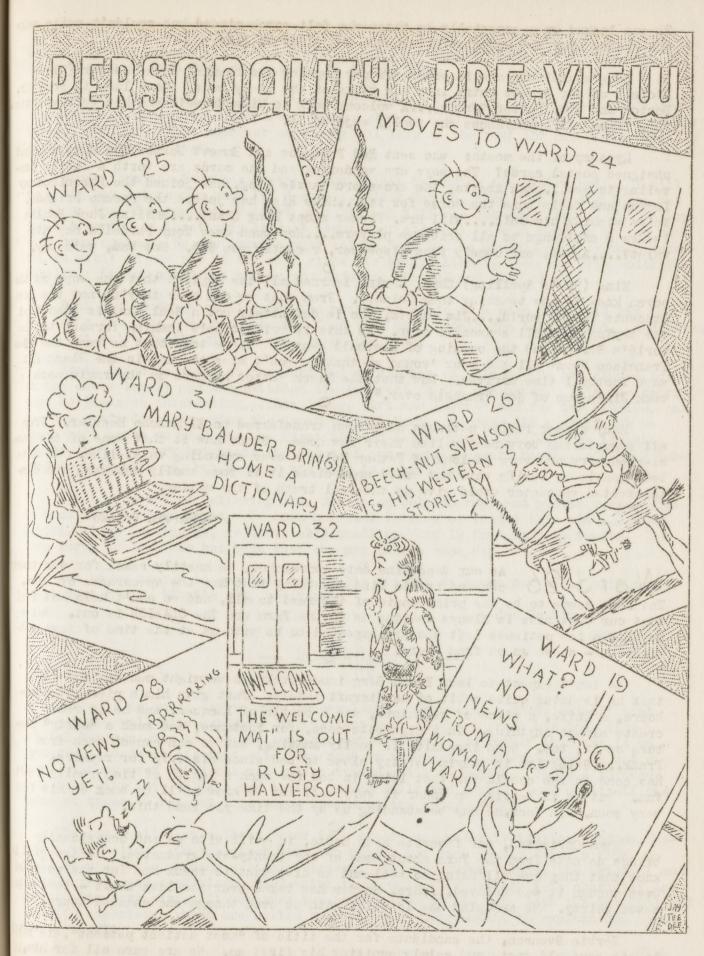
Congratulations to Dr. Fahlen, the proud father of another baby boy. We have the inside information that he prefers boys to hair-pulling girls...Mary Smith is out of a private room and back in the solarium - looking right pert...After a visit with her young daughter, Marie King, all smiles and happiness, came back with a weather forecasting flower. Marie is now the official "weather man" and every morning we get our report on how it will go in sunny California this day....And so the end of another month.

-- Ginger Mario

Ward 24 Due to the rapid turnover of patients and the graduation of all former ward reporters a very unsympathetic editor has unceremoniously told us to "give" with some news. We're not sure what constitutes news even though we've heard the old chestnut about a man biting a dog. But then we've botched other jobs ere this.

It's all over but the shouting. We were half-way between coming and going but finally arrived at our new roost in Ward 24. Some few tears were shed when good old

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at old 25 was locked up - especially by those who felt porch-minded but couldn't quite make the grade. Our new position gives us a new slant on life.

Congratulations are in order for our popular and beaming house doctor (Elsa Bickel) on her recent entry into the ranks of the newly weds. Good luck to you, Mr. Doctor and Mrs. Doctor Gordan...A welcome back to Miss Crowell who has been vacationing. From all appearances she really enjoyed it.

Mystery of the month: who sent Red Portolos and Emmett Norton the humorous but unsigned postal cards? The boys are wondering and the cards are worth a little traveling to see...Max Abeyta, the crossword puzzle king, has joined the Phrenicotomy League and feels none the worse for it...Mike Rigo has joined the Pneumo Brigade. We're wishing him well...Will Mrs. Fisher adopt King Chan?...Smiling Jack Paulis issues a challenge to all cribbage players...How much does Tony Pardella pay his valet?...Agnes, our comely food dispenser, recently won \$25. Not bad, we'd say.

King (How's Spelling) Chan, having learned all the English that the boys on the porch knew is now teaching them Chinese. From what we can hear they're not the best students in the world...Jim Cuatto, who is definitely not a Seal fan, is glad that the trying baseball season is over. As this is written he's looking forward to the World's Series and the opening of football season. We're told that he buys the "San Francisco News" all the year 'round so that he won't miss the Man in the Black Hat when football time arrives. Now that the Black Hatter appears on the radio each week Jim's cup of joy "runneth over."

Many of our fellow patients have been transferred to El Rancho Hassler. From all reports the boys really like their new home. Rumor has it that some of the Hassler porkers are very jealous of Father Dolan's ever expanding waist line. We have been unable to verify this and would appreciate it if some wholly unbiased and disinterested spectator would give us the real truth of the matter.

--Marvin Drisko

As our dead-line date approaches, we hastily reach for our trusty pen and try to find something that has the appearance of news. The Farm seems to be the prime topic of interest to all, and we can't help but feel that our best news is always beating us to the Farm ere The CLARION is out. But we do find a few patients left who are expected to be with us at the time of next publication - so we go on from there.

We don't expect to lose Frank Berg immediately so we might mention the fact that he is doing quite a bit of handicraft lately. Just give him a piece of cardboard, a knife, a piece of celluloid, and a bottle of lacquer, and he is ready to create almost anything. That cigarette case, for instance, and such a "purty" picture on it, too. Such ingenuity is really amazing, but we can expect such from Frank.... Swing Low is staying pretty close to bed since his trip for repairs. He has come to the conclusion that lying in bed for such a length of time really isn't fun. But he is bearing up under it very well and we know he'll be back on his feet very soon. In fact, he may be standing up by the time you read this.

Mama Christian, our favorite head nurse, is still with us and occasionally brings us news from the Farm about some of the twenty-six graduates. We are glad to know that they are all doing so well and we also want to thank her for the postcard even though it was delayed...Mrs. Snyder has taken over the late shift - twelve to seven thirty. We are glad she is still with us even though she changed hours.

Herbie Svenson, the candidate for the title of "most patient patient", is still in his same old spot, and calmly awaiting his first up. We are sure all for him,

and we hope it's very soon. We should buy him a cowboy suit to wear on his first excursion around the ward, for those western stories are beginning to show on him. He's read so much of Zane Grey you can see it in his hair.

Charlie Childress and Clyde Curtis are back on our ward again after practicing the duties of orderlies elsewhere. We are glad to have them back and were it not for Curley, who gives this reporter an occasional trip to the roof for his daily sun, I'm afraid we would be lost.

Rumor from the Farm has it that Jack Wilcox is adding the avoirdupois. You'll be a big boy before you know it, Jack!..., Walter Harada, also down at the farm, was heard on the "Tuberculosis Battle" over station KSAN one Saturday night. We are hoping his period of inactivity is just about over and that he will soon be on the outside once again...We see Armando very seldom now, but he doesn't have as much occasion to visit on our end of the ward since his buddy, Kisset, took the trip south to Hassler. Kisset moved out and is now enjoying the Redwood City clime.

Suki Yuki Suenaga still gains the pounds in spite of a cold that held him in bed for a few days. He can eat more food than most people can think about. And often too. But we're really glad to see him on the mend.

Ernie Cuneo is still on the ward but we see him so seldom. He has slowed down on the chess lately and has switched his interest to the newspaper. It's the sports page he finds so interesting....Art Baker, "Art and Layout" man for our CLARION, can be seen every day delivering the paper to Suki Yuki. He sure did a swell job on those page heads we used for the first time in last month's CLARION. He is quite clever, and his work brightens the pages of our magazine every month....Charlie Schlund is back with us, but we hope his stay is very brief.

After a period of relieving Mrs. Nelson as heliotherapy and pneumo nurse, Mike is back with us once again. We hope her stay is more prolonged this time...Miss Feicht, since leaving us, is quite ably handling Ward 19 from four to twelve. We were sorry to lose her but hope that she may return some day.

And so we hasten to conclude our feeble attempt to carve our niche with a pen. Until next month, "That's all, brother."

-- Joe Donlin

There is no quick way to cure tuberculosis. There is no short cut-off that will get you well more quickly. The patient must learn to treat his body like a careful business man treats his bank account - store it up rather than use it up - conserve it and not dissipate it. The road to recovery in tuberculosis is not a level highway over which one can gallop triumphantly to health. It is a tortuous lane that dips into valleys and twists around hills and doubles back on itself and seems at times to run out like wagon tracks in the woods. --NTA

The same soil that without water is a desert may under irrigation produce lux-wiant vegetation. On the other hand, no matter how much we may water a rock, we shall be unable to produce a single blossom. So with human beings, the original materials vary, and conditions under which those materials develop into character and personality vary also. It requires the combination of the two, both the material and the life experience which are called heredity and environment, to explain man as a whole. ——NTA

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HERMAN & PETE

Dear Mr. Editor:

I wasn't here for long after I wrote you that letter last April (the one tellin' you about me an' Gertie) but I know you respected my confidence and didn't print it. This here letter's another confidential bulletin, so to speak, an' I'm relyin' on you to treat it as a sacred trust. The fact of the matter is, I've been made a chump of an' I'm not anxious to have people get wise to it. Fact is, most people consider me pretty smart.

I don't need to give you three guesses about who's at the bottom of my trouble. An' when I catch up with Herman I am going to give him a punch in the snoot that he will remember for some time to come. I know you've visited Hassler a lot, so I don't need to tell you what the place is like. I've been down here a month now an' I'm still kinda impressed with everything. However, I am still goin' around with a very sheepish look on my face and avoidin' all my former friends. For two or three days I just hid out in the hills and wouldn't talk to nobody.

I know this state of affairs will surprise you so I'm goin' to tell you how it happened. Last month Herman leaves for Hassler about a week ahead of me and I make a deal with him to write and give me a line on the place so I'll have some idea of what I'm walkin' into. Well, after a couple of days he sends me a letter givin' me the lowdown and it was the advice in that letter which proves my undoin'. I'll just quote you a couple of the things he said so you'll get the general idea. He writes, "Pete, we are in a very rugged and frontier country down here where men are men and the income tax is something you just read about in the papers. Come prepared to meet nature in the raw." Well, he goes on like that for several pages an' by the time I finish the letter I decide to go downtown an' do a little shoppin' to get ready for Hassler...which I proceed to do.

Well, I ain't goin' into detail about it but it was pretty awful after we get down here. In the first place, I won't believe the driver when he tells me this place is Hassler because I can't see no stockade nor Indians. After he finally convinces me, I go up to the desk to check in my property and here is where I get mortified. By now I realize Herman has done me dirt again an' I don't like to think of what's gonna happen when the nurse examines my baggage. I go on into my ward an' just sit on my bed, feelin' plenty low, an' sure enough in about ten minutes I hear puzzled cries an' questions. The orderly comes in an' says the nurse would like to see me, so I follow him out, feelin' very unhappy indeed. The nurse looks at me kind of funny an' says, "So this is Pete!" Not bein' able to think of anythin' else I say, "Yes, ma'am."

"Pete," she says, "I have a list here of what you brought down with you. I'd like you to read it over carefully and tell me if you did bring this....this stuff down."

Well, I know I'm in for it now but I know it can't be helped so I start readin'the list in a kind of wobbly voice: "I pr. heavy logging boots, African sun helmet, I fire making set, I coal oil lamp, I hunting knife, I pr. snow shoes, 2 bear traps, bow and arrows, I heliograph...."

Right there the nurse interrupts me an! says, "That's enough, Pete. I just

wanted to know if it was you or me. Go lie down now and put some ice on your head. By the way, what was the heliograph for....to signal for help in case the natives attack?"

By now I am much too mortified to speak so I just shyly nod my head. But pretty soon I get over feelin' mortified an' I just feel mad. The more I think of Herman's unprincipled actions, the madder I get an' if they would just tell me where they have hid Herman I would create a Hassler vacancy pronto for some deserving citizen at 23d. st. Everybody treats me nice an' kind but you can see it's more pity than anythin' else and people still give me a wide berth on the sidewalk when they see me comin'. Well, one thing, I don't worry about my lung condition no more. If I can survive my present reputation it'll take more than a tuberkle basillus to get me down.

Yours very disgustedly,
Patient Pete

P.S. I am sendin' you my Boy Scout hatchet under separate cover as I find out they don't gather firewood down here.



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UP TO DATE TREATMENT

When we compare the newer methods of treating tuberculosis with the old, we find today's "fresh air and rest" in contrast with yesterday's "climate and food." By the old-fashioned methods employed in the treatment of tuberculosis, we know great stress was laid upon the latter - especially food - which was eaten in huge quantities. Stuffing with a rich diet of milk, cream and eggnog, in addition to the regular, large and nourishing meals, was the order of the day. Some of these early sanctoria encouraged omnivorous appetites, and went to the extreme of forcing the patient to eat until he was compelled to leave the table and spew out some of the intake, then go back to another session of gluttony with his Gargantuan quota of food. "Eat your way out!" was the slogan. Rest was of secondary importance. Today, rest and fresh air take first place in our battle with the White Plague. It may be bed rest or mechanical rest induced by surgical procedure, but rest we must have if we expect recovery. And as for air - well, fresh air can be had anywhere and certainly is not dependent upon a certain kind of climate. The important thing to remember is: keep the windows open and don't worry about soiling the curtains.

It is sometimes difficult to make a new patient understand that "rest for the tuberculous" is not to be compared to, or confused with, "the loafing of the healthy. We are taught that getting up and out of bed every few minutes for a look-see out the window is not resting; nor is reading, writing or excessive talking conducive to recovery. These are only to be indulged in when the disease is well under control. Some sanatoria isolate their new patients for short periods in private rooms where they experience "strict bed rest." From then on the progress made in combatting the disease governs any additional privileges granted. Of course, some patients will be allowed more exercise than others. That is "rest" for one patient may be termed as work for another.

I would like to reminisce a bit about some of the tuberculous whom I knew in my home town more than twenty years ago. Most of them made the customary fadeout from the vicinity; I can remember but few coming back - and these, with few exceptions, went the way of the stay-at-homes, west. The public, apparently, gave the matter little thought. It seemed to be regarded as the private affair of the patient, his family and doctor, and his friends. Like hanging or going to jail, it was something that happened only to the other fellow - so why worry about it?

Further retrospection on the scenes of my youth brings to mind several cases, some of which are particularly vivid in my memory. Now please remember, this was in the days when consumption was bluntly called "consumption" and phthisis had not yet been adorned and commonly tagged by the public with the post-war and more refined appelation - tuberculosis.

Her name was Mrs. Tudd. And she lived next door. She went around ailing with what she referred to as her "misery." But somehow this did not stop Tuddy from keeping her household in good order. She was a hard-working woman who scrubbed and clear ed, cooked and sewed for herself, her three children and husband. Even the Sabbath did not mean a day of sleeping-in-late for Mrs. Tudd. Sunday morning meant getting up and helping her three daughters prepare for Sunday-school. This, often, after a hectic and late session with Mr. Tudd, who generally arrived home on Saturday night plastered to the gills. Mrs. Tudd was tall, skinny and scrawny; she had a cough which shook her withered frame; but she generally managed to hold her own with the old man. However, there were times when she failed to dodge a well-aimed fist, and

she carried the reminder around for days in the form of a split lip or black eye. We, next door, could hear the sonorous and potvalient voice of Mr. Tudd, on these occasions, bewailing the fact that he had a no-good and lazy wife. This alluded to an occasional and badly needed afternoon rest by Mrs. Tudd. How she managed to hang on to life, lingering on under such adverse conditions was a mystery to us. Her chile dren, however, grew sickly in their early teens and shuffled off this vale of tears. Unfortunately, they did not show the resistance of their mother who even outlived her husband by a year. He, poor soak, died of a heart attack abetted by a generous amount of liquor on one of his Saturday night sprees.

And, then, there was the man in the next block that we, as children, were so afraid of. Everytime we passed his little tent we held our breath, afraid that we, too, would catch "that awful disease." In the light of our present day knowledge he was the one of whom we should have been the least afraid. I guess it was the sight of his little "tin cup" that really got our goat. He carried it around with him, and everytime he coughed he raised it to his mouth to expectorate. He was being careful and considerate of others but it set him apart to what might be termed ostracism.

Looking back, there was an awful lot of tuberculosis in our town. However, at the time, I did not pay much attention, or realize or care. It was not until years later when my lungs, too, fell under the spell of the bacilli that my interest was aroused. With thousands of my contemporaries I have shared apathy, callousness and indifference to the disease and those afflicted. The next case proves my assertions to yesterday's public neglect and lack of interest in this disease and its associate miseries.

He was one of the young lads with whom I played during grammar school years. On a scorching hot summer day I was over at his house. (We are being rather euphemistic about it to call it a nouse, for it really was a shack - a dilipated hovel.) The doors and windows were wide open, flies were buzzing around the room, and insects were crawling on the floor; a dirty floor devoid of rugs. In one corner of the cheerless room there was a cot on which lay the emaciated figure of a woman in her early thirties. There were just the boy and his mother, charity cases now that she was ill; and we might add, the meanest kind of charity. Living in this miserable hut, hot and uncomfortable in the summer, freezing cold in the winter, with an absence of convenient sanitary requirements - the water pump and toilet in the back yard; and with lack of proper medical attention for the mother, the conclusion of this story is all too obvious.

Unless one has a very good home or can afford private doctors and mursing care, the writer would say, from personal experience, that a sanatorium is the place best suited for getting well. Walk into the average sanatorium. (But first get permission, unless it is a regularly scheduled visiting day. Most sanatoria are strict about visitors. It is claimed that too many visitors create excitement, and this, of course, is not good for the patients.) When you get in you will be surprised to see so many healthy looking patients; in fact, most of them look more rested and heavier than the average man on the street. "And most of them are getting well!" There are more optimists per square yard in a tb sanatorium than anywhere else on earth. You ask about Joe in number nine. "Five years did you say?" Joe will most likely look you square in the eyes and say, "As soon as these blankety-blank lungs of mine are hitting on both cylinders I'll be back on the job again!" But you make a wry face and say, "But five years....." However, this won't squelch Joe. "Shucks, that ain't nothing, I've hardly had time to get acquainted around here."

Luckily they aren't all as bad off as Joe. Periodic health examinations are in force in most of the factories and business firms. Early diagnoses via the health examinations in the schools and colleges help to stem the tide of advanced cases. This, of course, gives the doctor an opportunity to get something done for the pa-

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ght ne tient with quicker and more lasting results. After the patients leave the sanatorium they are generally closely watched through the medium of periodic examinations by the clinic or doctor in charge. If the case is caught in time no loop-hole is left open for relapse; the powers that be are aware that "a stitch in time saves nine." Figures show that this routine has had good results. According to figures by the United States Bureau of Census the death rate from tuberculosis has declined from 125.0 per hundred thousand in 1912 to less than half, when in 1935 it was down to 49.8 per hundred thousand population. From the latest figures obtainable we find the reduction of deaths has fallen to approximately 46.0 per hundred thousand population. With these figures in mind we hope the mopping-up process will begin in the near future.

Most patients are willing to cooperate with the medical officer and the authorities of sanatoria and clinic. There is a closer bond between patient; doctor and nurse in places of this kind. After all, these institutions are not just hospitals and sanatoria to the staff and patients there. They are a kind of home - for unlike the average medical hospital, medical treatment is not the only thing the patient receives. Besides the medical side of it there is the recreational side, especially for the ambulatory and convalescent patient which includes movies, craft work and libraries. There is often a school for children of school age, and many an adult is supplied with correspondence courses by the federal and state bureaus of education and rehabilitation. Various kinds of church services are usually held, and comparatively speaking, the convalescent and ambulatory patient leads a life which is free from an isolation complex - and yet completely aware of his isolation.

-- Barney Sands.



THE CLARION

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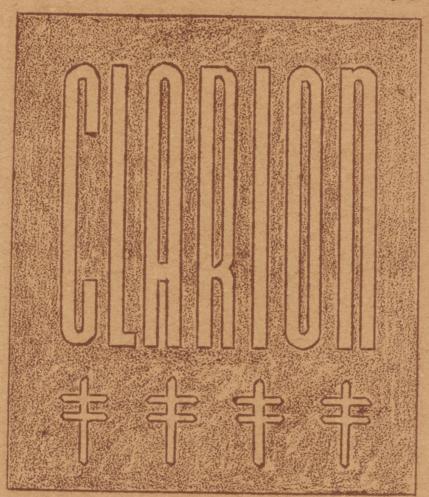
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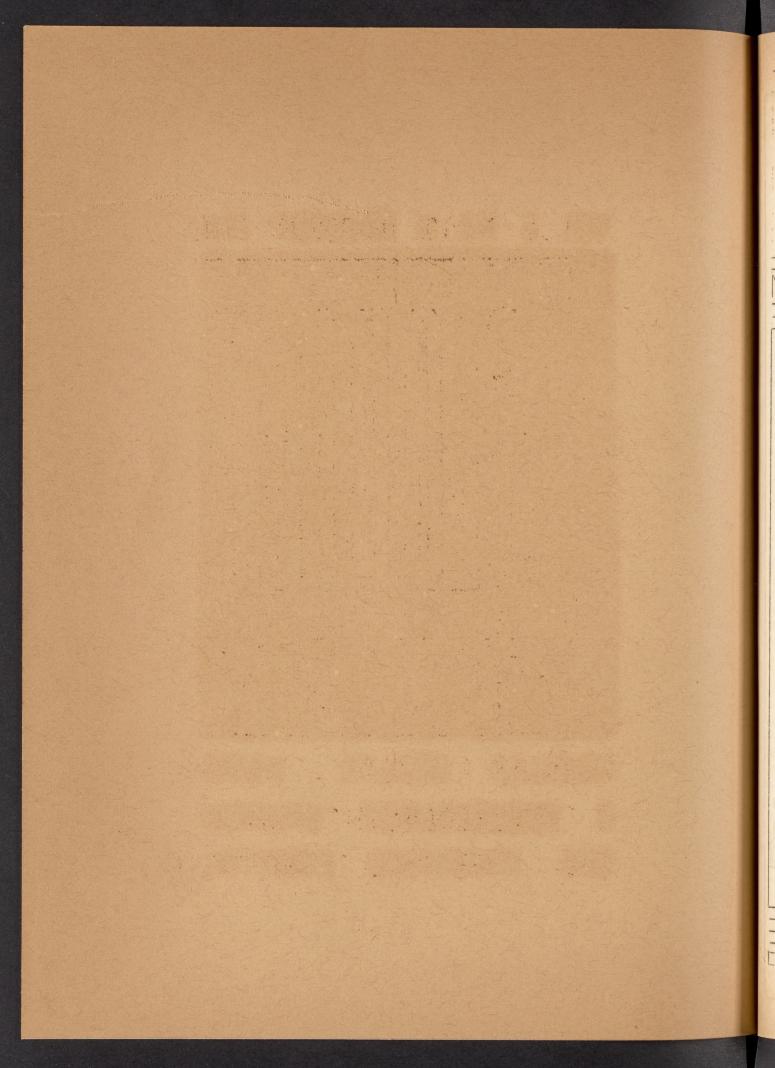
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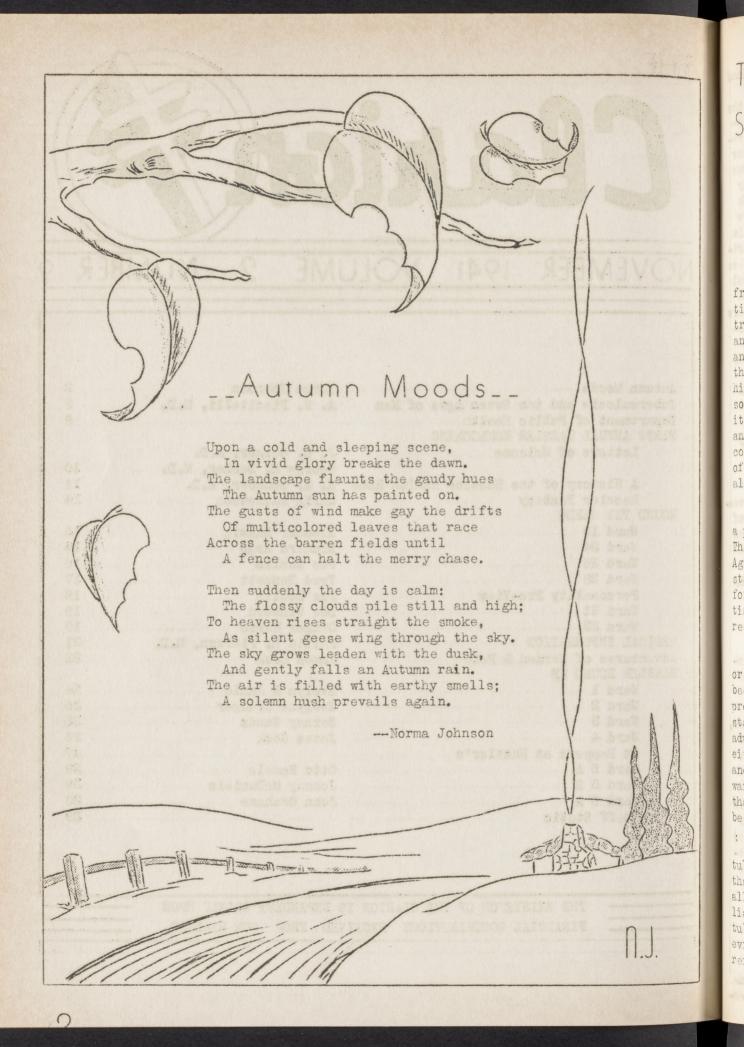


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THE EXISTENCE OF THE CLARION IS DEPENDENT SOLELY UPON FINANCIAL CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED FROM OUR READERS.



TUBERCULOSIS AND THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN By A. M. PISCITELLI

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages..."

One day a white-faced, tense young woman came to the Chest Clinic with a note from her private doctor explaining that her baby had had a positive tuberculin reaction and should, therefore, be hospitalized. The poor, young mother explained in a trembling voice that the doctor had said things about impending galloping consumption and tuberculous meningitis, and then she broke down and cried. The baby was the pink-and-white type that you see on magazine covers. We took a chest plate and found that the baby had enlarged glands in the chest and nothing more. We did not hospitalize him. This was seven years ago and he still comes to the clinic every six months or so and is perfectly well. One phase of opinion on tuberculosis in children is that it's invariably deadly. The other view can be illustrated by the case of another woman who was sent to the Chest Clinic for a check-up because a private doctor had discovered tuberculosis in her husband. I suggested that we check her baby as well and offered to do a tuberculin test. "Oh, no indeed," said she, "my doctor told me that all children under one year are immune to tuberculosis."

With such divergent views held even among physicians it might be well to discuss a prosaic phase of tuberculosis: How it affects mankind during his various stages. This is the idea behind the amazing and poetic title: "Tuberculosis and the Seven Ages of Man". Before taking our infant and following him through Shakespeare's seven stages we must first obtain a clear view of the two general types of tuberculosis, for then we shall understand why, at times, tuberculosis can be so benign, and at other times, so disastrous, and why the two physicians quoted could have such apparently irreconcilable views.

First of these is the <u>First Infection Tuberculosis</u>. This is a primary infection or hilum Tb. It is commonly called childhood tuberculosis but this is a bad term because it presupposes that only children can acquire this type and this is an improper supposition. It is not a protective Tb. infection at all but simply the first stage. Second in our classification is <u>Reinfection Tuberculosis</u> commonly called adult type. This may be either acute or chronic. The acute form may be found in either children or adults; it may be miliary tuberculosis or tuberculosis pneumonia and is usually fatal. Chronic tuberculosis is the type usually seen in the adult wards of the hospital and you are all familiar with its signs and symptoms. Notice that age does not enter into this classification for either type of tuberculosis can be acquired at any age.

All that is necessary to diagnose a first infection tuberculosis is a positive tuberculin reaction. Of course, we investigate further but a positive reaction shows that the body tissues are sensitive to the protein of the tubercle bacillus. Like all biological tests it's not 100 per cent perfect, but it is probably the most reliable test we have in medicine. When the test is positive it is good evidence that tubercle formation is present somewhere in the body, but unfortunately, it gives no evidence as to the location or extent of the focus, nor whether it is a primary or reinfection process.

In 1907 Von Pirquet, in Austria, did a large series of tuberculin tests and



found that 80 per cent or more of children under 15 had positive reactions. Other workers followed suit in large cities and found that at least 90 per cent of the adult population showed evidence of tuberculous infection. Because of this great proportion of positive results it was concluded that the test was useless after the age of infancy. The test, if not discredited, was considered an interesting piece of research with only academic value. But often seemingly useless research proves to be of great practical importance many years later. (Benjamin Franklin's friends used to watch him askance and wonder what was the use of all the electrical phenomena he produced. His kite-flying and endless observations might be of interest to the philosophical society but of what use were they? He said, "True enough, but of what use is a baby?") Anyway, many years later, in 1924, a man named Slater in a rural community in Minnesota decided to do a series of tuberculin tests and to everyone's surprise, he found only 10 per cent positive. With this low rate of positives the test has a great practical value. All negative reactors can be ignored as having no tuberculosis infec-

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tion so that only the relatively few positives need be followed. Now the test is very popular and millions are done every year in older and older age groups. Every year, since the incidence of tuberculosis is going down, the incidence of negative tuberculin reactions goes up.

The symptoms of first-infection tuberculosis are too unspecific, vague, and evanescent to help us much. The child may have an acute cold or a fever, or symptoms of pneumonia, or perhaps no symptoms at all. It is the history which is important. Has he been exposed to tuberculosis as we commonly know it? If his tuberculin is positive we X-ray his lungs, for the germs have a tendency to lodge in the chest. The plate may show enlarged lymph glands or a small patch of infection, or perhaps nothing at all. After all, the germs may have lodged in other organs of the body. As it is, the person with first-infection tuberculosis always gets well regardless of the treatment. The children who die of pulmonary tuberculosis don't die of firstinfection but of reinfection disease. You may wonder, then, why we have two children's wards in the hospital in which most of the children have first-infection disease. Most of these boys and girls could get well at home, but they're sent to the hospital because home conditions may be inadequate or because the child happens to be particularly frail. Most of the patients with primary tuberculosis are seen in the Chest Clinic and they look no different from non-infected children. You may ask, but if it's 100 per cent curable, why bother to watch them even in clinic? We must watch them for it is these children, one in five, that develop the reinfection type and it is for evidences of that, that we follow them.

Reinfection tuberculosis is as different from the first-infection variety as if the two phases had been caused by a different organism altogether. A few months or years after the first infection heals the patient acquires reinfection tuberculosis: either he breaks down and reinfects himself or he acquires tuberculosis from an outside source. The new process may show itself as (a) an acute tuberculosis which is usually violent and fatal, or (b) a chronic tuberculosis, the infection with which you are all familiar.

"....At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms...."

Thus we come to the first of the seven ages of man and its relation to tuberculosis. Please remember that tuberculosis is not hereditary. Babies that have tuber-

culosis aren't born with it, but have acquired it from contact with tuberculous parents. Tuberculosis is a family, rather than a hereditary disease. If a member of a family, or a person who comes into the house to live, contracts tuberculosis somewhere, he can unknowingly infect the rest of the family. We always ask a patient whether or not any one in his family has had tuberculosis. Some patients are insulted by this question and loudly vociferate that their blood is not tainted, that they come from healthy stock.

Since infants are free from tuberculosis at the time of birth, they must acquire the germ in order to develop the disease. While the infant is nursing, droplet infection may occur through coughing or sneezing, or through fond relatives and friends who think they must show their affection for babies by hugging, squeezing, and kissing. The first infection takes from three to six weeks to develop and may occur in any organ of the body, but most commonly in the lungs. As a rule the symptoms are mild, and may be overlooked and the baby quickly recovers.

Whether his first infection is too small for discovery, but shows in the tuber-culin test, or whether it gives evidence, he must be carefully watched for reinfection tuberculosis. This reinfection may occur within six weeks, or not for many years, or not at all. Once in a while, regardless of treatment, the bacilli lodged in the first-infection focus burrow into the blood stream and scatter throughout the body causing a miliary tuberculosis; or they may reach the covering of the brain and cause meningitis and it is this acute, hopeless, but fortunately uncommon variety of tuber-culosis that the first mother mentioned in this article, was so worried about.

The prognosis of first-infection tuberculosis is excellent: 100 per cent are ceured. In 1930, in New York City, 5000 of 123,000 babies were infected by the end of the first year of life as shown by the tuberculin test. Of these, only 75 died of tuberculosis, not from the first infection, but from the reinfection variety. In this country as a whole, the infant death-rate due to tuberculosis was 1000 per 100,000 living babies in 1868, but by 1929 it was reduced to 39.

"And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school...."

As the child grows older he makes more contacts; he has more activities and associates, some of whom may have communicable tuberculosis and, therefore, the chances for infection are increased. Among the poorer classes, because of crowding, there is more infection. In some parts of Philadelphia,60 to 80 per cent of the children tested reacted positively. In other parts of the same city only 10 per cent reacted positively. Now let us check on the number of positive reactors in our own city. In the

San Francisco Hospital Chest Clinic the rate was 45 per cent, a high rate because so many of the children had been exposed. However, the incidence of contaminated children is decreasing from year to year. For example, Minneapolis in 1926, 47 per cent of the children reacted positively, and ten years later, only 17 per cent.

The first infection affects children in exactly the same fashion as it does infants. There are
few or no symptoms and no special treatment is necessary as a rule, beyond the good hygenic care, balanced diet, and long hours of sleep which all normal children should receive. The important thing
is to find the source of their infection. Just as
in infants, the outlook of first infection tuberculosis is excellent. The remote outlook isn't so





good because about one in five of these children develops reinfection tubérculosis later on during adoutlescence.

School children can acquire both the acute and chronic forms of reinfection disease but the incidence is surprisingly low. Why the resistance is high during these years we don't know, but fortunately, it is so.

"....And then the lover, Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad Made to his mistress' eyebrow...."

Exposure to tuberculosis is just as dangerous at this age as it is in infancy. Of course the individual resistance varies. Some people with slight exposure quickly succumb and others despite prolonged exposure show only a positive tuberculin test and nothing else.

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Adults don't live in a charmed circle of immunity. They're as likely as children to acquire a first infection. And of course at this age, what with high school or college, and increased social activities, the chances of exposure are still greater. The nature of the first infection in young adults is exactly the same as it is in infants and children; that is, it's a benign disease. It's so benign that therein lies the danger. For it is among those who have had the first infection that the reinfection cases start.

Beginning with adolescence, the incidence of reinfection disease (to repeat, pulmonary tuberculosis as we commonly see it) increases rapidly and becomes the menace of society causing more misery than any other disease. For the next thirty years of life it is the first cause of death in the United States. It kills three times more young people of 20 years and under than all other contagious diseases combined. Just why the tubercle bacillus waits until this age to begin its chief attack on the human family no one knows. Some attribute this to the development of the sex organs, some to changes in metabolism, and others to the stress and strain of life at this age.

"....Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden....in quarrel...."

The two types of tuberculosis affect mature people in exactly the same way. If exposed to open cases they develop the first infection type just as children do. Our former head nurse in the Chest Clinic had a negative tuberculin test when she first took charge. A year later the test was repeated, and it was positive. She hadn't missed a single day of work and was wholly unaware of having acquired her first infection. Reinfection during mature life is frequent but after the age of 25 or so the resistance slowly rises so that the outlook improves with age.

"....And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut....
The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank..."

We will group Shakespeare's fifth and sixth ages of man together and talk about tuberculosis in the older ages. Many older adults who are in contact with tuberculosis scoff at the possibility of acquiring it after the age of 50. Unfortunately

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this view is held all too often by the mursing and medical profession. Myers in his book tells the following incident:

"A public health nurse said that she had always been taught that tuberculosis does not exist in the human body after the age of 50. A few weeks before she had arranged for a tuberculosis clinic in her county, and one man of approximately 55 years, with symptoms which seemed suspicious to her, was invited to the clinic. But when the clinician looked at the record he said, 'We are too busy to examine people of this age; they never have tuberculosis!."

The reason popular opinion has ascribed immunity to older people is that the disease runs a mild benign course and is often diagnosed as asthma or bronchitis. However, when the sputum is examined it is frequently found to contain large numbers of tubercle bacilli. Because of the tendency to smoldering disease you can well see the danger of an apparently fairly healthy but coughing grandmother.

"....Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing."

I shall never forget the 83-year-old woman who entered Ward J with a pleural effusion. Because of her age the whole staff suspected cancer. When the guinea pig report came back as tuberculosis there were loud exclamations of surprise.

And so we trace tuberculosis through the seven ages of man. "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." But man in his search for learning changes the scenes in this drama. As the scenes change the role that each must play becomes a more pleasant one. As time passes the incidence of tuberculosis goes down and down - and with the equipment that modern science has given us it will one day be eradicated from the "world's stage."



What kind of a school teacher does America need? She needs exactly the same kind of a teacher that she needs citizen, one who has learned the almost forgotten lesson of contented living!

America needs a school teacher whose father and mother - once upon a time - built themselves a home, founded on love and kept alive by mutual understanding....Taught and practiced the simple virtues of honesty, frugality and the important practice of pay as you go....Whose parents were wise enough to teach and practice the lesson that every individual has certain responsibilities and duties to be shouldered by every manly man and every womanly woman, among them being the building of a church...of a nation, and....a life crammed full of service to others...Whose parents lived at peace with their neighbors all the days of their life and who walked into the shadows at evening with few regrets...Practiced the almost forgotten rule that self--> respecting men earn what they get and get what they earn, whether it be money or contentment...Finding contentment in living is more important than a degree from college....more to be desired than rubies, but still well within the reach of anyone who will stretch forth a hand.

In brief, America needs a school teacher who has learned at mother's knee the old, but precious, virtues that a modern world has thrown in the ash-can.

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> ACTING RESIDENT PHYSICIAN & SUPERINTENDENT HASSLER HEALTH HOME Edward A. Schaper, M.D.

THE HASSLER
HEALTH HOME
FIRST ANNUAL
HOMECOMING
NOV. 9, 1941

WELCOME

J. C. G.

I am happy to accept the invitation to be present at the Hassler Homecoming Cay, to be held November 9, 1941.

It will be a pleasure to meet former patients and learn of their progress. I am certain that the present patients will gain much encouragement from viciting with these "Hassler Graduates".

Homecoming Day is a splendid idea and I trust that it will be continued.

J. C. Geiger, M.D. Director of Public Health



Homecoming Day is indeed an inspiring occasion. We rejoice with those former patients, employees, and friends, who are able to again gather at the Hassler Health Home and exchange reminiscences.

We are all looking forward to this event more than you know.

George H. Becker, M.D., Director Bureau of Communicable Liseases.

EA HISTORY OF THE HASSLER HEALTH HOME

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	By E. A.	SCHAPER	M.D.		
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On a typical autumn day, now fourteen years in the past, a small group of men and women watched an ambulance make it's way up a curving road in the foothills southwest of Redwood City. San Mateo County. Arrived at it's destination, the ambulance came to a step before a small group of frame buildings nestled in a rural setting, the rusticity of which was contrasted by a lone cement walk running between two of the buildings. Six persons stepped from the ambulance and surveyed the undeniably drab surroundings of the place which was to be their home for an indefinite period of time.

Those six men were the first tuberculosis patients to enter San Francisco Health Farm, formerly a portion of the Pulgas Ranch and later to become known as the Hassler Health Home. The day was October 27, 1927, and it marked the end of a long struggle and the beginning of an equally stubburn one to add to the success already achieved.

By an amendment to the City Charter in 1922, the citizens of San Francisco had made it legally possible for San Francisco money to erect a tuberculosis sanatorium outside the county limits. Four years later negotiations were finally completed for the erection of a sanatorium in San Mateo County after numerous sites adjacent to San Francisco had been investigated. An original appropriation of \$400,000 was made by the San Francisco Board of Supervisors which was quick to perceive the climatic advantages of the San Mateo site. Cooperation from other counties in securing a sanatorium site was at a premium in those days and the group of persons which watched the ambulance discharge its occupants were keenly aware of the significance of the moment.

Those of us today who take for granted the pleasant surroundings and excellent equipment of the Hassler Health Home would have been hard put to understand the quiet jubilation of that pioneer group. When the health farm was opened on October 27,1927, the equipment, for the most part, consisted of beds, mattresses, pillows and canned goods. Any summer camp of medicare rating could boast an equally good or even better property inventory. In place of today's lawns and trees, the grounds abounded with sageorush. A flower bed would have been as startling as the sudden appearance of a camel in Fifth Avenue traffic. The hardiest imagination could scarcely have described the locale as an attractive one.

The story of the growth and development of Hassler Health Home is one which combines every element of the interesting fiction story: hard work, sacrifice, determination and far seeing vision. In considering the history of Hassler, our attention is inevitably drawn to the pioneer figures whose work and effort did much to make this the successful and well accredited institution that it is today.

No accounting of this sanatorium would be complete without more than a passing reference to the man in whose honor it was renamed - Dr. William C. Hassler. Holding the office of Director of Public Health of San Francisco County at that time, Dr. Hassler, together with Dr. W. R. P. Clark, Director of Tuberculosis, lost no time in throwing the resources of the Department of Public Health behind the newly founded sanatorium.

No parent ever lavished more devoted attention on a cherished offspring than Dr. Hassler gave the San Francisco Health Farm and it was indeed fitting that the materium was renamed the Hassler Health Home by action of the San Francisco Board

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of Supervisors after Dr. Hassler's death in August, 1931. His vision of the farm and its possible capabilities extended far beyond the time and looked forward to the day when it would become one of the outstanding tuberculosis sanatoria of the United States. The tree which was dedicated on the Hassler grounds to the memory of Dr. Hassler's mother on May 11, 1929 was not only a mark of respect to his departed parent but one of appreciation of his own qualities as well. The courage, perseverance and broad viewpoint which he brought to the institution have proven to be a consistently reliable precedent and inspiration to the continued efforts of his successors to better Hassler conditions.

No institution is stronger than its. component parts and no general more successful than his assistants help him to be. Bearing this in mind, one has no difficulty in perceiving the important part played in Hassler history by Miss Myra W. Kimball, first superintendent of the health farm. Bringing to the Pacific Coast the experience which she had gained in Wisconsin and Michigan, Miss Kimball was assistant superintendent of the King-Tulare County's Tuberculosis Hospital before assuming the position of superintendent of the San Francisco Health Farm. Her career in public health work dated from 1911 and her untiring effort and devotion played a part in Hassler's welfare that cannot be overestimated. An administrative nursing experience of close to thirty years proved effective in dealing with the various problems which confront every pioneer in the field of medicine and its allied activities and when ill health forced Miss Kimball's resignation and retirement in January, 1936, it was a severe loss to San Francisco County's Tuberculosis Division and Hassler Health Home. A tree which was dedicated to Miss Kimball on December 29, 1935, represented the sincere friendship and admiration of all those persons, officials and patients alike, who had witnessed her excellent and far reaching work.

In January of 1936, Dr. William C. Van Deventer became superintendent and resident physician of the Hassler Health Home. Dr. Van Deventer, who received his M.D. from the University of California, had been the resident physician since February 1, 1935. The steady, forward progress of Hassler continued under Dr. Van Deventer's administration and he worked tirelessly to add improvements and consolidate the gains already made in the health home. Dr. Van Deventer relinquished his activities as superintendent in September, 1940, at which time he was called to the colors as a member of the medical corps of the 250th Coast Artillery, National Guard, in which capacity he is still serving.

In November of 1936 the office of Superintendent of Mursing was filled by Miss Alice K. Herkenham who occupies that position today. Miss Herkenham, a product of the educational institutions of the bay area, was head of the industrial accident ward in San Francisco Hospital from 1926 to 1936 and came to Hassler equipped with a genuine efficiency and valuable nursing experience which have proven their worth in both her past and present administrative work.

The most casual glance at inter-office memoranda and institutional records reveals a story which is both interesting and educational. When it was first opened, San Francisco Health Farm had six men patients. In February of the next year the total capacity was 22 men and 22 women. Further appropriations for the sanatorium were made in 1928 and new buildings were erected in 1930. In February of 1932 the capacity had increased to 50. The next year saw it increased to 75 and on June 1, 1934, the capacity was 81. In 1940 the capacity had reached 100 and the construction of additional wards under the Public Works Administration made possible the additional 212 beds in the institution. Hassler Health Home today gives adequate hospitalization and rehabilitation opportunites to 277 patients, 50 women and 237 men. A staff of 14 medical and nursing attendants was employed when the establishment was first opened in comparison with the 77 regular positions which are filled today.

There is adequate provision in the sanatorium for all the usual courses of treatment. All major surgical procedures are naturally carried out at the San Francisco

Hospital but Hassler is prepared to handle any lesser complications which call for a surgical remedy. There is equipment for X lay and fluoroscopy and a well-organized laboratory is maintained. For militaria, or introduction of air into the chest cavity to derlate the lung, is now into loss with 56 out of the fotal 377 patients undergoing treatment. Two crulin administration is also carried out with 91 patients.

A condensed resume of partient records of the past six years shows the growth of Hasslei in a very graphic hanner from a possible of 6 original patients to its present quota. In 1935-36, 130 patients received adviated. 135 discharged, with a total of 30,635 patient days for the fiscal year. In 1936-37, 133 patients were admitted and 130 discharged. There were 32,203 patient days. In 1937-38, 145 patients were admitted and mit ed. 137 discharged and 30,320 patient days. The fiscal year 1938-39 saw 136 addissions with 135 discharges and 50,620 patient days. Next year, 1939-40; led patients were admitted and lad is scharged with a patient days! total of 34,949. Is if dune 50, 1941, there were 284 patrents admitted there were 18 initial pneumos administered and 1,962 refills. Fluoroscopies numbered 3,850 and there were 681 X-rey examinations.

Dental treatment is also provided for those patients requiring it and all efforts are made for a complete physical and mental rehabilitation of the patient. Moving pictures are shown once a week in the recreation hall and patients who are physically able also pass much of their time in educational therapy.

A bird's eye view of the sanatorium would show six main patient buildings which provide six individual wards, four for men and two for women. The administration offices are located at the southern end of the grounds and the kitchen and dining rooms at the northern end. Pesident staff members and their families are provided with living quarters on the southeast portion of the grounds and there is also a good sized building set aside for am loyees.

Che of the buildings also provides for two school rooms; a library and a small patients sicke which was couned early in October. The class rooms are used for both high school and adult educational classes and fill a genuine need in the patient body. These classes are fully accredited by the California State Department of Education and are sitented by all those patients who wish to continue their school studies and are in physical continue to de sc.

Visitors to the sheatorium are nearly always interested in the general prevalence of graduated range, rather than stairways, throughout the grounds. These graduated range are used wherever possible and patients can go from any one section of the institution to another without having to climb stairs. Exercise for the various patients is a wave carrially regulated according to individual capabilities. The first leaden that every patient must learn is that the disease of tuberculosis must be dealt with individually and that no two cases are alike.

Reviewing the progress of the past fourteen years. Tooking at the buildings which lave supergood the original structure, regarding the lawns and trees and the flowerd thick of voi the grounds, the paved surfaces and the generally well cared for appearance of the institution, we who are connected, with the Hassler Health Home today, be we patients of salari manners, can well be proud of the advancement which has teen mode, by ranging ed is in unremitting labor and a high consolition of the same and ideals of the medical profession, the men and women of the past and present, whose names appear in the history of the Hassler Health Home, have left a truly worthwhile and impressive marker on the trail that leads to the eventual eradication of stuberculosis,



The game of make believe or let's pretend Is to the strict idealist's trend of thought A childish prank. This being so, then I'll forego The dignity of age To gaze impressionistically upon This changeling farm of ours: Hassler's is a refuge from which Our wandering souls go forth In search of knowledge To fill the chinks and crannies Of our intellect To shield us from the bitter cold Of ignorance and ruthless chance. Hassler's is a stronghold staunch Held high upon the crest of Rugged mountain peaks Where men of science battle Day and night To free us from the fetters Of our ancient foe - disease. Hassler's is a Spanish Hacienda Languid 'neath the summer sun Where lush wistaria Trails from graceful colonnades, And blossoms scent The clear still air to lull the senses To a state of calm complacence. Hassler's lawn, when vagrant Breezes blow across its green And endless stretches, Becomes a rolling turbulent sea Where sail my Gallant white winged ships In search of unknown destinies. And so my friend let us pretend. Come! Share this game with me. You too may guard The stronghold walls or sail The green lawn sea, If you'll just gaze through dreamer's eyes And let your thoughts roam free. -- Marie Mathewson

RGUINU TO THE WARDS

First of all, let's put out the welcome mat for our newcomers and say a farewell to those who have left. New arrivals, since we last went to press, are: Lorraine Aguirre, Betty Moore, Martha Graham, Marcella Steele, Marguerite Collins and Helen Reed. Farewells are in order to Hattie Lem, Louise Ulbrich, Sophie Kaplanis and Daisy Mae Jackson, all of whom have graduated to Hassler's; to Margaret Young and Edna Mae White, who are leaving for home.

Now that Patsy Hurley has taken over as porch gardener, green leaves and color-ful blossoms have sprung up in profusion. Her horticultural triumphs have made our corner of the world a page from Eden or some such spot. It's the new coiffure, though, that makes her so attractive!!!

Winter is here! At least the gals on the porch are trying to make us believe that it is. Li Shew has added an extra blanket; Fannie Franklin was seen hunting for a radiator on her first day out; Dorothy McCarthy sports a muff and fancy hat all of which is poor advertising for our sunny California. But what we'd really like to know is: Why isn't Mary Klopper cold???

We've wondered why - so suddenly - Thelma Portolos dashed off and donned her best satin pajamas. Came light when Marvella Steele found someone who was also interested in Joseph Conrad. However, Elsie Wun refused to become excited over the tyros. She sat indifferently, with her nose in a comic book, while chanting the famous "99".

Congratulations to all our surgical cases who came through with flying colors.

Agnes Hofen, Martha Graham, Grandma Otis, Betty Moore and Peggy Murphy all won jousts with the surgeons...Double congratulations to Ethel Wittman, whose son, weighing only four and three-quarters pounds at birth, has gained four pounds in two months.

Anyone interested in learning to crochet should report to Room G and register in the course given by Florence Davies. She informs us that the present project on which she is working is not a doily.

Seen and Heard: Anything and everything at that morning session... Grandma Gray and Rina Castro sunning themselves on the porch... Hope Miss Mallick's ankle is better now... Where did Elsie Eastin go and why the difficulty getting back... All ears glued to their favorite football games on Saturday... We're boosting Stanford for the Rose Bowl again... Miss Feicht, our "V" evening nurse - the "V" for vim, vigor and vitality - greatly missed on Wednesdays... Dr. Lee saying she can't gain a pound. Of course there's always Kepler's... And isn't that chatter enough for now?

Warvin Drisko, last month's ward Winchell, apparently didn't like the smell of printer's ink, or whatever it is that gets into the blood of would be reporters, so has cast aside the mantle of journalistic endeavor. The cloak fell very ungracefully about our shoulders. Undaunted we scared up a stub of pencil and a scrap of paper and began making doodles on the paper. Came the realization that doodles aren't news. We've struggled manfully and the results are nil, but somebody said "Write a line for The CLARION". It was an order—so we write.

Fit for an odditurium are George Ogi's side-chops. We had a blue print made of a plan to set them in bangs but George ups and goes to the farm before we could get the project carried out. (Incidentally, he shaved them off before he left and looked like a new man as a result.)

Tony (why do they call him "Leather Lungs") Pardella does alright on that tray of eats that he gets. We're wondering whether the same tactics would work for the rest of us....The south-porchers miss the very diligent and ambitions Chan King who has moved to ward 26. His fervent desire to learn to speak our English language as it should be "spoke" had the boys brushing up on their vocabularies, but now that he is gone the urge is gone and the language....

Henry Roddy and George Coffey go to church on Sundays, now....Coffey is another man who had his mailing address changed to Ward 26, along with Red Portolos. Jack Paulis moved to Ward 28....Anent the last Joe Louis fight, just ask Bob Rapps what happened to Lou Nova's "Cosmic Punch"....Noticed that Mike Rigo's snappy and energetic walk was slowed up one day recently.

From all reports Eddie Stone, a former patient of this ward, likes his Liver-more rest home. He has us wishing that we had been in the Army during the last war.Our good-humored and well-liked Max Abeyta recently left for the Farm. We know he will make many friends there and we hope that his recovery will be speedy.

-- Richard Rego

Ward for something we might pass off as news, we stop to mention some of our graduates who have been back to visit...."The Phantom" was in to see us one day and is looking better than ever.... Ed Shaw, ex-Hassler Mayor, stopped by, while Ray Tuttle, who visits quite frequently on Sundays, brought Strong, an old cast room inhabitant, to visit....Hector Pinto was up and is more lively than ever....Vincent Ng, who has been vacationing in Los Angeles since his discharge from Hassler, came in to inform us that he is studying radio....Julius Pommer dropped by on his way to the Orthopedic Clinic to see his old buddies and to tell us how good it feels to be on the outside again....And last, but by no means least, was Walter Harada, who has been released from the Farm and is getting acquainted with the outside world again....Hope we can all join them soon.

We toss a bouquet or two to Nick Pinna, who so faithfully cuts the art stencils for our CLARION. Nice work, Nick, we're proud of it....Armando has been taking it easy since his trip to surgery where he relinquished a couple of ribs. Stovsky, our mad Russian, hasn't been seen around much since his last trip over there, but we understand he is doing quite well. Good luck, fellows!

Mama Christian continues to uphold her reputation as a fisher-woman, having proved her mettle again on her last trip out...Mrs. Snyder and Mike were seen heading in the direction of the Farm one Thursday, where, it is understood, they enjoyed a nice visit with some of this wards ex-patients.

Frank Berg has been delving into the jewelry business and has turned up with some very clever novelty rings. We wonder what happened to our tooth brush?....Swing

Low enjoyed his day out before his trip to the Farm - a trip which, incidentally, he never did take. But he's still waiting to go and will probably make the trip in the near future. Good luck when you go, Swing Low!

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Miss Crosby is doing a swell job on the four to twelve shift where she replaced Mrs. Snyder. We are glad to have her with us and this comes in the way of a belated welcome to Ward 26....Clyde Curtis still gives out with the back rubs at night, and we can't help but miss him on his night off....Curley is still with us but we don't see enough of him lately.

Schlitzy Svenson, the old stand-by of the boneyard, wonders who spilled the sawdust. But he can take it. He says hello to the people... English used to know how to play hearts - in fact he had never lost a game in his life (unquote), but his record went into a spin recently... Suki Yuki has taken up Latin lately. We don't quite see how he ever has time to study what with all the eating he does. Maybe Schlitzy would like to study Latin too, hunnh, Mister?

Don't see much of Cuneo, but we hear that he is quite the football expert, and has been exercising his talents on the Examiner football contest...Alberto took a sudden dislike to his cast one day and is now doing without it...Fisher gets around the ward every day and we hope that his stay here will soon be over...They tell us that Art Baker is scheduled for a trip to surgery so he is catching up on the CLARION work for the coming issues. Good luck Art, we're all for you!

Yippee Yee has been staying rather close to his bed lately, so we don't see him very often... And Get Chum has been staying abed since his last couple of trips for bronchoscopy, but it seems they have discovered his trouble and he'll soon be on the mend... But it's time to leave, so until the next time, may we bid you a fond adieu!!

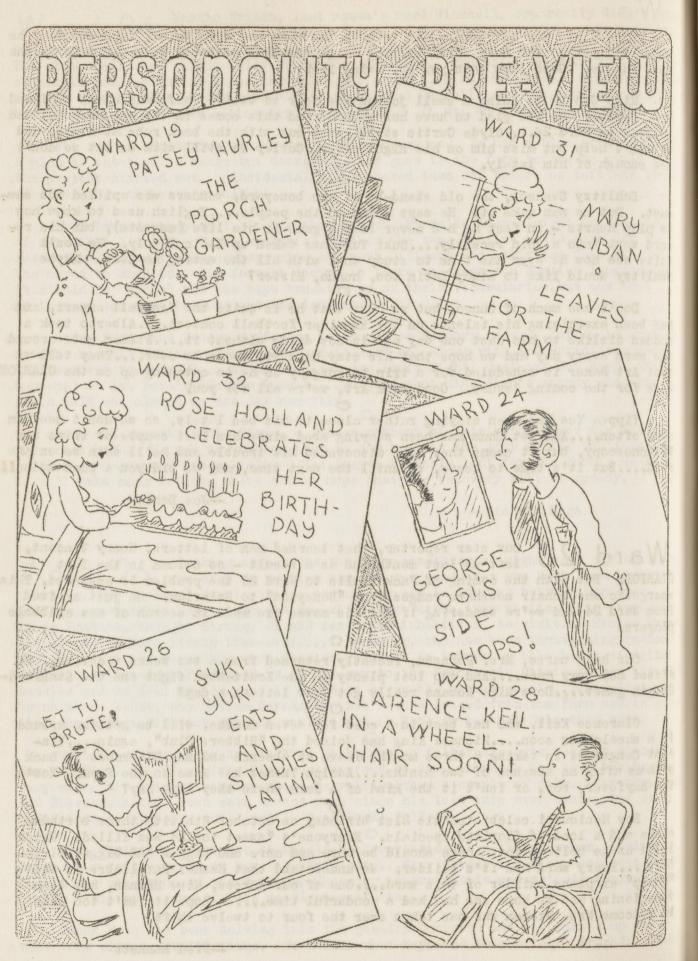
-- Joe Donlin

Ward 28 Our star reporter, that learned man of letters, Henry Vincent, left us last month and as a result - no column in the last CLARION. But with the coming of Jack Paulis to Ward 28 the problem is answered. This energetic wheelchair newshawk ranges from "Boneyard" to Solarium. He just arrived from Ward 24 and we're wondering if all his moves are made in search of new cribbage players.

Our head nurse, Mrs. Johnson, recently returned from a two weeks vacation. We missed her very much.... And who lost plenty on the Louis-Nova fight and the Stanford-Oregon game?.... Does Mike Romano really get four letters a day?

Clarence Keil, who has been in a cast for seven months, will be getting around in a wheelchair soon...Michael King has joined the "Ribbers Club", again...Vincent Cangelosi is taking a three months leave of absence and Ray Blackmore is back with us after an absence of two months....Adolph Thomas has gone to the Farm. How's the hayfever, boy, or isn't it the kind of a Farm where they have Hay?

Roy Menicucci celebrated his 21st birthday on October 8th with three birthday cakes and a load of florists specials. Everyone's "sweet tooth" was filled. Which leads us to believe that there should be more and more and bigger and bigger birthdays....Every ward has it's builder. We understand that Manuel Barallabre is the "champ" airplane builder of this ward....One of our nurses, Miss Hannan, has been vacationing and we hope she has had a wonderful time....We hope it isn't too late to welcome Mrs. Nieman who has taken over the four to twelve shift.



Ward 31

Here it is, that time once more.

For want of news I pace the floor.

Not much happens in this place

What can I use to fill up space?

Which very definitely takes care of four lines, leaving only a few million to go. Our home travelers, this month, have been Lillian Young, Hazel Higdon, Jo Dahlin, and by the time you read this, Mary Bauder. Mary, believe it or not, looks just like Margie. All the girls are missed but at the same time we are all exceedingly happy for them. That going home day is one that we all look forward to.

Another to leave - but for some of that swell H. H. H. weather - is Mary Liban. Is it true Mary? I mean is it really "so peaceful in the country?"....A hearty welcome to our newcomers: Fumiko Matsumoto, Jenny Juslin, Sarah Wiecjorck, Barbara Tinsley and Margaret During.

We might title Barbara During "Little Miss Ambition". She turns out very beautiful embroidery and makes some of us feel a wee bit lazy. It's a bit of a mistake on our part to call her "little" - she's five feet eleven to be exact. That's the tall of it, now here's the short of it - four feet eleven, little, Lora Luna who can usually be seen trying to finish her quilt.

Marie Byrne, Hanna Schwaarcke and Mary Miyoshi celebrated birthdays recently. We hope that all three were happy....Another streak of wood burning has hit Amelia Richards and though it doesn't seem possible, each piece of work surpasses the preceding one.

The gals in 5 & 6 seem a bit envious of Jane Withey's cute Ama-polar bear. It is an added attraction to their animal collection....It's good to see Bobbie Menicucci and Laloie Urban up and about. It won't be long now 'til they're on their way home. Congratulations, girls, keep up the good work!

-- Dee Winward

Ward 32 Now that the month of November is here and it's all settled as to which Thursday Thanksgiving is to celebrated, we can peacefully relax and dish out the news along with the turkey, cranberry sauce, etc.

Greetings and salutations to our old friend Tish Dunne. It's like old times to have her back again and it's nice to know that her stay will be short and sweet.... Good-bye and good luck to Rusty Halverson, Alice Salamat, and Frances Kelly, who have left us to cope with the problems of the outside world....Also a greeting to Bertha Parker, who can really give out with the songs. At present she is very busy learning to crochet.

"Did you have a good time?" That was the cry that greeted Marie King, Sadie Fernandez and Isabel Driskell, Katherine Olson and the writer when they returned from days out. Yes, everyone had a good time...The money was really rolling in when Rose Holland was heard to exclaim "There's money in every card!" All this took place October 1st, which was Rose's birthday and she's happy to have such lovely friends.

Welcome to Mrs. Schultz, Dolores Rivera. Barbara Lew, Estellita Ware and all the other new patients on the ward....Now that Goldie Parazoo and Winifred Gale have been given two ups a day we've decided that it won't be long before they leave us....Curvaceous Gloria Gonzales (with the big dark eyes and curly dark hair) says that food and more food is recommended for those who would add curves. Slim people please take note.

It's good to see Betty Manning and Ethel Warren always looking so cheerful when

passing Room 9. It's the kind of spirit that we like to see... There may be some question as to whether a toothache is lucky or unlucky but Pearl Leon thinks that it is lucky. She's been out to her own dentist and considers a day out as luck even though part of the time must be spent with the dentist.

Quite a flurry was created by the arrival of Petty's new "date book" on the ward. A lovely little book and an answer to a man's (girl's too, for that matter) prayer.
... Chinese checkers has become the favorite sport on the ward now, thanks to Miss Morris, who comes up especially to play games... Elvira Jordanoff is worrying about her wardrobe now that they are inflating her with "pneumo". But if it hastens her recovery she still thinks that it is a good bargain.... The noted traveler of the ward, and the proud aunt of a baby boy, is Helene Rice. She's back in the solarium again and it's good to hear her voice.... And so we leave you for another month with a wish for a very pleasant Thanksgiving.

-- Ginger Mario

Health is more than freedom from disease. It is release from all physical and emotional handicaps. It is a complete balance of personality and the resulting buoyancy of attitude toward life and living. It is worth all effort to achieve and is a heritage all children deserve.

If a man doesn't believe in life insurance, let him die once without any. That will teach him a lesson. --Will Rogers

I do the very best I know how - the very best I can - and I mean to keep doing so to the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing that I was right would make no difference. --Lincoln

THE CLARION AND AND WELL THE

Published by the patients of the Hassler Health Home and the Tuberculosis Division of the San Francisco Hospital on the 10th of each month.

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The CLARION welcomes all original literary and art contributions from patients and former patients of the Hassler Health Home and the Tuberculosis Division of the San Francisco Hospital.

Please address all communications to The CLARION

Hassler Health Home, Redwood City, California.

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77 Medical 77 9ntermation

- Q.- I have noticed a tendency to cough and raise very little while erect or moving about, but immediately upon lying down I cough and raise a considerable amount. What causes this?
- A.- Change of posture causes the raising of sputum when lying down. Sputum which is accumulated in little pockets is more easily raised then than when upright.
- Q.- Does pus in the sputum indicate the presence of a cavity?
- A.- Pus does not necessarily mean a cavity, for bronchitis, bronchiectasis and abscesses also cause pus in the sputum.
- Q .- What causes the sputum to become tenacious?
- A.- Different types of irritants in the lung, both bacterial and chemical, cause this type of sputum. This is typical of an asthmatic as they have tenacious sputum.
- Q.- When sputum has been negative for a period of a year can one be reasonably certain that it will remain negative?
- A.- A person whose sputum is negative for a year has apparently done very well in controlling the lesion, but that does not mean that care should not be taken if it is to be kept under control
- Q .- What causes occasional streaking of the sputum?
- A.- Streaking of the sputum with blood is the result of inflammation around the blood vessel causing it to coze a little blood. This may be due to an acute local infection, recurrence of past inflammation, or the erosion of a bronchus by a little calcification.
- Q.- Does pneumothorax lower the vitality? How much is one incapacitated?
- A.- After the patient becomes used to the pneumothorax there is very little incapacity from it, unless the degree of collapse is excessive.
- Q.- What methods can be used for determining whether or not a collapsed lung is improving?
- A.- By the patient's symptoms cough, expectoration, appetite, weight gain and by comparative X-ray films.
- Q.- If a cavity has not closed eighteen months after a thoracoplasty is it reasonable to assume that it will never close?
- A.- No. Rigid walled cavities some times take a longer time to close. Further surgery may be necessary in certain individuals.

((Questions answered by Philip H. Pierson, M.D., Chief of Stanford Service))

ADVENTURES OF = HERMAN & PETE =

Dear Mr. Editor:

How are you? I hope you are feelin' O.K. I have nothin' but good wishes for you an' I hope you are gay and carefree. I hope everybody's gay an' carefree.

Ain't love grand?

I'm happier'n a duck full of Juney bugs an' it's all on account of you publishin' that last letter of mine...the one which I told you was sacred. The funny thing is, I was plenty mad when I first seen it. You know, when you published that letter I wrote you last April about Gertie...well, she seen it an' that is why she's been mad at me an' wouldn't speak or nothin'. All this time I never knew why she wouldn't go to the free band concerts on Sunday with me. Well, when she seen my letter in the CLARION last month she realized that it was another sacred letter I had wrote you in confidence which you betrayed. As soon as she realized that you was the heel instead of me, she wrote me and said; "Ookums darling, I realize that I have did you a deep wrong in thinking that you was trying to make a serial story out of our Divine Passion and if you will only tell me you still love me I will be your icky wicky Gertie for evermore."

I don't need to tell you that this cheered me up like a draft dodger discoverin'that he's got flat feet and I right away wrote to her that everythin' was strictly thumbs up. After all, there is no substitute for a good blonde.

I felt so good about it I started up the hill to a grove of trees where I've had Herman corralled for the last ten days. Last month when Herman seen me comin' into his ward to settle accounts for that phony letter he wrote me, he took off for the tall timber an' stayed there. I couldn't catch him because he's faster at climbin' trees than I am but I gave him a couple of close calls when he was tryin' to sneak into the grounds for somethin' to eat.

Well, like I say, I was walkin' on air after hearin' from Gertie so I goes up to the grove of trees where Herman is playin' Tarzan With A Headache, an' I start to tell him how the feud is over. But before I can explain he bounces a rock off my noggin' an' for several minutes I am very busy indeed tryin' to explain an' dodge rocks at the same time. Herman just stays perched in the tree throwin' rocks like these monkeys you read about that throw cocanuts an' all the time I'm hoppin' around yellin' Gertie...! an' tryin' to explain. (Herman said later he thought I was callin' him names.) I finally got him to listen...when he run out of rocks....and then he comes down to First Aid with me while I get patched up. Herman has a pretty good aim if he's scared enough.

So, thanks to you bein' a heel twice in a row, everything is just fine now. If you had only been a heel once I would still be in the dog house. By the way, I've started to adult business school now an' I'm gettin' smarter every day. My teacher says she really never seen anything like me before.

Thinkin' to show her how smart I was, I corrected her. "You mean you never seen anyone like me before. Anything is the wrong word." She says, "I'll still stand pat." I haven't figured out yet why everyone was laughin'.

Come on down here on Homecoming Day. We're really gonna throw a celebration. Me an' Herman are gonna dress up like the Duncan sisters an' do a vaudeville act. I bet Herman will look awful funny. I told him so an' he got awful mad. He's awful touchy. He says, "I suppose you think you're gonna make the girls forget Tyrone Power." It must be awful to be homely.

> Yours through rose colored glasses, Patient Pete

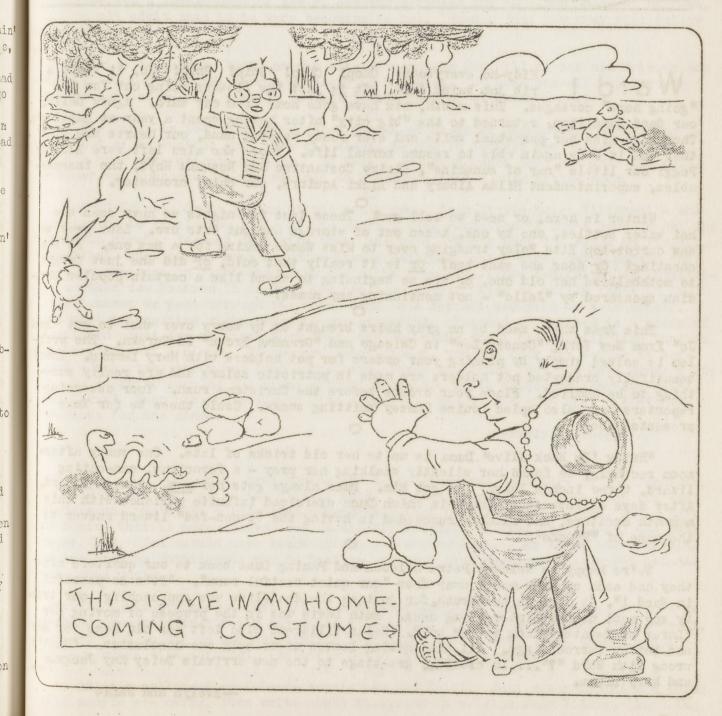
P.S. I am readin' a book called "Romeo and Juliet" by a feller named Shakspere. It's a pretty good story an' I think that feller's got a future as a professional writer.

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Hidy-ho everybody: Chop! Chop! Snip! Snip! No, it isn't a rib job being done. It is just the flowers being cut for the "going home" corsages. This month, six have gone home from our ward. Agnes Gallo, our Good Samaritan, returned to the "big city" after having spent a year at Hassler's. Though we miss her perpetual smile and ever ready helping hand, our hearts are glad that she is once again able to resume normal life. Those who also left were Eleanor Poggi our little "ray of sunshine", Claire Costantine and Rosanna Hoyt, the inseparables, superintendent Hilda Albury and Nicki Aquirre, our chief crocheter.

Winter is here, or need we tell you? These last few nights we have seen the hot water bottles, one by one, taken out of storage and put into use. Last week we saw carrot-top Etta Foley trudging over to Miss Woods asking for a new one. Is she cheating? Or does she want two? Or is it really that cold, or did she just forget to mothballize her old one, or are we beginning to sound like a certain popular comedian sponsored by "Jello" - not mentioning any names?

This Xmas there need be no gray hairs brought on by worry over what to get "Aunt Jo" from New York, "Cousin Lee" in Chicago and "Grandma Brown" in Eureka. The problem is solved simply by placing your orders for pot holders with Mary Lempke. These beautifully crocheted pot holders are made in patriotic colors and are really something to be admired. Place your orders before the Christmas rush. Your observing reporters have also spied Louise Ramsey knitting socks. Could these be for Xmas presents, too?

"Bring 'Em Back Alive' Duca is up to her old tricks of late. One sunny afternoon recently, we found her silently stalking her prey - a ferocious, man-eating lizard, three inches long. She got him. Duca always gets her man, we mean lizard. After days of intense training in which Duca exercised infinite patience with this mammoth creature, she finally succeeded in having the "bacon-fed" lizard answer to the name of "Pancho".

We're happy to welcome Petra Celedon and Pacing Iuna back to our quarters after they had each spent a month away from "our quiet restful room". "It's so peaceful in Ward 1". It must be the truth, for just as the dead-line was approaching, our trusty spy sent us this interesting news. Ruth Davis was in the process of moving her "Lares et Penates" back to our ward. Helen Villareal also left her old home for new and better surroundings. All this moving leaves us to only one conclusion. "What's wrong with Ward "?"....In closing, greetings to the new arrivals Daisy May Jackson and Mary Liban.

-- Evelyn and Janie

Ward 2
forces me to take this opportunity to give you all the current news. Over in one corner I see Ida Cheng industriously studying her school work while her pal, Caroline Young, sits up in bed and is oblivious to any sort of mental tasks on this Columbus Day. I also see Dottie Hinman across the room scanning the new issue of Life magazine, and going into raptures over the pictures of Clark Gable and Lana Turner. Is he the reason for "You Are My Sunshine"? Speaking of things musical, one of our more illustrious people down here seems to have taken quite a fancy to the current novelty song "Mama Mama Mama." Do you like it Norma?

Our more recent newcomers include Hattie Lem and Sophie Kaplanis. And speaking of Sophie, she is the spittin' image of that popular movie star, Helen Parish. She is truly a credit to our ward. Fashion highlight of the month is Norma Johnson. Having received a lovely pair of new P. J!s, she sprouted out in a new up-swept hair-do, and we all admit that it is very becoming to her. Wonder just how many will follow her fad.

We wish to welcome back, on our first Homecoming Day, all of our old friends who have graduated from "El Rancho Hassler" in the past. We hope you all enjoy yourselves because we want you all to depart with lots of pleasant memories.

The girls in the solarium enjoyed the short visit of Donaldina Tom when she came out of seclusion; but, alas and alack, we had to forfeit her company because she is once more private-rooming. We have a sneaking hunch that she knew the cold weather was approaching, and decided to hibernate into a cosy little room.

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Ward Drips: Smart saying of the month comes from little Helen Villareal - she was trying to recall the title of the current song sensation "I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire". Instead of saying that, she said, "Don't Burn The Place On Fire"... Headline! Many of you know Margaret Amanda Zahl and what a nice, quiet person she is. But she rose in righteous wrath one night recently... Mae Schinnini has instituted another new fashion in toeless and heelless socks. Kind of chilly isn't it Mae? ... Whenever we pass through the room which Rose Ferrari occupies we walk softly. The most interesting sight comes to our attention. Perched on her bed is a piece of cardboard about two or three feet long, and the marks on it are exactly like that on the keyboard of a piano. If you are quiet enough, you can hear her saying to herefelf - "one, two, three and four - one, two, three and four". Yes, you have guessed it; she is learning to play the piano without a piano. Quite an accomplishment, don't you think? When are you going to give a recital, Rose? And with that bit of news we close for the nonce.

-- Evelyne Crueger

Ward 3 Ne've been having the blues since the departure of Ray Jahnigen, alias the "little one". To our sorrow he is gone, but the song lingers on. We'll be a long time remembering that lovely tune of yours, Ray. Here is hoping that it makes number one on the Hit Parade! So long "Schnigen", and good luck! P.S. You should have stuck around a few more days. The Mayor had something in tow from up Morningside way in Seattle. Looked like the type what might preecheate good music.

With quiz programs, court trials and the opening of the new community store at Hassler, we can't truthfully say there is a dearth of news; but in the ward, itself, I can't seem to dig up any outstanding events for this month. Hey, Cooky! Hiya fill up space with nothing? (Editor's note: And Cooky knows).

After a prolonged conference, here's how you do it. Just snoop around and watch what people are doing, then write about it.... And so we find Jack Wilcox, (he's the

guy with the bilateral thoracoplasty) making cigarette cases out of string. We been trying to discourage the idea, us being in the leather business, but he is a stubborn sort of guy. So he is still making string cases. Darn his hide!

Hides remind us of cow overcoats which have gone up in price to the tune of eight cents a square foot. (Note to Summers). Bet somebody's wishing they had those cattle back that were killed before prosperity came walking around the corner. But what's all this got to do with ward news? Nothing, I guess - but you gotta admit that it fills space.

By the time this reaches print it'll only be about 45 more days till Xmas. We suggest that you do your shopping at Hassler. To list but a few, we find the patients making bath mats, pastel pictures, leather goods, string belts and cigarette cases, baskets, scarfs, book covers and articles in hammered and tooled copper. So you see you have a rather extensive variety of useful and ornamental articles to choose from.

A lotta good the conference did for us. We still ain't been doing the required snooping necessary to get name material. Which reminds us, what does that material called "revellent" consist of? We don't want to show our ignorance by asking Cook, Johnson or Souza. Those boys sure be smart fellers. We should have at least one li'l wonder in our column so here goes: Why do Alfred Loo and Jimmy Lee go around singing "Ida, sweet apple cider"? Our pencil is getting short so we'll bid you all a fond adoo. Hope to see you at the Homecoming.

--- Barney Sands

Ward 4 There was an immediate reaction to the suggestions for a foreign policy which we made last month as a resident of Ward 5 B. We were promptly moved to Ward 4. Thus far we haven't moved again, although we deplore the ominous tendency of our ward mates to wander about other sections of the institution looking for possible vacancies.

Of prime interest to everyone was the beginning of adult education, which started four days after last month's CLARION came off the press. Striving for scholastic honors from this ward are: Hizzoner Mayor Phil Casey, Henry Lee and yours truly.

The writer proudly announces that thus far he has scorned temptation and has not brought his bean shooter to the classroom. (Echo from Miss Professor Stone: "He'd better keep on scorning, too!")

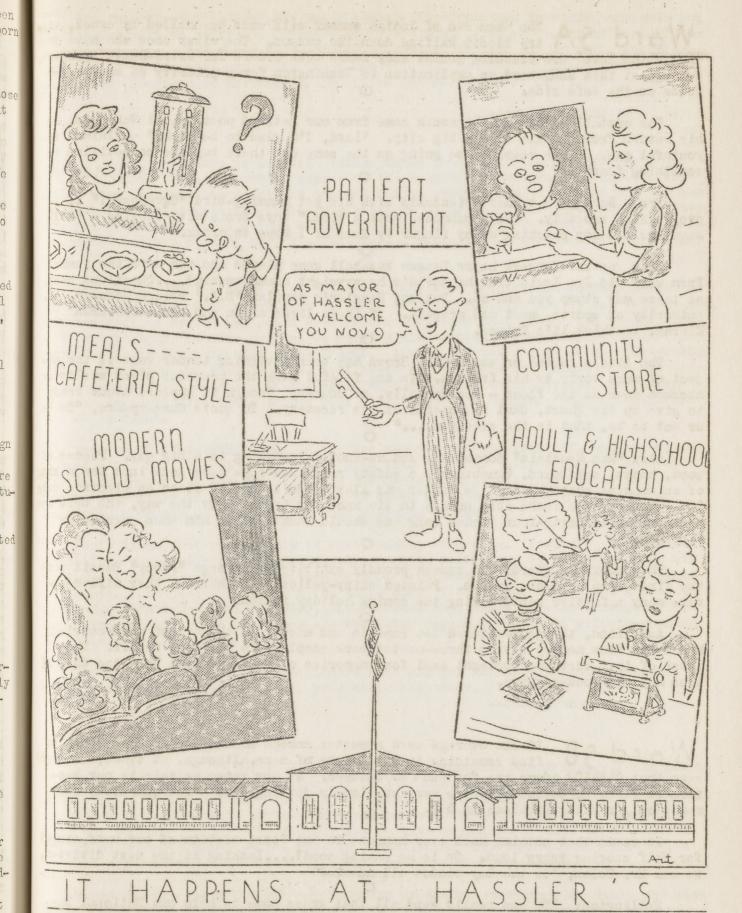
Dan Toddi's pet project is a worthwhile array of potted plants and flowers bordering the driveway between Wards 4 and 5 B. As a result, the air is always sweetly scented despite occasional caustic remarks hurled downwards by Messrs. Chabot, Nesbitt et al.

We tried an experiment on nurse Matowick the other day. "What would you do," we brightly queried, "if you were in Lapland and couldn't talk Lapland?"

"I'd keep quiet and not ask silly questions," replied the Florence Nightingale of Ward 4. And that pretty definitely seemed to be that.

Somebody's going to have to do something about Frank Mullen, co-manager of our "genrul store", and we hope it won't be us. With these autumn winds it can't be the heat, but the other night Frank was galloping madly about the ward and babbling wildly, "I've caught a mouse in this paper bag." Derisively challenged to prove his statement, he triumphantly opened the sack and displayed. - an empty interior. Must be too much soda!

-- James Cook



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Ward 5 A The warm sun of Indian summer will soon be chilled by cruel, wintry blasts knifing down the canyon. The wiser ones who have been "Round the Horn" are flooding genial Andy Sears with orders for extra-heavy sweaters. We suggest that Andy send an application to Washington for a priority on wool, just to be on the safe side.

The quotable quote of the month came from our retired postman, Al Wahlheim, on his return from a visit to the big city. "Lord, I'm glad to be back," exclaimed the youthful one. "Life seems to be going on the same out there but the competition is something fearful!"

Ernie Barkman's tender friendship with his pet humming-bird "Ogradowski" is progressing smoothly. "Holy schmoke, what a bird," says Ernie with feeling. "I'll have the old boy perching on my finger by Xmas or I hope to croak."

When was the longest Major League baseball game played and who were the teams? From whom did Joe Louis win the world's heavyweight championship?....Questions such as these may stump you and me. But not Hassler's popular "D.A." Prince Johnson, the authority on sports, past and present. If there lives a man who can out-Kieran Kieran, we think it's Prince.

The little cactus on which Carl Brown has been lavishing tender care is the object of much worry by his friends. In one fateful week the precious plant was twice knocked down on the floor - accidentally, of course. Though it appears about ready to give up its ghost, Carl is hopeful of its recovery. To quote Shakespeare, "To be or not to be, that is the question..."

Alex "Man Mountain" Sommers is square-knot belt-making in a big way. Pieces of wood, hooks, cardboard, thumbtacks, a safety razor and rope have gone into the making of an amazing contraption. We wonder why Alex doesn't connect it to an electric outlet - the machine looks able enough to tie knots by itself. By the way, the belt now measures about forty-four inches long and should look well on him when eventually finished.

The pumpkins, gourds and squash proudly exhibited by George "Pappy" Bassil were the first crop from his garden. Painted shiny-yellow with shellac, they will decorate many a festive table during the coming holiday season.

Axel Lind, the good-natured sea captain and master of the art of wood-carving, has built from memory a trim three-masted bark complete to the last detail. The labor of love must have brought Axel fond memories of the days gone by - the days of iron men and wooden ships.

--Otto Remele

Ward 5 B If the average ward reporter snoops around enough he's bound to find something in the nature of news, although. at times, it would seem that CLARION items are few and far between. At any rate, as this is our baptism of fire, so to speak, we're very cautiously jotting down a few querulous comments on general conditions in 5 B.

It seems that nothing much ever happens in the first section of our ward, except for Wolf snoring verry loud. Or is he sawing wood?....Looking at the next division, we ask Mr. Dolan, "Is the bay window all muscle?"

Wellington: "Do you really send all that grass home to help out National Defense?"....John Fitzgerald has been knitting quite a bit lately. What's it going to be, John? Remember, no raffles allowed.

28

Now that Kiyoshi is learning the science of draftmanship the boys are wondering how long it will be before he launches his first ship....There's a rumor that "Frenchy" is reducing. How about it, Burton? (How about another bar of soap, Kelly?).... Young Foley is the only person in the sanatorium who can make eighteen knots in a wheelchair (fourteen on the ramps). Quite an accomplishment. Or is it?

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-- Johnny McDaniels

Ward A What is Bankei? Bankei means literally "tray landscapes", and is an art to represent the beauties of nature in a limited vessel or tray, and had its origin in ancient China. Bankei can be made of mud and sand, and that is exactly what Mr. Ichizo Migematsi is using to create works of art suitable for ornamentation in a show window of a shop or store. To those of you who are interested in this kind of art, I would suggest that you see the beautiful creations by Mr. Migematsi.

Ray Mohan, popular orderly of this ward, has been transferred to Camp Callan at San Diego. Ray is now a private in the 52nd Coast Artillery, Battery B. We miss you, Ray, and here is hoping you get a sweater for Christmas that fits. And speaking of soldiers and such, reminds us that we have an old battle-scarred veteran here of World War I, in the person of Aimee Tregot. Aimee, who was a cook at the University Club of San Francisco back in 1914, went overseas that year and fought with the French army for the duration of the war. He saw service on all fronts, including Verdun. Incidentally, Aimee thinks that Hitler hasn't a chance. We, in turn, hope that he is right.

This month finds Mike Flynn in the bed vacated by Podchernikoff, who had moved to Ward 5 B. Our loss is their gain - good luck old pal. Alfred Farrer, who for many years worked for the San Francisco Chronicle, had us all surprised with his extensive vocabulary in Spanish. We wish we could do as well; it might give us a break with a couple of senoritas we been yearning to know.

Don't laugh, but yours truly is still making bath mats. Yes, sir, we find the occupation rather pleasant. James Cuatto, a quiet gentleman, is catching up on his reading - also a pleasant way to spend time. Glen Hunt seems to be the ward enigma this month...he just don't seem to be doing much of anything. There was a time when Glen had aspirations to be a barber, but it seems that those days are now gone forever. Rodney Sargent, a gentleman and ex-mining engineer, is still private-rooming, but at last report was doing well.

New faces this month include Richard Reid and Max Abeyta. A hearty welcome, and may your stay at Hassler be short, profitable and sweet.

-- John Grahame

Staff Static cian of Hassler Health Home, and Mrs. Schaper have chosen to wait until this month of October to vacation in Washington and Oregon. We understand that it will be more or less of a postman's holiday in that Dr. Schaper will visit the various sanatoria en route. May we take advantage of this opportunity to compliment Doctor Schaper on his part in establishing "The Tuberculosis Battle", a splendid program, which is broadcast weekly over radio station KSAN.

These are the lucky few who are enjoying an autumn vacation: Tom Healy and Miss Yates. Miss Helen McBride has taken a leave of absence to visit her relations in Minnesota - good traveling, Miss McBride.

Raining cats 'n dogs. Yes, indeedy! Hassler's staff is pet conscious and the proof is as plain as a pussy's purr or a bow-wow's bark. Miss A. Herkenham, super-intendent of nurses, is the proud owner of Lady Beau (Bodie to us); a thoroughbred Doberman pinscher, Lady Beau reigns as queen of dogdom's Social Register. Nurses.who are the proud owners of furry pals are: Miss Wang, who owns a pure-bred cocker spaniel, which she calls Wendie; Mrs. Harrison, who owns a cat, which she has named Trixie; Mrs. Peterson, who has a cat, which answers to the call of Muffie; Mrs. Hull, who has a dog, which she has named Muff.

Mrs. Kay (Miss Florence Joyce) and Mrs. Kosabuski have, to our knowledge, the prize collection of pets. We are sure that Mrs. Kay, who has a dog, Brunnehilde, and three cats Tamara and Prince and Princess Matchabelli, will never be lonely while in the presence of such fame and royalty. Mrs. Kosabuski seems to have been impressed by the saying that "variety is the spice of life": she owns two pheasants, canaries, a dog named Prince, and a cat, Cuddles. It's only fair that we mention here that Cuddles is the mother of all the other cats mentioned previously.

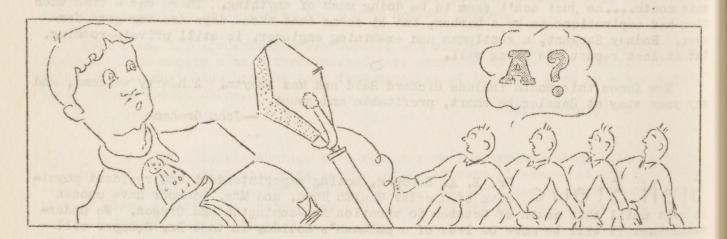
The men on the staff, not to be outdone by the women, also offer quite an imposing list of pets: Dr. Dan Yellin has a collection of aquarium fish, of which he is quite proud; six guppies, two red moons, two black tetra, and two plain tetra. Mr. Frank Garay has four cocker spaniels. Mr. Frank Thompson and Mr. Ney, a white fox terrier, which they call Peter. Our chef, Mr. Simonel, owns a shepard dog. Otto Brunn, a cook, has a Persian cat. Mr. George Sawyer has a Scotch terrier, which he calls Wimpey, and a spaniel, Patsy. Why not a pet show? Seems there is plenty of material on hand!

We regret the fact that the ever popular and beloved Mrs. Florence (Ma) Poole is absent on sick leave. Your boys miss you "Ma" and hope that you will return soon.

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Discharges from Hassler during the past month were: Walter Harada, Louis Pinard, Ng Bock, Axel Johanson, Joseph Keenan, Otto Tuscha, Tom Way Mun, Huang Fong, Lavon Flynn, Agnes Gallo, Charles Siegrest, Ray Jahnigen, and Betty Ryan.





With the inauguration of the quiz show last week, the Hassler boys really stepped out to show that they knew all the answers. It was a very entertaining all-patient show, and was the first in a series of such programs. George Souza was our genial and versatile master of ceremonies, announcer and "Professor Quizical". Dr. Schaper was Chief Kibitzer and was always able to furnish the missing answer. It seems that the hardest question and the only unaswered one was "What does the 'A' stand for in E. A. Schaper?" No one is talking.

Medical School Lib.

DEC 18 1941

University of California

DECEMBER 1941 · HASSLER HEALTH HOME & TUBERCULOSIS DIVISION SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITAL

THE

DECEMBER 1941 VOLUME 2

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THE EXISTENCE OF THE CLARION IS DEPENDENT SOLELY UPON FINANCIAL CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED FROM OUR READERS.



O Lord God, in Whose Will the power abides
To do or undo man's recurrent schemes;
To lift to heaven his fondest hopes; or cast
To earth the broken remnants of his dreams—
Lord God Benificent, All-powerful,
On bended knee we bow our head to Thee,
In supplication for the souls of men,
At this, the hour of Christ's Nativity.

The earth re-echoes with the clash of arms; While brother against brother wields the sword Of hate and jealousy. In quest of power The nations reel, intoxicated, toward Inevitable ruin. Be merciful, O God, and end this mad insanity That makes a shambles of the earth, usurps The skies and strews with bloody wrecks the sea.

O banish from our ken the Horsemen Four Who rape the land and blot the kindly sun - Prolonging needlessly the massacre, By man's ambition and ill-will begun. O still the martial beating of the drums; That humankind may once again be free To harken to Thy sweet tones and lend A thankful voice in endless praise of Thee.

May Thou be moved to grant our prayer; and then, Almighty God, Thy Will be done. Amen.

Bernard Barnes

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SAN FRANCISCO TUBERCULOSIS PROGRAM By GEORGE H. BECKER, M.D.

PAST-PRESENT-FUTURE

To review the story of tuberculosis in this nation is indeed sufficient cause for pardonable pride on the part of those who have participated in "The TB Battle". It has been a long and tedious fight with the end not quite yet in sight, Although it is general knowledge that the ravages of this disease have declined, nevertheless we must constantly remind ourselves that the disease is by no means eradicated.

Any of the acute diseases which assume epidemic proportions are apt to attract the thought and attention of our physicians, health authorities and citizens, while the commonplace tuberculosis continues to maim and kill many without much reaction on our part. However, a great deal has been accomplished. The statistics show that 50 years ago the death rate from tuberculosis throughout the nation was 290 per 100, 000 population - almost 300 individuals out of every 100,000 succumbed from this disease. Forty years ago this figure had been reduced to about 200 (202) and twenty years ago to almost 100 (114). Last year it dropped to the low record of about forty. five. Just imagine a reduction from almost 300 to 45 - quite an accomplishment in 50 years and real saving of human life. To tell the story of how this has been accomplished, we would need to honor many persons in many lands. One worker in a laboratory in one part of the country makes a small advance; another worker in some other place perhaps adds to it; another and another contribute until a great scientific victory is won - that is how disease is conquered.

The history of our city of San Francisco tells much the same story. From a death rate of 330 per 100,000 population forty years ago, we have seen it decrease to 133 twenty years ago, 100 ten years ago, and last year reach 66 per 100,000 people.

This is a very creditable improvement and much praise is due those people and organizations, both official and voluntary, who were engaged in this great health fight. But we must continue to work until the slogan of the National Tuberculosis Association, No Tuberculosis by 1960 ", is a reality.

The knowledge that this decline has moved tuberculosis from the chief cause of death to the seventh place on the mortality list must not make us forget that tuberculosis is still the most prevalent cause of illness and death in persons between the ages of 15 and 50 years -- those people in the very "prime of life".

We should also know that among working men it is the second highest cause of fatality today, being exceeded only by heart disease. Of all the communicable diseases today, tuberculosis takes the greatest number of lives. It has, throughout the land, a mortality ten times greater than diphtheria and nearly one hundred times greater than infantile paralysis.

The modern attack on tuberculosis in San Francisco may be dated from the establishment of the original Chest Clinic in 1909. This clinic was instituted by the San Francisco Tuberculosis Association in quarters provided by the Telegraph Hill Neighborhood House in the northern part of the city. This district was filled with people of Italian, French and Spanish birth or descent. Here also was Chinatown. After several changes of location it was finally taken over by the Department of Public Health in 1921. Later it was enlarged and modernized and in 1935 placed in it's present location in the San Francisco Tuberculosis Hospital. This clinic is clean, light, well equipped and ably managed. It carries approximately ninety percent of the total tuberculosis clinic load of the city.



It is interesting to note that though the number of cases of tuberculosis reported in the past few years has declined, nevertheless the number of persons attending the chest clinics has steadily increased. This is probably the result of our greater activity in case finding campaigns in the schools, in early diagnoses, in assembling contacts for examination, as well as the economic urge toward free care.

Associated with the earliest recognition of the tuberculosis problem was the municipal hospital for these patients. Due to the chronicity of the disease and it's affinity for those persons in the poorer economic environments,
almost all cases needed free hospital facilities. In 1909
when the first real organized attack was made, the city's
hospital for tuberculous patients consisted of an old deserted stable located at an abandoned race track. This
building was of course not heated, ventilated, or even rain

proofed, as the roof was as dilapitated as the rest of the structure. Subsequently, wooden structures were erected, resembling the well remembered "Refuge Shacks" of the period of the 1906 fire. Finally, in 1919, the new Tuberculosis Division of the San Francisco Hospital was completed and today our tuberculosis hospital is a fitting recognition of the community responsibility in the matter. The additional new structures at the Hassler Health Home, situated in Redwood City and recently occupied, provide facilities for patient care equal to the best. From an economic viewpoint, the cost of tuberculosis upon a community is tremendous. Possibly in no other disease does investment in preventive effort yield such rich return. Elimination of one hospival case pays for many physical, roentgenology and bacteriological examinations. Although the present available beds are not adequate, it is hoped additional wards will soon be provided, as any successful tuberculosis program is dependent upon adequate facilities for hospitilization. San Francisco now spends close to a million dollars a year on tuberculosis. San Francisco provides free hospital care to about 600 patienvs every day. This is about 219,000 days of hospital care in each year and represents almost one half of all free hospital care offered by the taxpayers of San Francisco. It costs around \$3.45 per patient per day. The taxpayers of San Francisco pay more than \$750,000 a year for food and nursing care alone for indigent patients in the tuberculosis hospitals. If to this is added the cost of maintaining clinics and field nursing service, interest on bonds to construct hospitals, the cost of medical inspection of school children in the search for tuberculosis, and the large amounts paid in relief allowances to persons disabled by tuberculosis and for maintenance of minor; children of fathers disabled by tuberculosis, it is probable the total cost would be above a million dollars annually.

Since all measures for the control of tuberculosis begin with the discovery of the case, the case finding service is of primary importance. The Department of Public Health regards tuberculosis as just another communicable disease. True, it has certain epidemiological peculiarities, such as a prolonged incubation period and an obscure immunology, but certain recognized principles of contagious disease control are applicable. Such well established measures as finding and eliminating the source, finding and isolating the cases and carriers, and locating, isolating and observing the contacts are all sound public health procedures. They all depend upon early reporting by the physician. The reporting of a case immediately immaugurates procedure designed first to prevent further infection from the case and secondly to secure for the patient himself every possible opportunity for cure.

The investigation of a reported case of tuberculosis is a matter of great importance and requires painstaking care and skill on the part of the investigator. It must first be determined if the patient should be hospitalized, some arrangement must be made for his admission to a hospital and he must be persuaded to accept hospital care. If for any reason the patient cannot be hospitalized, some arrangement must be

made for his separation from other members of the family, particularly the children, so that their opportunity for infection may be minimized, if not completely avoided. Those members of the family who have been in contact with the patient should be examined immediately and at regular intervals thereafter over a long period of years. The whole matter is one of great delicacy and difficulty, since it may require a complete reorganization of the life of the individual and his family. This work is entrusted to the Public Health Field Nurse, who aids the family in making necessary adjustments. Throughout the work public health education must be stressed. Every citizen should know by this time that tuberculosis is a communicable disease, that living in a home in contact with the disease is dangerous — that every case of tuberculosis comes from another case — that facilities for the free diagnosis of the di-



sease are available and that occurrence of certain symptons indicates the need for an examination. They should know that tuberculosis "runs in a family" only because of the close contact between members of the family and the sick person therein. The big problem of today is not in forging ahead into new and untouched fields (although new worlds to conquer still exist) but in utilizing that knowledge which is already ours. We must help our public to "catch up" to scientific public health. Never before have we been in so favorable a position regarding "The Tuberculosis Battle". We can now detect it in the very earliest stage by means of the X-ray examination and tuberculin skin tests. We can prevent it, treat it, and cure it. We can find the source from whence it came and the contacts to whom it has gone. The old, tiresome "rest cure" method of treatment has had added to it new and more rapid surgical procedures which offer a new hope for the patients. The new collapse therapy, the so-called pneumothorax and thorocoplasty have cured many individuals who were heretofore hopeless cases. Tuberculosis now occupies the center of the stage. Many agencies are warring against it, but the battle must be accentuated. The old "shotgun" methods of attack, which did good work in the past must now be augmented by modern "sharpshooter" technique. Modern medicine can abolish tuberculosis. The question still is -- "Will it T-We have all the weapons needed but until the distribution brings this science and service to each citizen we will not win a victory.

It is our duty and privilege to see that the discoveries of science and public health are applied to our own daily lives and to those of our neighbors. Only by individual action will the triumphs of medicine bear their full fruit of human happiness

I am sure that our efforts will be crowned by success and that San Francisco will become the outstanding example of how an "anti-tuberculosis" program should be carried out and eventually we may hope for the complete eradication of tuberculosis as a serious menace to the lives and happiness of our people.



- CHRISTMAS SEAL -

Symbol of courage and Man's fellowship in kind. Displayed in simple token.
Two bars there are, transfixed
Upon another whose length is measured by Humanity.
Life and Hope embodied in a cross-barred symbol
Whose power is your's....to give or to withold.



-- James Cook

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Q.- Is sun bathing harmful to persons afflicted with tuberculosis, and if so, why?
A.- Yes, in some patients and some types of tuberculosis. It may over stimulate the area and cause a spread of the disease. In some patients having a tendency to hemmorhage I seldom use it. It should only be used under the supervision of a doctor.

Q .- What part of the lung is affected by a phrenic?

A.- The Diaphram is raised and put to rest and by this the base and to a lesser degree the middle and upper portions of the lung are also put at rest.

Q .- What is a lesion?

- A.- A lesion is any hurt, wound or local degeneration of any organ or of the body.

 A cut on the finger is a lesion. A pimple on the skin is a lesion. The infected area of a lung is referred to as a lesion of that part.
- Q.- Is there always pain in the chest when one has tuberculosis of the lung? A.- No, a patient may be far advanced and have no pain at all.

Q .- Do sun-lamp treatments help prevent or cure tuberculosis?

- A.- The treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis by sun baths or sun-lamp treatments is a dangerous procedure. It is doubtful, if it helps at all and in many cases such treatment will do serious harm to the patient.
- Q.-. What causes a slight spread after a patient has been on bed-rest without any exercise?
- A.— This question is difficult to answer. It is thought that tubercle bacilli are inhaled on the good side perhaps as a result of coughing and gasping suddenly. On the other hand, this infection may be carried to the new location by the blood or the lymph streams. Fortunately, however, it is unusual for new areas of involvement to develop where a patient is on bed-rest.

Q .- What is tuberculin?

A.- Tuberculin is an extract made from the dead bodies of tubercle bacilli. There are no germs in tuberculin.

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Q.- Are spots on the lungs in an X-ray an indication of tuberculosis?
A.- In 95% of the cases, yes. But there are exceptions to this rule for similar spots may be made by lung abscesses, cancer and several other rather uncommon germs.

((Questions answered by E. A. Schaper, M.D., Chief, Division of Tuberculosis Control)





= PENNIES FROM THOUGHTS =

-By E. W. Koehler -



"Pennies FROM my thoughts" might well have been the motto of Einer Holboel, the obscure Danish postal clerk who had an idea. From this man's ideas have grown the numerous tuberculosis associations that dot the nations of the world. But that's getting ahead of the story of tuberculosis Christmas seals. Thirty eight years ago in Denmark, Holboel had the idea that if each letter carried a penny Christmas Seal, the money derived from the sale might help to build a tuberculosis hospital for children. The authorities of the Danish Postal Service approved the idea, and in 1904 the Royal Family of Denmark became interested in the proposal and money was appropriated for the printing of the seals. The sale was so successful that soon there was a fund sufficient to build a children's hospital and the saving of many young lives was started.

Then, in 1907, the idea came to America. Jacob Riis, a great American who had come as an obscure emigrant boy from Denmark, received a letter from home bearing one Christmas Seal. He became curious and immediately wrote to find our about the mysterious seal. When he secured the requested information he wrote an article about it for a popular magazine suggesting that this idea might well be adapted to America.

Down in Wilmington, Delaware, a woman who wanted desperately to aid a tuberculosis pavilion for some sick children, read the article and decided to try the Christmas Seal idea. Her name was Emily P. Bissell. With no royal family to turn to, Miss Bissell took the idea to a newspaper. Through the far-sightedness of a reporter, the editor was sold the idea. "Tell Miss Bissell the paper is hers for the holidays and give her all the time you can spare and all the space you need," ordered the editor. Following these pioneer publicity efforts, the American Red Cross became interested and up to 1920 sponsored the annual sale of Tuberculosis Seals.

Strangely enough, so well was the idea sold to the public that many persons still insist that they "BUY ONLY RED CROSS CHRISTMAS SEALS". The thought is a kindly one and it has been a part of the job of tuberculosis associations to transfer this loyalty to the proper agency. During the early years, from 1907 to 1910, the National Tuberculosis Association had been organizing a nation-wide warfare against tuberculosis. These pioneers had the support of the foremost scientists, but very few funds to work with. To strengthen the organization work, the American Red Cross and the National Tuberculosis Association joined forces for the purpose of conducting the sale of Christmas Seals jointly. The National Association became the general agent of the Red Cross and assumed the responsibility for the organization, conduct and methods of the seal sale, besides supervising the financial arrangements between national, state and local groups and determining the manner in which the funds were spent. The Red Cross gave the undertaking it's moral and financial backing, it's emblem and it's name.

The partnership between the American Red Cross and the National Tuberculosis Association lasted for ten years. During that time the scarlet emblem of the Red Cross appeared on the annual issues of Christmas Seals. In 1919, however, the double barred cross, international emblem of the anti-tuberculosis campaign and trademark of the National Tuberculosis Association, was also embodied in the design of the seal. In 1920 the American Red Cross wished to concentrate it's efforts on the annual Roll Call begun in the years of the Great War. Because it did not wish to appeal to the public for funds twice a year, a new arrangement was made whereby the National Tuberculosis Association conducted the sale alone and used as the sole emblem on the seals the double-barred cross. Since 1920 the seals have been "Tuberculosis Christmas Seals" and

there is no longer in the United States any Red Cross Seal. Public loyalty to the former Christmas Seal agency is a matter for gratification to the present agency and at the same time presents a problem in publicizing the agency transfer of the seals.

In 1920, the selling of the familiar seals was turned over to the National Tuberculosis Association. The annual Christmas seal sale is now handled throughout more than 2000 state and local tuberculosis associations across the nation. Money realized from the annual sale has helped to establish sanatoria, clinics and hospitals. Meical research has been partially financed and tuberculous persons helped.

San Franciscans are generous, for last year they contributed \$45,000 to help in the fight against tuberculosis. In the peak year of national finance, 1929, \$40,400 was received. As most of San Francisco is aware, the 35th annual Christmas Seal Sale got under way on Monday, November 24. On that day more than 100,000 San Franciscans received, through the mails, a letter from the San Francisco Tuberculosis Association outlining the work that has been done in the past year.

In the past I8 months, since April of I940, over I3,000 people have been examined with a portable fluoroscopic unit. Of the number examined, 2000 were Chinese. This program has the approval of the board of health, the county medical society, and is being successfully carried out with the cooperation of community centers, private industry and various YMCAs and YWCAs. Radio has also given of its time and talent to the development of educational programs to help combat tuberculosis. The press, both daily and weekly publications, has helped to focas attention of the public on the free fluoroscopic examinations.

It has been, and is, the job of all tuberculosis associations to help inform the public that tuberculosis is a curable disease; that it is a communicable rather than a contagious or inherited disease. A rather thorough health educational program is carried on throughout the year. Sound pictures on tuberculosis first became available in October 1936. Since that time, the Association has built up a film library of more than 20 films dealing with tuberculosis, venereal disease, cancer and heart disease. These films have been shown to more than I30,000 persons since 1936. Audiences have been drawn from schools, churches, fraternal groups, labor unions, medical and nursing groups, community centers and American Legion Posts. The films are shown without charge to any group wishing to see them.

The San Francisco Tuberculosis Association has distributed, in the last two years, over 356,435 pieces of tuberculosis literature. Much of the distribution of printed material is in connection with the showing of sound pictures on tuberculosis. The Association supplies material that persons in teaching positions believe will be useful. Public health murses request thousands of pamphlets that are of interest to students and parents in the Health Department's tuberculin testing campaign in the schools. Money realized from the annual sale of Christmas Seals is used in various ways. For instance: The San Francisco Tuberculosis Association helps to provide care for persons that can pay part, but not all the cost of care in private tuberculosis hospitals. In recent years the Association has spent more than \$45,000 to help 265 patients get such care in six private sanatria serving the San Francisco area. Approximately three-fourths of the persons so aided are again well. More than half are known to be again at work or going to school. The Association also has a fund from which it assists some patients to again become self supporting after they have been discharged from a tuberculosis hospital as cured.





SECOND ANNIVERSARY FOR THE CLARION By E. A. Schaper, M.D.

One year ago I wrote my first anniversary article for The Clarion. As I glance through it now. I find a paragraph containing these words: "It is my wish that by this time next year The Clarion will be so firmly established that it shall be a part of anti- tuberculosis work as long as there is a tubercle bacillus in existence. To that and let us all pull together". I am wondering now if it is so firmly established that it will continue to function as long as there is the San Francisco Tuberculosis Hospital and the Hassler Health Home.

The first two years are usually the hardest. Most sanatorium magazines lasting that long have continued indefinitely. We have every reason to believe this will be true of The Clarion.

During the first year considerable pioneering work was done. Compared to the first, the second year has been an easy one. Eddie Shimano, our first editor, did an excellent job during the pioneering period. Later Harvey Hansen took over the editorial work of the magazine and during the second year many refinements in form were introduced. It is hoped that under the leadership of Barney Sands, our new editor, the end of the third year will show the same progressive improvement in The Clarion that has been noted during the first two years of its existance.

During the past year the editorial office has been transferred from the San Francisco Hospital to the Hassler Health Home where it properly belongs. The Clarion can now be made an important part of a rehabilitation program patterned along the lines of "Pep" magazine of Firland Sanatorium in Seattle, Washington. There they have their own shop in which the printing of their sanatorium magazine is done.

The Clarion has depended for its support entirely upon the contributions of the patients and other well wishers of the magazine. The San Francisco Tuberculosis Association has given one hundred dollars a year towards the Clarion's support. This generosity on their part has been very much appreciated by all of us. Without it we should not have been able to continue the publication of The Clarion with the present methods of financing it. Most sanatorium magazines are supported by advertising. It has seemed best from many angles for us to support The Clarion as we do.

Due to the fact that we have a continuous supply of excellent medical articles available, resulting from our weekly educational broadcast, it has been unnecessary for us to copy but very little material from other magazines or the NTA clip sheet.

We have tried to produce a well balanced magazine, with not too much about medical subjects and enough about the patient's activities. We feel that it has an important function to perform in educating readers outside the sanatorium in the principles of the prevention of tuberculosis. We believe that by educating the general public, indirectly a much greater good will be accomplished for the patient who has tuberculosis than if we devoted most of our space to ward news, patient's literary efforts and sanatorium activities generally.

The Clarion has a two fold purpose: first, the education and entertainment of the patient; and secondly, the education of the public in general, and particularly the education of public officials and others so placed that they may be able by their influence to furnish money and other help necessary in furthering the course of the treatment and prevention of tuberculosis in San Francisco as well as in other places. The Clarion has been rather widely read during the past two years and some of the best sanatorium publications have copied our medical articles. "Sanscript", a magazine published monthly by the patients of the Eastern Oregon Tuberculosis Hospital has listed The Clarion in their November, I94I issue as the magazine of the month and reprint an article entitled "Diagnosis and X-Ray" written by Joseph Levitin, M.D., one of our University of California Roentgenologists.

It is quite probable now that The Clarion will become a permanent fixture at the Hassler Health Home and will continue to develop and improve as the institution grows. I am more optimistic this December about the future of The Clarion than I was a year ago. Therefore, I am hopeful that it will continue to grow and prosper. I know this will be true, if it has in the future, as it has had in the past, the continuous and wholehearted support of the patients and employees of our tuberculosis institutions of San Francisco.

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As I glance back over the contents of The Clarion during the past two years, I can think of many excellent poems and other articles produced by our patient contributors. At the time I read them I thought to myself, I must tell the author how good that was; but in the press of other matters I forgot or neglected to do this and for that omission I am duly sorry. To make slight amends for my failure to express my appreciation, I wish to say, now, that I am very grateful to each one who has helped in anyway to get The Clarion out from month to month. I wish to thank the editors, the reporters, the typists and each contributor. I wish especially to mention Mrs. Carolyn Julian who has so faithfully, each month since the second issue, seen to it that The Clarion was mimeographed by the W.P.A. Educational Department, to whom I am especially grateful for the fine work they have done.

Those who distribute The Clarion each month and solicit money for its support must not be forgotten and should receive honorable mention here. A great deal of time and effort is spent each month by our editors and their associates in selecting and preparing articles, making stencils, arranging the form of the magazine and in creating enthusiasm for our sanatorium paper.

Why cannot all of us be a little more "lavish in our praise and hearty in our appreciation" of one another's efforts as expressed in The Clarion? Let us all work more earnestly together for a better sanatorium publication this year than ever before, so that a year from now we may be able to look back over the twelve months just past and truthfully say we have done our best.

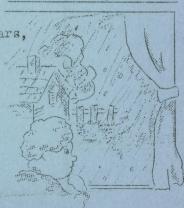
"According to thy faith, be it unto thee" is a good thought to carry in our minds, for if we can judge the future in any respect by the past we have every reason to anticipate an outstanding future for our Clarion.

RAINY DAYS

If you glance backward through the years, To days when you were just a tot, How long the days seemed to you then, When it perchance rained quite a lot.

But now when you are quite grown up, It fills you with a deep regret, If you should wait for many moons And find the friendly earth not wet.

--- Evelyne Crueger



GHB

Reviewing the various editions of The CLARION during the two years of its existence, we feel gratified at the splendid quality of the publication.

Its place among hospital periodicals has been firmly established.

Many thanks to all the workers.

Yours sincerely,

George H. Becker, M.D., Director Bureau of Cummunicable Diseases.

W. p. J

As Christmastide nears I wish to extend to you, your staff and readers of The CLARION the best of all that is good.

Upon this second anniversary of The CLARION you are all to be congratulated for the admirable show-manship and editorial excellence of your publication. Keep up the good work.

As president of the San Francisco Tuberculosis Association, I wish to extend to all, thoughts of a Merry Christmas.

Yours sincerely,

Judge Walter Perry Johnson, President, San Francisco Tuberculosis Association.

It gives me great pleasure to congratulate you again on the Anniversary of The CLARION. It seems to me that The CLARION has improved measurably during the past year and it has been of marked value to all concerned.

It is especially noteworthy for the original articles which have appeared in it, and I would like to express my appreciation to Harvey Hansen for his untiring effort in developing the periodical.

Very sincerely yours,

Sydney J. Shipman, M.D., Chief of U.C. Service

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It is with a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure that I congratulate The CLARION for the splendid work it has done during the past two years. I feel that its articles have been very personal and that the Question and Answer Department has endeavoured to clear up doubts and difficulties in the minds of individual patients. Education goes a long way in the eradication of tuberculosis and I think through the efforts of The CLARION many patients and their friends have learned the lessons which will help overcome the disease as well as prevent it.

May I at this time congratulate Mr. Hansen on his work as editor and Dr. Schaper for his stimulation and interest, as well as wish you the best of success in the following year.

Very sincerely yours,

Philip H. Pierson, M.D., Chief of Stanford Service

E ANNIVERSARY GREETING

The last line in the editorial of the first anniversary issue of The CLARION reads as follows: "If we have learned our lessons well and continue to have our present support the future is assured and at some time, in the future, we shall find success as now only exists in dreams."

The CLARION still young in years, but faithfully trying to do its best in the publishing of material of an educational value in the eradication of tuberculosis, and material of value from a standpoint of news and entertainment, wishes to extend to all its readers at the San Francisco Hospital, the Hassler Health Home and to the public at large a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The CLARION also takes this opportunity to thank all those who have so faithfully given contributions, both financial and literary, throughout the past year. It is to these people who have given unstintingly of labor and financial assistance that The CLARION owes its very existance.

A special "THANK YOU" to the Department of Public Health, the medical staff, the employees of both Hassler and the San Francisco Hospital, and the San Francisco Tuberculosis Association for their support of The CLARION Education Program.

Greetings and good wishes to the patient body whose cooperation, good will and enthusiasm has been a spur, on the part of the staff, towards further efforts for a better CLARION. Respects and rememberances to those former CLARION staff members who have, in the past, given of their time and efforts to make The CLARION what it is today.

The CLARION still has its dreams; dreams of a future when there will no longer be a need for publications of its kind. Untill then, we, the members of its present staff, shall strive to continue to build on the foundations laid down by the men and women who first gave it existance.

The Editor

E HOMECOMING REFLECTIONS E

The first annual Hassler Homecoming, more than doubling the average Sunday attendance, was rich in the spirit of fraternity. Approximately four hundred and fifty visitors attended the festivities held at Hassler on Sunday, November 9. Not only was Hassler honored by the visits of former grads of the institution, but also by dignitaries of the medical world, public officials and the public at large. The day's program included speeches by prominent doctors, officials and ex-patients. Other highlights in the program were, orchestra music, refreshments and the patient's craft exhibit; the latter which aroused considerable interest was well patronized.

To the graduates who attended the festivities we send "greets and good wishes", and also to those graduates who were unable to attend. It was indeed encouraging to see the grad visitors looking so well and happy. Our faith is renewed and strengthened by their cures, and gives us hope that the next Homecoming day will see many of us who are now cure-chasers with the privilege of being next year's Homecomers. No better encouragement can come to the patients of the institution than the living proof that "it can be done". Homecoming means more than a gala occasion. It stands as a symbol of what can and is being done for the tuberculous of our nation.

VALE.

The resignation of Harvey Hansen as editor of The CLARION leaves us with a feeling of deep regret. Harvey, who has been associated with The CLARION from its very beginning, and has reigned at its head during the past nineteen months, has been untiring in his efforts in making our publication the best possible of its kind.

Though at times Harvey has worked under great difficulties, he has always planned on as near perfection as possible, and his enthusiasm and encouragement have spurred the others on the staff to give of their best efforts.

Our taking over of the position he has relinquished has made us more conscious than ever of the great amount of work, thought and judgement necessary in the publication of a magazine of this kind.

We hope that the present staff will profit from all that Harvey has taught us in regard to the technical and literary excellence so far expressed in The CLARION. Our desire now is to do him honor by trying our best to keep up the good work shown by him during his editorship.

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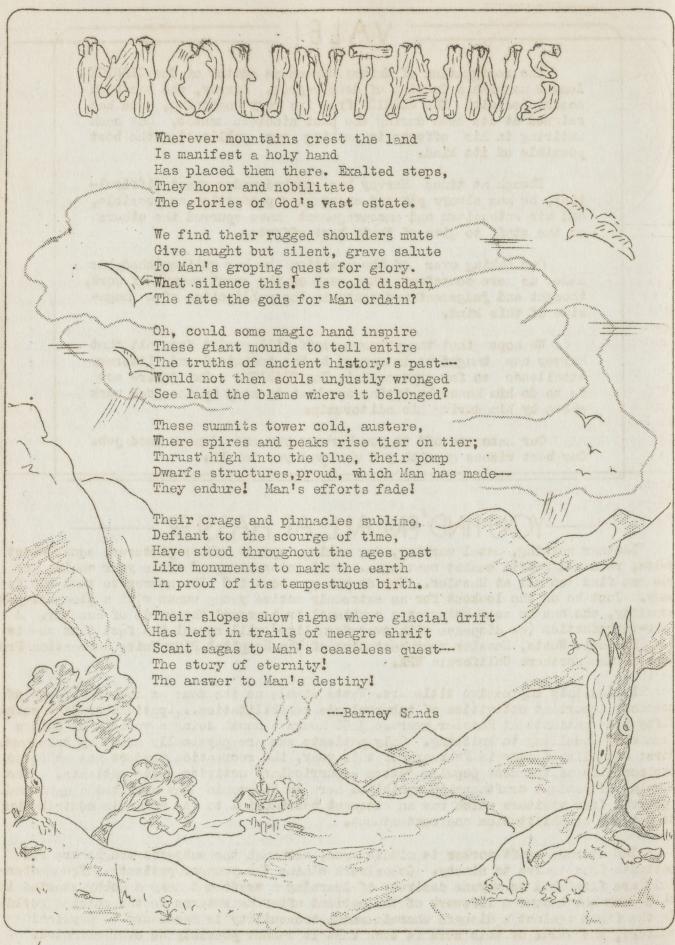
Our hats are off to you Harvey; you have done a good job. Our best wishes go with you wherever you may be.

-YOU FIND'EM ALL AT HASSLER

Leather working, metal working, rug making, sponge rubber pictures, square-knot belts, reed and raffia basket weaving....what interests you? Take your choice for you can find 'em all at Hassler. How do you go about it? The answer to that one is easy. Just be on the lookout for an extremely active young woman with a pleasant personality, who can be seen going at a continual trot around the wards of Hassler. A self-introduction (we dispense with over-formality) will reveal the fact that she is Mrs. Marjorie Watts, Hassler representative of the Hospital Play Unit, Recreation Project of the northern California WPA.

Behind this impressive title Mrs. Watts stands as the deus ex machina of one of the most important activities of tuberculosis rehabilitation...patient craft — work. Fifty nine patients at Hassler average 3600 hours a month doing a variety of things from clay modelling to knitting. Only patients who are physically able may take part. First established here in February of this year, the recreation project has achieved the position of the most popular "extra — curricular" activity among patients. The display of patient craftmanship exhibited here on Homecoming Day elicited a universal approval from visitors which was an eloquent testinonial to its valuable contribution to patient rehabilitation and contentment.

The average craft worker is middle aged, although the subjects taught are for patients from twelve to minety. Schoolwork claims the younger patients. Free materials are furnished to anyone desirous of learning a craft and many a hobby started in this work has become a lifework of the patient after he returns to the outside world. In the fight against a disease whereinmental tranquility is necessary to physical welfare, the value of this work is such that it cannot possibly be overestimated.





Merry Christmas everybody, and a Happy Birthday to the Clarion. This month our magazine is two years old and we'd like to take this opportunity to wish our new editor, Barney Sands, loads of success. We're ready willing and able to help you, Barney, to make the Clarion the best sanatorium publication in the United States.

Attention Cactus Growers! If you are looking for a rare species of cactus plant, strut on down and take a gander at the collection of one Elma Crawford who proudly displays her various types of desert growth on a stand outside her room. "Old Man of the Desert", The Peanut Cactus", "Grizzly Bear", "Brown's King's Crown", "Orchid Cactus" -- are all outside bravely withstanding the attacks of Jack Frost.

Query of the month! Will Flo Whitaker ever run out of ideas? Her latest creation, Jo Jo, the clown, held a place of honor at the exhibition at our recent Home-coming, after which it was raffled. The winner -- your reporter, and am I proved of Jo Jo.

Ward I's prize possession is a little China doll, Jeanette Hong, who recently added her name to the long list of Ward 2 vacaters. But your reporters think something will have to be done soon for our visitors have been arriving late the past few Sundays. Reason: Jeanette's flower like beauty stops them. Remedy: Black-out for her room. Could be!

Ruth Davis has been lying awake nights trying to figure out a design for an Alaskan fishing boat which design she intends to put on a sampler she is making. She has the whole room trying to help her in this difficult task of designing her boat. Poor Ruth! She's in quite a state. "How to make this part? And how does this part go? Who will help me?" All queries were solved when a voice spoke up, "Goodman will do it."

A big thank you to Mrs. Unselt, our practical on the midnight to 7:30 A.M. shift, who is always willing to do our shopping for us. And, incidently, Mrs. Unselt, those little peanuts and candy are greatly appreciated.

My better half - or should I call her half - she's really only a fourth - just stepped out to the Sanshine Corner for a coke so here's my chance to tell all you guys and gals that "Tidbit" is leaving Hassler next week. We're all glad for you, Janie, but Oh! Oh! how we'll miss you.

Down on the end of the page so we'd better quit for now. Here's hoping you're all feeling like a wet sponge -- and we do mean "Swell". Bye now.



Ward 2 Hello everyone! In the midst of this festive holiday season we see many things going on. Everywhere you see people trying to figure out what to buy their friends and relatives. You have to speak up days ahead of time to get a look-see at the catologs.

Have you heard about the "Animal Club"? No it does not pertain to the live variety of beast; it is just an ambitious group of Christmas-minded workers who plan to turn out twenty-seven stuffed animals by December first. Nice work if you can get it. Paging seamstresses: Donaldina Tom, Sheriff Jackie Sloan, Dorothy Hinman, Norma Johnson, Clare Fennel and Margie Chan.

Did you hear that we have an "Aquabelle" here? We are thinking of writing to Billy Rose about her. Such talent should be rewarded. People shouldn't go around kicking hot water bottles, should they Marie Mathewson? We are still laughing.

The surprise party given for Mary Tong and Jackie Sloan, as a going away present, was indeed a tremendous success. Everyone did their own little bit, and a good time was had by all. We are still trying to solve the mystery of why Mae Schinini would not give us one of her yodeling renditions. Why were you so bashful Mae? Anyway, we wish Mary and Jackie lots of luck and happiness now that they are home. Another achievement worth congratulations is Lilly Yim's perfect spelling marks.

We bid a fond welcome to Angelina Martinez who moved to our pleasant abode from the hills of Ward One. From remarks emanating from the vicinity of her bed we are lead to believe she "like" thees place.

Clare Fennel, our girl of many talents, has taken to clay modeling like a duck takes to water; some of the things she turns out are super. She started with animals and is at the present time trying facial modeling from pictures in the magazines. By the way, belated congratulations to Margaret Zahl and Rose Ferrari on their? birthdays. Why has Chiquita Meono taken to wearing pretty geraniums in her hair every day? If a platypus had babies are they called platykitties? Guess I'll go now--Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to everyone.

-- Evelyne Crueger

This is the first and last attempt at ward reporting for yours truly for the year of 1941. Right smack in the middle of the holiday season we find that Halloween and Thanksgiving are now just so much history and Christmas and New Year are in the offing.

We had a good time in ward "C" at Halloween, with Calvin Lee and Victor Wong acting as hosts. Soda pop and candy were served, a few games were played; why we even put a few tails on the black cat. The room was nicely decorated with orange and black crepe paper, lighted pumpkins etc.. Thanksgiving found us stuffing ourselves on the festive fowl, not to mention all the lovely side-dishes displayed at the Hassler cafeteria. The expected date of issue for The Clarion being the IOth, we wish to take this opportunity to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Herb Picetti has got himself a private room; (very nice too) he has a private bath and shower in his new abode. How's the pent house Herb? It seems that the ever popular (Judge) Elmer Horton was missed while out on a pass. We wonder why? Wing Lee has an ouija board. Wing says that it won't work; he is wondering too. Pete Basuino has left the Farm to play chaffeur to a tray wagon at S.F.H. We wish you good going Pete. Eddie Dadero is not out and back in circulation again. The busy man of the ward, Jack Wilcox, is now making string belts. Boy can that man tell tall stories!!! Bouquets to Mrs. Olive Sturn at S.F.H. the mother of ward 3I. Welcome to Miss. Switton, our new laboratory technician. We hope that she will like it here. Also a gardenia to Miss. Stone, our bookkeeping teacher, who is having quite a time

with yours truly and a couple of others. Al Franklin is a smart box, so the teacher says, and doesn't have to bring apples to school to get good marks. Axel Lind, the captain, has finished his ship and christiend her "The Patty". The sponsor was Dot Doherty. A bottle of pop was used instead of champagne. Not to be outdone in anyway, Axel also had photos taken of the event.

Ward six has a chap by the name of Mike Rigo, formerly a waiter at the Palace hotel. In 1914 he walked from Philadelphia to San Francisco in 119 days; that brother, is a lot of walking in any man's language. Many a cheer was heard because of the lovely weather we had on Homecoming day. We think it was a grand affair. Next year we hope it will be even better. So long for now.

-- George Souza

Ward 4

"Little shots of tuberculin
Their active course pursue,
They make the patient sink or swim,
What will the blighter do?

First beef to get off our chest is about a certain individual who fills ward news space with dubious "compliments" to yours truly. It may fill space boys, but it ain't cricket.

Fugitives from the Department of Public Wrath is the only description for Ward 4's Dramatic (?) Club which recently presented the corniest radio program we have heard in many a moon...and we're not excluding Fred Allen's Workshop Players. The following is a list of fugitive hams; Phil Casey, Arvid Anderson, Frank Mullen, John Sigut, Gcodmax Loy and John Sklavos. Because they aided and abetted the atrocity, George Lee is wanted for his share as director of the musical "score" and an extreme penalty awaits Y.T. for his brutal mangling of the M.C.'s role. Scene of the crime: Hassler Thursday night broadcast; Time: — Too long.

In pleasant contrast to the shennanigans of the abovenamed screwballs is Mr. Fun Tom's serene and never changing outlook and behaviour. "T.B. bug go to work on me—I go to work on him, " says Fun Tom. At time of writing he has Tubercle P. Bass Illus on the run.

Cur Dizzy Dillies: Let's reduce Frank Lenci's weight by handicapping him five t minutes after dinner gong; (since he's not a sorchead we can give him a ribbing; and Domingo Gonzalez and Harry Anderson in their cut throat card games. Two curly wolves trying to act coy; Goodman Loy and that double-barrelled voice of his which gives us all the fan-tods every so often. The basso is had enough, but oh boy !...that soprano!

Orchid line forms to the right: Pete Casey—for combining so much sense with a cheerful display of politeness; Al Franklin, for a never failing sense of humor; Bill Peterson, for being able to bear up under our corniest jokes; Nick Braun—for his ability to take a ribbing; Me— for risking life and limb by writing this tripe.

The Story Of Oscar Klug

Now Oscar Klug was a pleasant mug
With manners shave and charming,
Tomatoes all adored his line —
Results were most alarming.
Though it wasn't nice—he married twice,
(All this was quite Q.T.)
But the girls got hep—he lost his rep,
Now he's glad he's got T.B.

Some kind of an award to Henry Lee and John Sklavos for their apparantly never-ending knitting marathon. Like Tennyson's brook, it goes on forever. Being of a crude turn of mind, we do not possess sufficient vision to foresee the finished article. It looks like a disorganized rummage sale to us.

After that one it's gotta be thirty!

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-- James Cook

Ward 5-0 as night shadows fall and winter casts its icy spell over the ets and deeply absorbed in reminiscences of the past. While engaged in these pleasant memories, I'm aroused from my reverie by sounds vaguely reminiscent of a horse walking through the ward. I am overcome by a vague uneasiness, but throwing caution to the wind I venture to peep from under the blankets. Imagine my amazement when I perceive none other than that gun-toting hombre "Two gun" Texas Nimmons, of the Bad Lands, wending his weary way to bed.

Now that school has started it brings back pleasant childhood memories to see Reno Dal Balcon and Ernie Barkman on their way to their classes, with a shiny, red apple in one hand and a school book in the other. "Ah, to be a school boy again".

George Bassil, our expert on "flora and fauna", has been passing many sleepless nights of late. It seems that George's "Garden Beautiful" has fallen prey to a burrowing animal. Not to be frustrated, George turned his activities from gardening to trapping. The result is one gopher; and now George's nights are once again spent in pleasant repose.

Alack and alas, our naturalist and bird fancier, Ernie Barkman, has fallen by the wayside. After a long abstinence, Ernie has fallen victim to that cruel, merciless and unrelentless female "Lady Nicotine".

Fred Reynolds, our Kibitzer king, after a fairly successful session of kibitzing, was heard mumbling to himself, "I don't wanna set the World on Fire." Don't you worry Freddy boy, you won't!

Al Walheim our CCC boy, or to be more explicit our Chinese Checker Champ, has become such an ardent devotce of this game that his very actions and facial grimaces are begining to resemble those of a "Fu Manchu". Jig saw puzzles, a pastime of many years ago, have recently been revived by Mr. Leo Baker. (Mr. Baker, as you all know, is the former "snake charmer" of bring 'em back alive record time.) It is amazing how Leo can mold these puzzles into such wonderful panoramas.

After witnessing the recent picture "Ziegfeld Girl", Alex Sommers, our pachyderm" becomes inspired and decides to initiate us into the mysteries of the art of the dance. With the grace of an elephant, and accompanied by a gentle swaying of the building Mr. Somers performed many gyroscopic antics which, for their scintilating beauty, were a spectacle to behold.

Homecoming Day was a genuine success. Let's make next year's even better !

Ward 5-b Here goes for a pinch hitter. My room-mates and I are awakened erly, Mr. Frank Powd. He greets us with a smile and asks, "How are you feeling this morning?"....a nice way to be awakened. Accordingly, everyone has the same spirit. For instance, in the wash-room you hear some tales that would shame Frank Morgan and Paron Munchausen. We have some good laughs to start the day off right and keep smiling throughout.

Bill (Montana) Lawrence is only a young man. He lost his hair in a blizzard in Montana...Portly Furton Chabot has joined the hiking club to reduce but put on three pounds the first week...Henry (Rip Van Winkle) Nagy still sings "Please Go 'Way And Let Me Sleep"...John Fitzgerald has a blue jacket to match his eyes...Leon Lym is very busy these days knitting Christmas gifts and he sure knows his knitting... "Fog Horn" Abeyata is the big noise in the south end of the ward...Earl Hammond has gone Hollywood and is growing a mustache...Bob Collins tells stories of the gay nineties that are amusing...Walker Weddington is champion weaver of the ward...Roy Summers' exhibit of leather novelty goods made a nice showing at Homecoming...Kiyoshi Kawaguchi is one of the most ambitious and studious persons on the farm and a gentleman in every sense of the word...Sam "Newmo" Parchuk is taking the cure. He sure likes his bed...Joe Maglio is the fashion plate of the ward.

We all wish Dr. and Mrs. Schaper, Dr. and Mrs. Yellin, the staff, nurses, all of the help and all the patients at Hassler Health Home a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

P.S. Let's not forget the Christmas Seals no matter how small the amount. Let's all put in our ante.

John Dolan

Ward 6-a Jeepers Greepers, another month has just skidded by and once bone, will power, gossip consciousness and CLARICN consciousness (Ed. Note: If this keeps up we'll all lose consciousness.) and in general to stimulate that old Hassler spirit to the point where ward news just follows as a matter of course.

Our editor just hasn't seen enough moving picture shows about newspaper reporters because he sould know that all newspaper people have teletype machines that roll out the news as fast as anything. (Ed. Note again: Our typewriters are quite capable of handling the speed displayed by some of our newshounds. No teletypes need apply.) And all you have to do is sit there and edit with a pair of scissors. It should be obvious to anyone that a wheelchair in front of a teletype is better than hacking out your own stuff but Sands insists on the romantics of reporting and I guess we'll not have a teletype in the CLARION office. Another thing, all the reporters in the picture shows always wear hats and have a cigarette hanging out of their mouths while they type their stuff. (Assoc.Ed's. Note: This is pure fiction. Real newspapermen cannot afford hats.) Also, they are always in a big hurry, the reason to hurry being to get over to Louis' cozy little drink emporium just around the corner. Well, we went by the CLARION office the other day and nary a hat did we see. Sometimes I don't see how the CLARION gets out under such conditions.

The problem with writing up the Ward is that you don't know from St. Valentine's who is going to be here from one day to the next and since this ward supplies the remainder of the institution with it's characters, the result follows that empty beds appear at all times and places in our ward. Not a day passes that good CIARION material isn't moved out, bag and baggage. Anyway, we still have two good anchors men with us, Hodge at one end of the ward and Hunt at the other. Hodge keeps the boys honest every Tuesday night, while Hunt is busy with his embroidery ring. Hunt is also the champion pedro player of the ward; the other evening he got bid and picked a suit with

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deuce, trey and four. Over in the other corner Len Woodward is nursing a sore foot. If it weren't for that he would be hitting his stride on the outside again. He is always the same cheerful Woody, rain or shine.

Joseph Quitoriano is receiving compliments for the basket work he is doing. It is pretty good! Mike Flynn is the artistic sensation of the ward. He has so many commissions for portrait work that it interferes seriously with his casino and homestudy plan. (We have a Bing Yuen and a Dong Yuen, only Dong Yuen is called HongKong Charley. What did I put that in for?) Peter Perez is really taking to the books in no uncertain fashion; not only Pete but the entire personnel gets a smattering of a "what goes on" nature. At any time some red hot discussion will break out regarding anything from ancient Egypt to the question of whether Australia is a continent or an island. Good work, Pete, if we may coin a phrase at this time.

In closing we might declare that we want no more early morning disturbances regarding the deer that came near the ward. A person would think the deer were coming through the window, according to the excitement...... You can say that again Brother; this is surely a lot of baloney.

- - John Grahame

Ward 6-D Genial George Kelly, the former scrivener of this ward, has returned to the San Francisco Hospital, yours truly pinch hitting in the meantime. In casting side glances about the ward, we find Herman Neubrand learning to play crib. He is choosing all comers and seems to be doing O.K. In fact, he even gives his teachers a few lessons.

Ah Li Young must be looking forward to a long, hard winter as he has just added two new hand knit sweaters to his wardrobe. Jimmy Brown and his cross word puzzles, and always looking for a word...and Bill Campana giving him a bum steer. Louis Tyler made good use of his washing soap box top plus twenty five cents. At any rate he is certainly improving his vocabulary.

Lew (Lucky) Chin of the square knot fraternity, setting a new style in the art of belt making; they are very good looking too. Trite but true, clever people, these Chinese! Tommy Cannon, with his new teeth, is learning to talk anew. Stay with 'em Tommy. You should be able to handle 'em by Christmas, we hope!

By the time this appears in print, Thanksgiving will have come and gone, and our Christmas will be near. Therefore I wish to take this opportunity to wish all of my friends and acquaintances, both at Hassler and the San Francisco Hospital, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We had a card from John "Greetings" Fisher, former reporter for 6-A; he sends his best to his many friends here and especially to Andy Sears, the Wild Russian, Leonard and Hunt. (Ed. correction: Andy Sears is an A-Rab) This being our first attempt at this sort of thing, we feel that we've done a day's work. So long everyone.





RGUIDING TO THE LUGINGS

Your reporter is still so full of turkey and mince pie she expects it to come running out of her ears; nevertheless she must snoop around for some news. Before taking out on her journalistic adventure she wishes to convey a message of thanks to Miss. Foy for securing Thanksgiving passes for the girls. We sure do appreciate the favor!

Doady Wright maintains that she isn't here because she hasn't been officially welcomed -- so we say "Welcome" to Doady. Ditto to Bernadette Ahern, Milly Lowe, Christina Hoy, Dolores Lepas, Barbara Devolder, Lorraine Slade, Gertrude Wulff, Elain Murphy and Olga McGuire.

The newest and ultra-smart piece of handiwork to reach this ward in a long time is a patch work quilt of adhesive tape. Sounds levely, huh? Just ask Helen Reed how it is done. Room "K" should be retitled Room "EW", it's occupants are Ethel Wittman, Eldora Wright and Elsie Wun.

The world's unluckiest patients reside in Ward I9. Try as we might we just can't win a thing off these punch boards. First, Bonnie Eacret, our affable nurse, wins a radio on one. Now this month the same luck falls to Miss. Nielson, our clever handiwork teacher.

Xmas gift-making the latest craze; the tiny doggies taking top honors. Rose Kelly crocheting colorful pot holders; Francis Husvar shelving her sister's tea towels in favor of leather tooling; (Editor's note; The girl's got good sense) Dorothy McCarthy, so self proficient in needle work, diligently adhering to her tating...... Marguerite Collins and Florence Davies sending out an S.O.S. to all bridge players; they haven't played in so-o-o long.

SEEN AND HEARD: Wish Marge Maillard would stop hibernating and be sociable.....
Bernadette Ahern donning a turquiose sweater which enchanced her lovely crimson locks.....Lavon Flynn's eyes so-o-o big and black after a refraction....Lorraine Slade ravenously devouring her turkey when the wires from her jaws were removed, after five months.....Dorothy Washington's vase brightening up first one stand, then another...
The noisy magnies Milly Lowe, Christina Foy and Dolores Lepas are oh, so quiet lately. Is it because Lorraine Aquirre left for the Farm. Nuf said for the nonce.

--Eleanor Ludwig

Ward 26 With our Homecoming issue in the past, and a huge success, we lean to our pennings again for the news of the month. It seems strange to miss Harvey Hansen at his usual job of reminding us that the dreaded deadline approaches; and we are all very sorry that he wasn't able to leave the hospital

as soon as he expected but he will probably journey to the farm and polish up his accounting through the adult education program and be fitted for a better position when he is able to leave sometime in the near future.

Mrs. Julian now handles the CLARION from this end of the line and sees that the editorial staff at Hassler is well supplied with San Francisco Hospital News.

Henry Stovsky fooled us all with his departure from the hospital and Nick Pinna has resumed his place in the outer world after completing his course of treatment. We think Mike must have had Thanksgiving in mind when she came back to ward 26, for her day off hit the calendar just right. We are certainly glad to have Mama Christian in the ward again after her session with a cold. Mrs. Snyder resumed her four to twelve shift, replacing Miss Crosby, who travels over the wards in the course of her relief duties. Miss Colloty has taken the midnight shift and greets us every dawn with our wash water.

It seems that Armando, after another conference, is mentally preparing himself for another trip to surgery. Good luck, Armando : Swing Low left hurriedly, routed for the Farm, and Horidas Rodriguez, the followed him into bed 35, continued to follow him down to the Farm.

A sigh of contentment was heard emanating from the southeast of the Boneyard as Herlie Swenson, the literary wizard, replenished his stock of westerns after being so book-less for two weeks. Another two months here and he'll have read every western the library has to offer. Get Low has taken his place as a new addition to the cast room and we hope his stay here is short but pleasant.

Frank Berg certainly has a knact of making something out of nothing. You should see the beautiful rings he makes for milady's finger out of tooth brush handles. Mr. Suki Yuki Suenago continues to pick, or should we say "pick out", football scores.... It just ain't fair though; he picks 'em right and the teams just don't cooperate.

Fred Carrol and Phil Richards are back with us to continue their treatments under the able care of our ever efficient medical staff. Ernie Cuneo hasn't been seen around these parts lately but it is understood that he was one of the many fortunates who journeyed outside in quest of their Thanksgiving dinners.

It seems that Clyde Curtiss is back with us to stay on the night shift. And we hate to see Tuesdays roll around, when we must do without Curly for the day. And Red Portolas and "Dutch" Mantelfel have been seen wending their way towards the bone-yard for an occasional game of Hearts with the Dirty Dora being enjoyed by all.

And in passing, we pause to reflect that Art Baker tries to out-pick Saburo on the football scores; that in spite of a bed-bath, Monday still isn't a Blue Day, as we see it. And now we take this opportunity to wish a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all.

Joe-Donlin

Ward 28 Here comes the "Wheel Chair" reporter again. Our first bit of news tells that Fred Bennett, Carl Hill and "Pinky" challenge all pinochle players, being of an optimistic turn of mind.

Is Tony Messerschmidt giving Mike Romono competition and how ! (It's about a matter of a letter a week.) No hard feelings....we hope. In Mrs. Johnson, our head nurse, we have an ardent football fan; picking the winning teams would be easy for her, if it weren't for the chiselers who always want to be spotted from fourteen to twenty one points. To quote her, "You can't win."

We extend a hearty welcome to Dr. M. C. Lin, our house doctor, who has been on a

vacation way down south in Alabama. Miss Spiers, our morning nurse, also needs mention here. She is well liked by the whole ward and we hope she stays with us.

One gets a very familiar greeting when visiting room G, said greeting being the word "Bingo!" Vic Brenda does most of the "bingoing" while Tony Messerschmidt runs a close second. Frank Dorn, alias "Box Car Dorn" is back in circulation again. From room A to the solarium is quite a jump, eh Frank?

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Among the arrivals from the Farm were Jimmy Jung, Henry Mimonos alias Tex and Tony Banigo. Guess that will be all for the time being. Here's wishing each and every reader a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

---Jack Paulis

Here they are, the helidays creeping upon us; and Clarion time along with them. Halloween is number one-come and gone. Ward 31'ers were right in the spirit of things. Everything was so bright and cheerful. The windows were decorated with cats, witches, pumpkins, lettering and what not. All joined in and had a swell time. At the time of writing Thanksgiving is but a few days off. Many of the girls intend going home on passes to spend the day with their families. But there are a number of us who will undoubtedly enjoy the wonderful dinners served at the hospital.

Our happy home-goers have been Janie Withey, Rena Marenco, Katherine Anderson and Barbara Tinsley. Good luck and continued good health are our wishes for all of them. Greetings and wishes for a short stay are extended to our newcomers, Sue Coker, Emily Banda and Eleen Jacobs. A special greet to Jo Dahlin who is back after a months vacation on the outside world; she's just here for a short time.

Rose Diaz and Ruby Johnson celebrated their birthdays in real style. Beautiful flowers, candy and gifts were piled high on their beds and bedside tables. Here is hoping that your next birthday, girls, is spent in good health on the outside world.

Additions to Pneumo Lane have been Sarah Wieczouk and yours truly. "We are very happy about the whole thing; of that you can be sure....."

Lois Weber recently took a ride to surgery and came back minus a few teeth. We hope she is feeling better now that she is rid of those painful ivories. Speaking of surgery, Lupe Tovar and Louise Rézendez are rapidly recovering from their bronche-scopies.

Rose Diaz, Lora Luna, Louise Resendez, Ma Larson, Ruby Johnson and Jean Shields have found out what nice Xmas gifts those lapel gadgets make, and are all busy making cute little gloves, hats, dogs, cherries and shoes.

Mail! Mail! Mail! Some of the girls would like to know how Ann "Hody" Boyas rates. I'd hate to be the one who has to supply the stationary for her replies. Here comes the bride! - Here comes the bride! Imagine our surprise to see a real bridal party come marching down the hall. Believe it or not, the bride with her trailing veil, the groom with his spats, cravat and tails: Even though she missed the wedding Jo Dahlen was mighty thrilled to see the newly-weds.

We all want to welcome our new interne, Dr. John Ellis. Ditto to our house doctor, Dr. William Kuzeli, along with our best wishes to the two who left us: Dr. Karl Schaupp Jr., and Dr. Clarence Tinsley. And so I leave you now, in hopes that each and everyone of you have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. (Ed. note... We hope Dee doesn't fiind us inserting a Merry Khas from the staff here)

Ward 32 Cur congratulations and best wishes to the editorial staff of hoping for a bigger and better Clarion anniversary to come.

, Lots of good wishes for a quick recovery go to Gloria Gonzales and Lucy Moreno, who have left us to join the "farmarettes" a little bit south of here. Now that the Thanksgiving holiday is just a pleasant memory of the past and Christmas is just around the corner, Pearl Leon is very busy wood-burning (what we take to be gifts) and Bertha Parker is crotcheting some lovely little sachet bags that are really quite the thing. Nice!! And speaking of Christmas, the Christmas card that this reporter saw Catherine Olson paint was really something to rave about.

It looks as though our predictions of last month came true when Winifred Gale left for home a short time ago. Dolores Riviero, Estullita Ware and Sadie Fernandez have also left us, and with them go our best wishes. It certainly is swell to see Mrs. Larson and Ethel Warren up and around after so many months of bed rest. Keep up the good work girls! And while on the subject of getting up we also enjoy seeing Mrs. Jensen when she comes out to the solarium to take the sun.

The ward certainly looked eerie Hallowe'en night with all the witches, skeletans etc., that were put up by Mrs. Hill. Also our thanks go to the various nurses and others who helped make the night a most enjoyable one by coming around in some very funny costumes.

Welcome to Pat Perry who says she missed us so much that she had to come back. Let's hope your stay will be very short, Pat, and that you will be with your family soon again. We thought that Goldie Parazoo was a bad runny player but now we're lost in doubt since she started playing with Marie King. Marie says she can't help it if she plays her cards wrong; but we wonder, is it the cards or is it Marie! In signing off we wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

--- Ginger Mario

the clarion

Published by the patients of the Hassler Health Home and the Tuberculosis - Division of the San Francisco Hospital on the 10th of each month.

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The C L A R I O'N welcomes all original literary and art contributions from patients, ex-patients and employees of the Hassler. Health Home and the Tuberculosis Division of the San Francisco Hospital. Please address all communications to The C L A R I O N Hassler Health Home, Redwood City, California

ADVENTURES OF _______ HERMAN & PETE _____

Dear Mr. Editor:

S

Maybe I shouldn't keep botherin' you writin' you all the time but somethin' has happened which has shook my faith in humanity and the world in general an! I have to talk it over with someone or I'm gonna go whacky just thinkin' about it.

Do you know what? Herman has went and won a hundred dollar prize an' first spot in a art exhibit! So help me, it's the truth. An' that lantern jawed Missouri mule don't know no more about art than I do - which is like sayin' a person's just as level headed as Adolf Hitler. I'm still tryin' to figure out how it all happened.

It all started about a month ago when Herman gets restless to do somethin' to elevate his mind. If you remember, the last time we elevated our minds we knitted them sox for Britain an' Herman almost got hung because he knitted the heel of a sock around a rock an' forgot to take the rock out. Well, after that one I wasn't havin' no more mind elevation an' I told Herman so.

"But this is different," he says. "This is Art....Futuristic Art. We can get some water colors an' brushes from the mail order house an' start practicin' right away."

I deals myself out but Herman goes ahead an' in about ten days he gets a bunch of brushes an' colors in the mail an' he starts to work daubin' them all over some wrappin' paper he's got from one of the nurses. The things he paints don't make no sense as far as I can see an' nobody else can figure 'em out either but Herman just sloshes away with his paint brush an' calls us lunkheads because we don't appreciate modern art. Seems he's read up on some guy named Salvation Dally (he's always 'readin' up' on somethin') an' this guy is all the time explainin' how modern artists gotta express their inner selves on canvas.

So Herman expressed himself an' I want to say right now if the junk he turned out is what's in his inner self I am ashamed I ever buddied up with him. F'rinstance.... he's got one atrocity called "Three Goats In A Mudhole". The goats look like underfed chipmunks an' he's painted the mudhole blue...to express the inner soul of the goats. I tell you, you wouldn't believe it till you seen it. Then there's another one.... "Deserted Baby Carriage", a rickety lookin' old thing that no self respectin' baby would be found dead in. I could go on tellin' you things that would curl your hair into a permanent exclamation mark, but what's the use?

Well, Herman enters his "Three Goats In A Mudhole" in a art competition run by "Little Bohemians Inc." an' right here I see my chance to cure him of this foolishness. I watch my chance an' when he ain't around I take out his goats an' substitute a little number of my own. Boy, that thing I put in was a dilly! I held two brushes in each hand an' just let 'er slosh...up an' down, back an' across. It looked like one of these "Find The Way Out" puzzles. I called it "Soul Of A Centipede" an' quick slipped it in the mail before Herman come back. When he showed up I told him I'd mailed his goats an' he was very grateful to me for puttin' up the postage.

Well, you know the rest. Two weeks later he gets a check for a hundred an' a big rave about bein' a Pioneer of Modern Art. They write about it: "A truly ravishing production with Soul of Genius, dash of divine madness and je ne sais quoi." That last is French for "I don't know what". Well, I know what an' I'm plenty disgusted.

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By the way, that little incident about the bear traps an' all the outdoor equipment I brought with me when I first come down here has kind of died down an' people have kinda forgot about it. At least they don't keep watchin' me out of the corners of their eyes.

If it wasn't for Herman's art, I'd feel plumb cheerful.

Yours rebelliously, Patient Pete

P.S. Last time the doctors come around, one of 'em kept feelin' the knobs on my head. I heard him tell another doc that I was definitely not Cro-Magnon. Is that good or does it mean I'm gettin' worse?

Trail Top entre Tallob berings a new bon snow and narroll. If als word you of

in a set exhibit. So belo me, it's the truth, in that lasters goved Hisporit





Encouragement is manifested either by speaking or by writing. I think it depends on "the power of the words" used; and we should recognize this fact when we encourage, for these words of encouragement, also, have a creative power.

Now, I remember the days of my high school. I belonged to the baseball team and every year we were present at the city premliminary contest; then went to the state contest. On the day before the game a meeting was held in the auditorium by our cheering party, and speeches delivered to encourage the players. Many volunteers among the students came upon the stage and gave us players very strong encouragement. We felt a nervous tension coming up from the bottom of our hearts, and we knew that we would win the games.

Here is my little experience in the hospital. When I came to the hospital, I felt that encouragement with love and tenderness was necessary for sick persons.

To encourage the person who finds himself at the bottom of lamentation can be compared to the traveler in the desert who comes upon an oasis; a great courage is given him for walking this new, thorny road of his life. We can lead the person who is troubled to a brilliant world by encouraging him; but it should be done with true attachment and sincerity.

In the past there have been many who have been vanquished, and among them were some able persons; these, however, had not had courage and they lacked the will and force to seize the opportunities for a victory. If someone had given them even a little encouragement they would have achieved great deeds.

When I was in the grip of fear and my mind was in a shadow, I encouraged myself by remembering these words: "I am courageous. The depressed spirit does not suit my true character. Hope is gleaming in my future like the sun forever. This dark shadow is temporary and will disappear like a cloud. I don't have to fear at all. I have already given up the bad habit of fearing."

"My hope is the seed of success which God sowed for me. That seed may be weak for a while when it is planted, but God has given me the hope to make it grow up rapidly. I believe that my hope will be nurtured and grow to attain its completeness.

"No matter how long the road of life, I must fight to the very end. If I fall down seven times I must get up seven times. I believe that my rising ability is stronger than the power of falling. God is always with me; therefore, I am greater than the circumstances about me."

Let us always encourage each other with love, tenderness and pleasant smiling.

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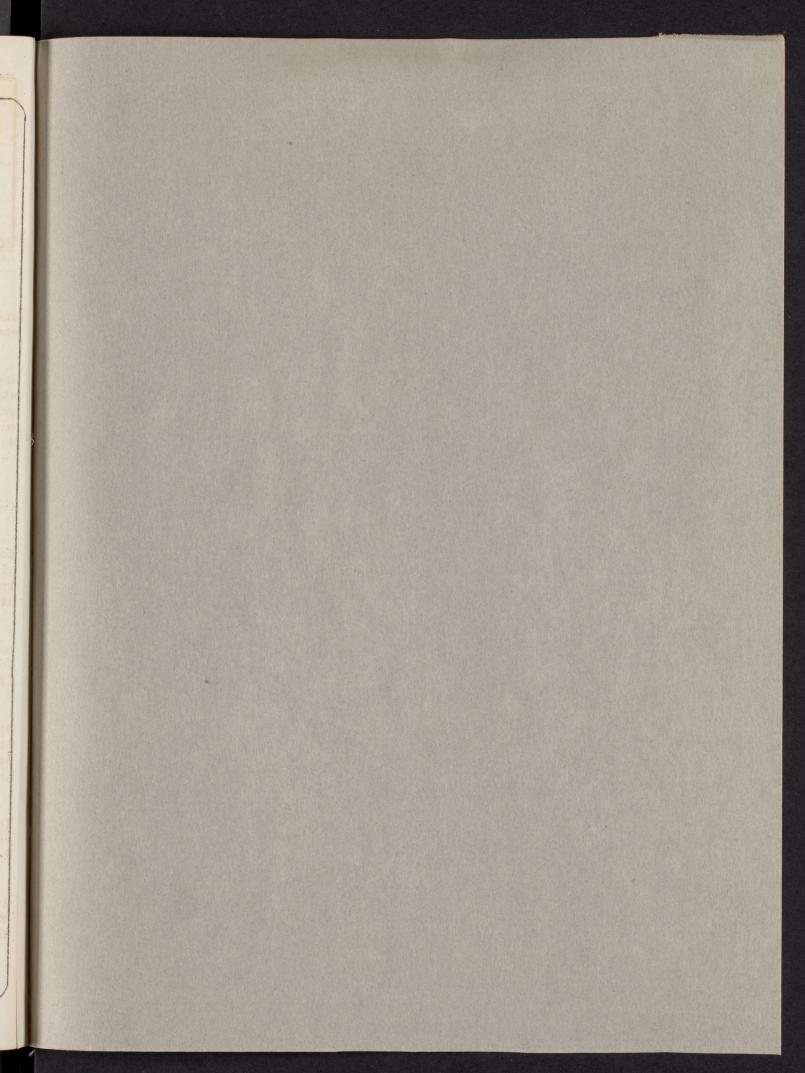
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